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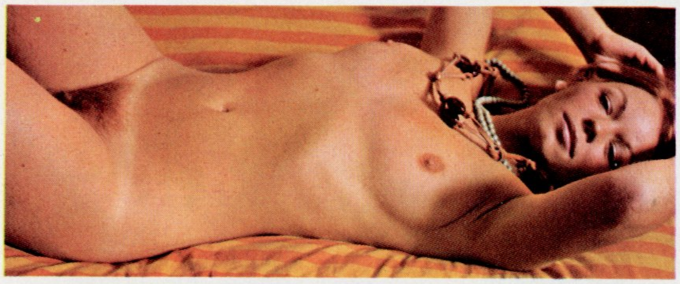

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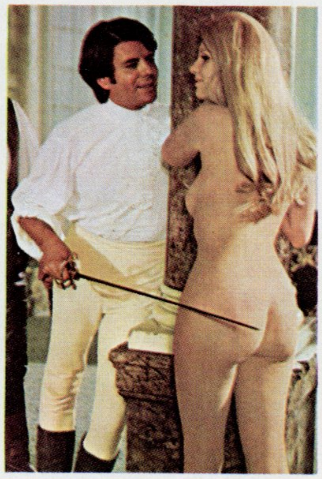

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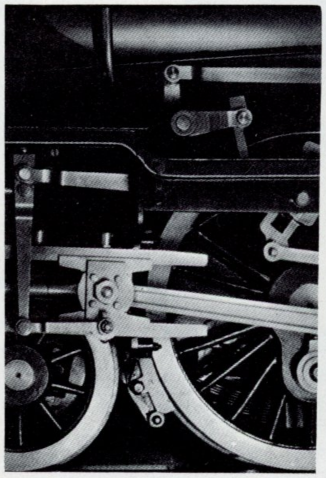

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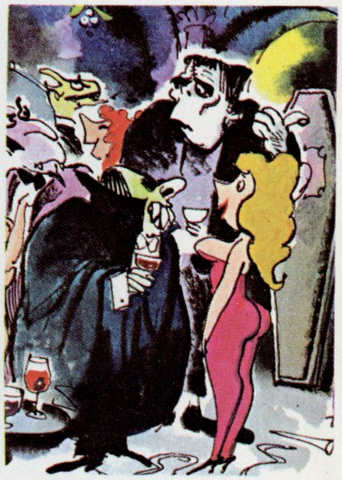

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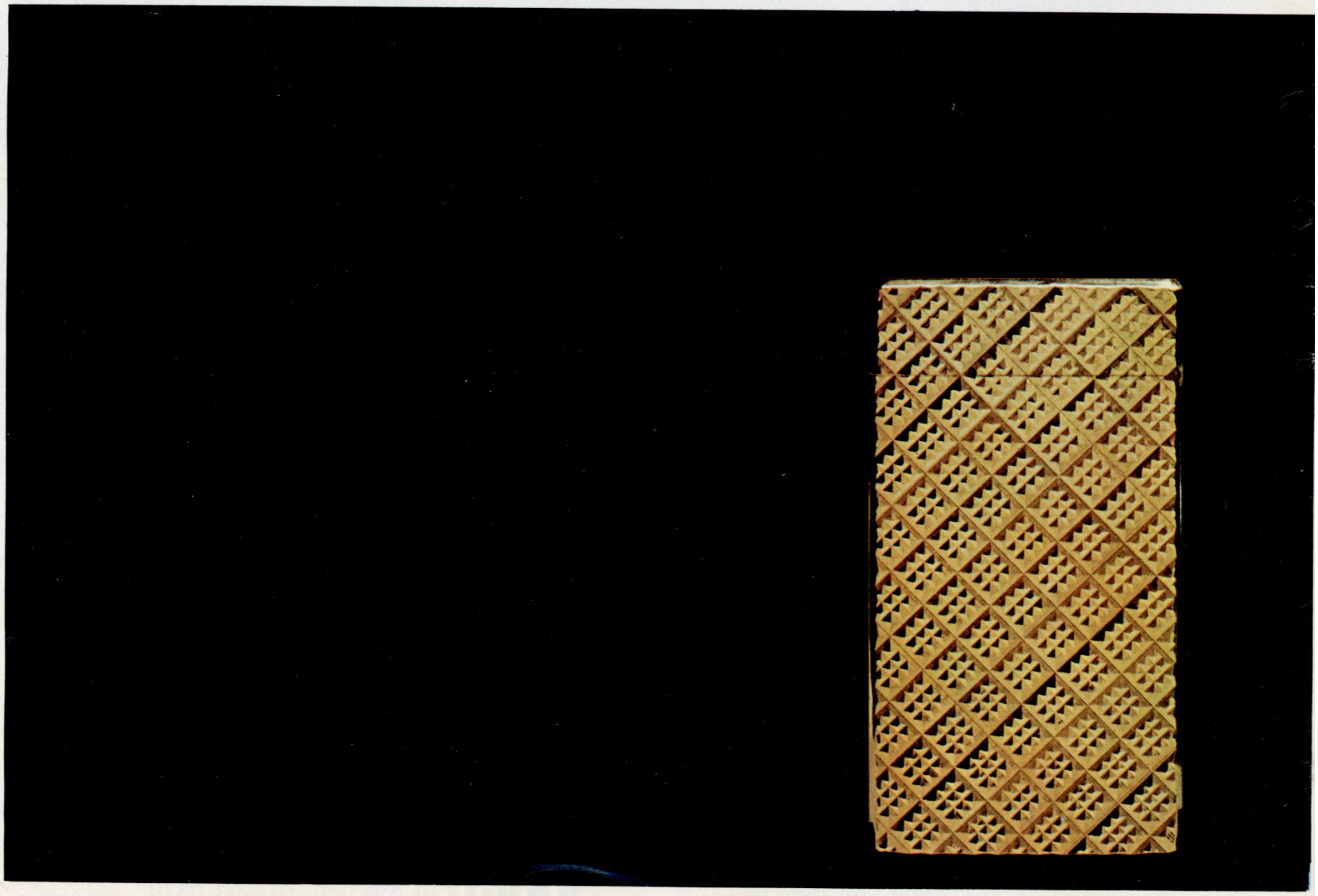

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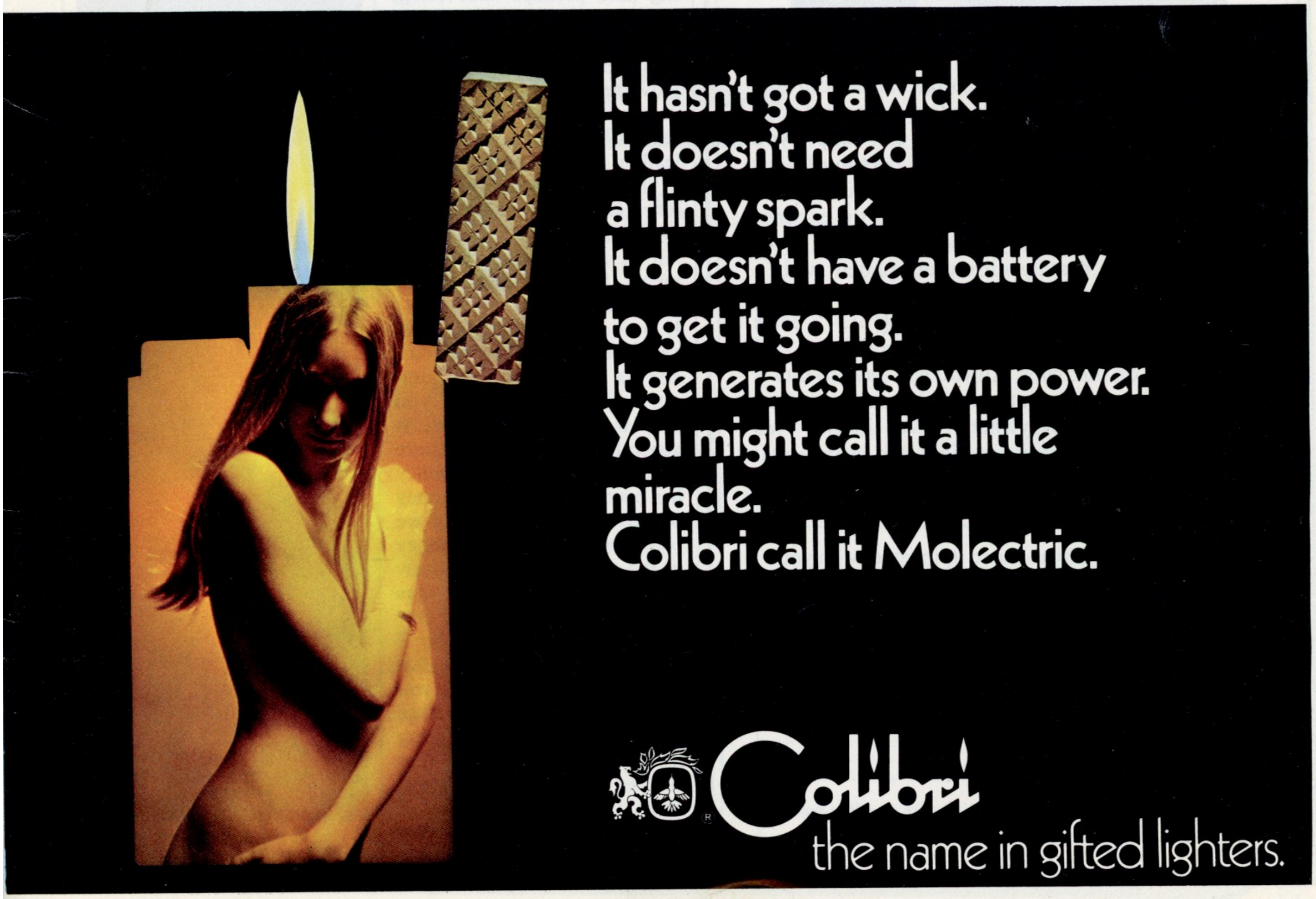
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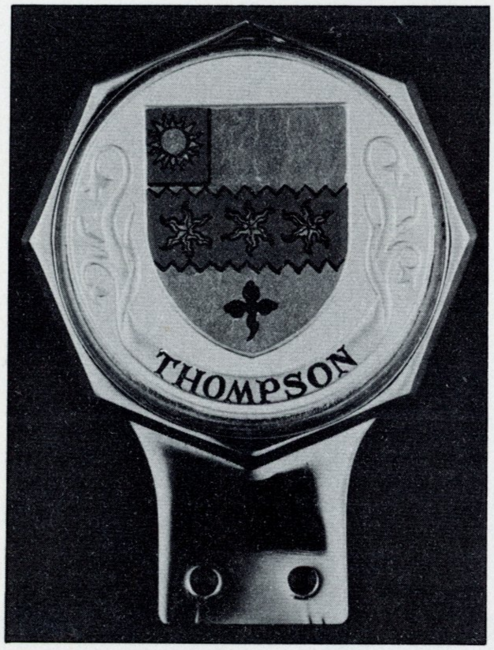

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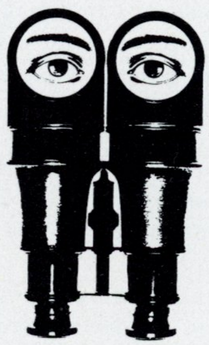


Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Welcome to our special anniversary issue of Mayfair. It is our way of celebrating the end of another highly successful year in which we hope you feel we have given you the goodies. Mayfair is the most successful magazine in Britain today. We have grown to a print order of over 200,000 copies. We have done it by presenting you with a good-value package covering (and perhaps uncovering) all the major spheres of male interest. We have achieved this in a totally acceptable way. Advertising agencies acclaim us a serious and reliable medium as is witnessed by the leading advertisers represented in this issue. We are on sale at newsagents everywhere including W. H. Smith.

All in all, quite an achievement for an independent publisher.

If over the months you have developed a taste for Mayfair and its special brand of humour and communication, you may wonder if your taste is generally shared. It is, more than you realise. Our policy has been never to spend money on advertising ourselves if we could usefully put the money in the package. It then advertises itself. This policy has brought us sixty thousand new readers this year alone. So if you ever wonder why Mayfair doesn't stare down at you from the hoardings, it's because we've spent the money putting it into the magazine that catches your eye on the bookstalls. If you like what you've got this time, stay with us. We have plans for making 1972 our best year yet.

In this issue we carry another story by John Fergus Ryan. Normally we eschew writing from the United States since we are a totally British magazine. JFR is our great exception. The reason is simple: he makes us Laugh, with his zany stories and his Significant use of capital letters.

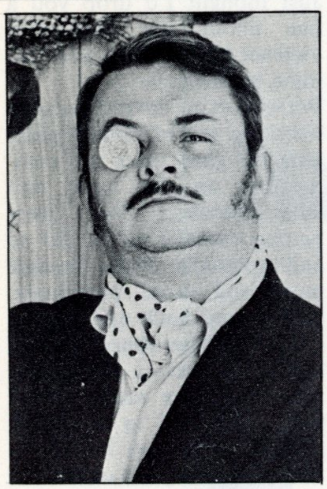
For this issue of Mayfair he sends you all a Message about himself:

'What must it be like, living in Tennessee?

'I am sitting in a little pantry I have fixed up as a place to Write. On the wall in front of me are pictures of Mark Twain, James Thurber, Tennessee Williams, Ezra Pound, Harry Langdon, Christopher Columbus, George Washington and Bert Lahr.

'To my right, framed, are my certificate of graduation from a School of Chiropractic and Swedish Massage in Iowa and my license to practice Hydro-Therapy and Electro-Therapy in the same state, both of which were given me by the manager of a local second-

Vicki: girl with a top bottom



Ryan: man with a humorous eye

hand clothing store, in appreciation of many years of Custom.

'To my left is the framed autograph of President Harry S Truman and my collection of hats – among it, a fibre board safety helmet, made in France, which I put on and wear around out in the yard when it gets dark.

'I am listening to some Chinese music by a modern Russian composer.

'Two of my Juniper bushes fell to the bag-worms this summer; my pine trees are growing Up crooked; my house has settled again and I cannot open the front door.

'It is Hot. Swamp flies abound.

'Guaranteed for Real – *John Fergus Ryan.*'

When top model Vicki Hodge flew out from London Airport recently to model a collection in New York, the leaving scene was familiar: a cluster of photographers snapping away at the beaming smile; then the leg shots and pleas of 'just a bit higher, Vicki,' as she lifts her hem a little. Only this time a new fashion milestone was passed – Vicki was wearing no knickers. Remembering that what model girls do today other girls do tomorrow, it's going to be a great winter. Possibly a bit chilly, though.

We have a great weakness for those 'true' stories that every so often sweep like wildfire across the country. No one can pin them down to source, but everyone vouches for their veracity. The teenager who swopped her mother's birth pills for aspirins is a classic example. Now another is going the rounds.

It seems this Panda car was cruising along the A2 midway between Dartford and Chatham when the officers of the law espied the shadowy outline of a parked car and the shadowy figure of a person cresting the embankment.

For something to keep the mind occupied the officers drew up a little distance down the road and walked back to the embankment. There they met an old gentleman and politely asked him his business. He, with equal politeness, explained that he had been at a function in town, had consumed a lot and consequently was answering the call of nature.

The reason gave the officers of the law satisfaction but led their minds to other things. If the function had been so extensive would the old gentleman kindly accompany them back to the Panda car and play balloons? The old gentleman agreed with equal kindness. After the ceremony of blowing, the balloon moved violently into the green. As a consequence they suggested, politely, that the old gentleman should accompany them to the police station in the Panda while the other followed in the old gentleman's own car. To which the old gentleman, even more politely, agreed.

So the old gentleman and one officer disappeared into the night in the Panda, whilst the other walked back to the parked car where the shadowy outline slowly resolved into a Silver Cloud complete with chauffeur. The chauffeur quietly let in the clutch, paused only to say 'I do hope your friend is coming back for you' and drove off down the road.

Our nudest Young Conservative issue (Vol 6 No 10), featuring the apolitical charms of Caroline Williams, took some of the heat out of the Conservative Party Conference and prompted pictorial interest from the *Daily Mail* and *The Sun* newspapers, while Reading's *Evening Post* went one stage further and canvassed local Tory temperature after our unveiling of their party piece.

The Chairman of the Greater London Young Conservatives was moved to put pen to paper, as was the female Chairman of a Young Conservative Association Conference. Their letters appear elsewhere in this issue.

JANUARY 1972
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MAYFAIR

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LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I see your magazine is carrying an exposé on the Young Conservatives. While we are very flattered to be receiving attention in such an august publication, I wonder if your staff are really qualified to write the commentary. May I offer our services?

It might be interesting to see the extra-mural activities of the YC's presented alongside the real purpose of the organisation – politics.

I must admit that some of my members consider your announcement a ruse to allow the sober members of the staff at Conservative Central Office to openly buy copies of Mayfair.

Gerry Wade (Chairman) Greater London Young Conservatives, Smith Square, London SW1

A fleshy exposure only. We have no wish to 'knock' organisations contributing to the democratic process. After all, no democracy, no Mayfair.

You really are a little behind the times in assuming that Tory women, young ones especially, are only at Conferences for the sex. Had you ever thought that Young Conservative females might be interested in politics? If you haven't I can only suggest that you visit our Group '63 Young Conservatives Ninth Annual Conference at Eastbourne this month when 400 of our 2300 members will be gathered together to have a Gala weekend. Obviously we are providing a bumper package of evening entertainments but are also encouraging several study groups to investigate long term issues for which women as well as YC men will have increasing responsibility as we move towards the next century.

While Mayfair would obviously not make such a good sale by including this sort of 'serious' material, and heaven only knows, a little bit of 'fancy' does one good, I do wish you would acknowledge that men might actually be attracted to women with something besides a body . . .

Jenni Yarwood, Group '63, Young Conservative Association, Kingston-on-Thames

Go on, be a sport. Show us your knickers.

Your naked portrayal of Miss Caroline Williams, the new-style Young Conservative (Vol. 6 No.10) very nearly persuaded me to change sides.

K.S., Rustlins Rd, Sheffield (full name withheld)

There's a toy going the rounds at the moment which must, I'm convinced, strike fear into the hearts of every virile male. The toy, simply, is two balls which dangle on pieces of string of equal length. The balls knock against each other and set up a self-perpetuating knock-knock sound as they bash against each other.

Perhaps I'm just overly sensitive, but I actually wince with pain whenever I hear that insane sound. I'm sure the genital connections are obvious – I'm just waiting now until the toy becomes de rigeur equipment for every hardcore member of Women's Liberation.

D. Sparrow, West Wittering, Sussex

And we're sent clackers no doubt.

Just thought I'd drop you a line about the effect TV violence has on some girls and mine in particular.

We were in my flat one evening, watching one of those typical, guts-and-glory epics and commenting on the usual film inconsistencies. We were petting casually as we did so and gradually Paula became more and more passionate, clawing my back and cutting my lips with her sharp teeth. In fact, she was a lot more passionate than usual. As the film progressed to its fitting climax, we lost all interest in that war, scrambled out of our clothing and fought our own battle on the rug in front of the television. To the accompaniment of bangs and all sorts of noises off emitting from the television, we humped our way to a gasping, fitting climax just as the hero planted the inevitable flag on the inevitable hilltop.

In the immediate minutes after what we later termed our very own Battle of the Bulge, Paula admitted that the gung-ho battle scenes had really knocked her out of her tree.

I wonder if any other readers have had similar experiences – whether they've matched an armoured charge thrust for thrust?

P. D., Epsom, Surrey (full name and address withheld on request)

Is there any truth at all in the story about blood selling I heard while on holiday in Turkey earlier this year? The story goes that an English hitch-hiker went into a blood-doning centre in Istanbul to sell a pint of blood – it appears 400 ccs of blood is worth about £5 out there – and then next day vanished. Two weeks later his body was floating face-down in the Bosporus . . . without a drop of blood in his veins.

Probably lots of Mayfair readers went to Turkey earlier this year, I wonder if any of them came across the same story?

Tom Godbold, Oppidans Road, NW3

Last Tuesday I got in my tube train late (it's always crowded) and had to stand, crushed at the back of the compartment. As sometimes happens, I found I was face to face with a girl with about nine inches between our faces. She looked great,

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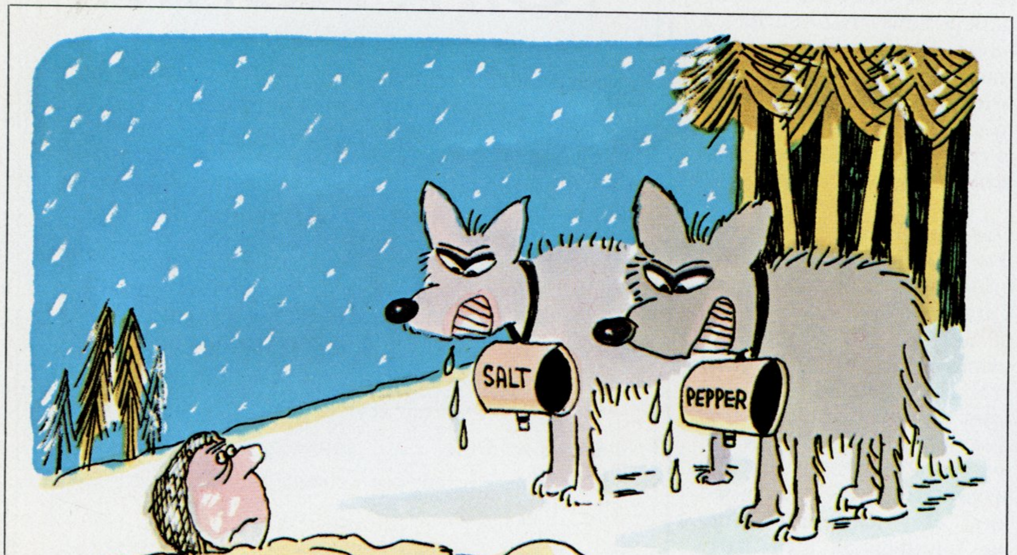

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LETTERS

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with dark, wavy hair and the kind of impish face most men dream about. I can't vouch for her legs, I didn't see them, but I can vouch for the firmest pair of breasts I've sampled in a long, long time.

I didn't need X-ray to know that beneath that tight, straining blouse lurked a pair of braless boobs – I could see them quiver and shake as the train lurched. My eyes were glued to her cleavage and when I looked up I saw her looking quizzically at me with a smile on her wet, parted lips. I smiled back and lowered my eyes again. The throng of people entering the train pressed me even closer to this Miss with the massive pair of mammeries. She could back away no further and I was simply crushed inexorably against her. I can think of worse ways to go. Then again that warm, open smile.

I fumbled my hands up to my tie – it was pretty hot in there – and in the breathless moments that followed, they landed gently on the bulging front of her blouse. Her eyes were shut. I stroked her gently with the tips of my fingers before worming my fingers deep into her cleavage. Her eyes were shut and she was smiling gently. I felt her leg jut forward against my thighs, but that, regrettably, was all. We stayed like this for a few minutes, surrounded by the heavy silence of the early evening commuters. Finally the train pulled to a halt, her eyes jerked open and she disentangled herself and made for the door. Once outside the train she turned and gave me a beautiful smile. It made my day.

N.H.W., Thorold Road, Chatham, Kent (full name withheld on request)

I see that Mayfair has increased its circulation during the last six months by 27,000. 164,107 purchasers can't be wrong – a well produced man's magazine is damned good reading.

May I be the first to congratulate you all at Mayfair on your success. Judging by readership standards – i.e. those cads who borrow, beg or even steal other fellows' copies, your readership must be around 1,500,000 or more.

Incidentally, Vol. 5 No. 10 featuring the forty inches of Angela Duncan, was given a boost by the RAF at Leuchers on BBC1's recent documentary, 'Strike Command'.

I am ex-RAF myself and glad that Mayfair is part of the relaxation reading of Strike Command pilots, even though it must be only possible for them to indulge in the photo spreads while waiting for 'scramble'.

I wonder which they're scrambling for – 'trouble over the North Sea' or your Mayfair Maidens?

R. Warren, Woodland Way, Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey.

Tube travel has its moments, I have found. I was travelling to work recently when I turned a corner to see a heavily laden dolly struggling towards me with a heavy suitcase in either hand. But it wasn't those cases that fascinated me. She'd obviously run smack into one of those powerful down draughts that lurk around passageways underground, because her skirt was blown up against her waist and breasts, leaving what it was meant to conceal on public display. She really did have a fabulous body; strong, mashing thighs and a bulging, lush tuft of pubescence that strained against the briefest of brief white panties. I found those panties most arousing, even at 8.30 am!

She was quite unable to cope with her problem for the few seconds that the kindly wind prevailed, but while it did I'm sure she blushed very prettily. I can't be sure, because I wasn't watching her face at the time. After she'd walked past, I noticed a few satisfied smiles on the male faces of my fellow commuters!

P. H., Chelsea, London (full name and address withheld on request)

The banning of Dave Allen, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore from Aussie TV for recent anti-clerical jokes and 'using swear-words' in a recent show, leads me to suggest that these 'wowsers' down under have put the last nail in the coffin of the Great Australian Myth. All that lovely jazz about fearless outlaw bushrangers and footloose jolly swagmen with itchy feet, 'waltzing matildas', 'billabongs' and the rest; all those easygoing, beer-swilling, sport-

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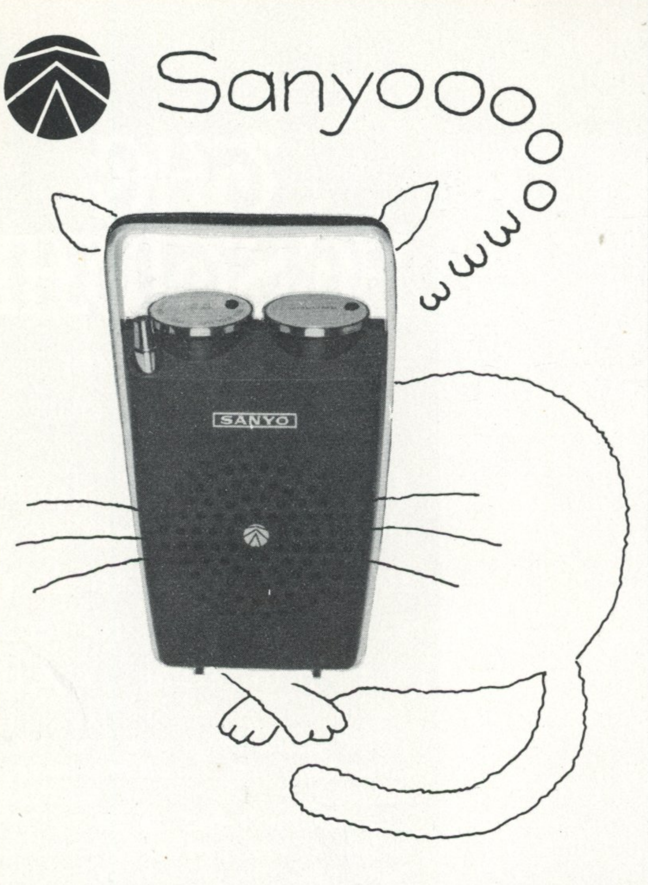

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

mad, gambling 'cobbers' with gnarled faces burned brick-red by the sun and laughter wrinkles around the eyes chasing all them 'good sport' free-wheeling Sheilas up the race-course and down on 'bare-arse' Bondi Beach. It's all gone up a gum-tree my Old Bluey and fair cows the strine is gittin' fer too much.

The 'six o'clock swill' may be a thing of the past like the above, but you couldn't take a Sheila into a pub like you can in Earls Court.

The whole place is woman-dominated and the censorship of TV would please even Mrs Whitehouse. Every bugger is working his ass off in an acquisitive society and all Englishmen are still 'Pommie bastards' even to those who like 'em. Americanisation spreads like a bush fire – witness commitment in Vietnam. But never mind, Norman Lindsay's *Curate in Bohemia* is still the funniest thing I have ever read.

Cavan McCarthy, Round Hill, Sydenham, London SE26

Edward Knox writes: I am not sure how to handle this letter – possibly, very carefully with a pair of sterilized fire tongs. Talking of bush fires; the only one I ever managed to start occurred in my Melbourne pied-à-terre when I contrived to lose a burning match down the front of my Sheila's drawers. Her remarks were rather Bluey and the fact that I whipped off a quick burst up her thighs from a well shaken soda syphon didn't improve my image either. I was jolly nearly billabonged to death.

I read Martin Windrow's story of the French Foreign Legion (Vol 6 No 10) with great interest.

Until he died a year or so ago, I actually knew a member of that rarest of all species – the titled Old Etonian Ex-Legionnaire. Admittedly, his title was Danish but it was very old and perfectly genuine. He shared the contempt which you mention, for those who desert from the Legion and subsequently write of their 'escape'. He joined for the adventure, counting his five years among the happiest of his life. Once, when asked what it was like he answered – 'It was a pretty good life on the whole.' Then thoughtfully – 'But it must have seemed tough to the chaps who had not been to Eton.'

For the last two years he ran a business supplying live lobsters and langouste to hotels and restaurants. During this period he enjoyed telling people that he was the only fishmonger in the Almanach de Gotha.

J. Braithwaite, Jack Braithwaite (Aerial Photography) Ltd, Station Field Industrial Estate, Kidlington, Oxford

For more than two years, my secretary and I have shared a very full and varied sex life. Our experiences have been such that we've tried all forms of sexual pleasure including bondage – which she particularly enjoys.

We recently felt we would like to experience Group Sex and approached another couple we knew who were also enjoying an illicit affair. It was agreed that Group Sex would take place but that swopping of partners was forbidden.

We arranged to meet at a pub and spent a most enjoyable evening, drinking and discussing the pleasures to come. But we found, to our dismay, that when we were alone together in my flat, our friends insisted on making love behind some furniture – completely out of our sight.

We felt this may have been initial shyness but a second attempt with them has had the same result.

We really cannot understand their attitude and wonder if any other readers have had similar experiences. Our friends are most keen for us all to 'perform' in the same room but seem reticent to discuss their shyness during the actual event.

B.P., Uxbridge, Middlesex (full name and address withheld on request)

Your Mayfair Quest Article, 'Are Married Women Holiday Push-overs?' (Vol 6 No 8) made me remember an occasion about five years ago.

I was hitch-hiking through France and travelling alone. Usually I got lifts from men travelling alone or from lorry drivers – but on this occasion a woman pulled up. She was aged about 32, I'd guess, with

turn to page 16

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

a particularly ripe figure encased in tight, button-up coat and skirt. She had the sort of well-weathered good looks any other 30-year-old woman would envy. Within the first thirty miles I'd been told at least twice that she was lonely and that her husband – an Army officer – was away on a training course.

At the first set of traffic lights I squeezed her shoulder as I lit her cigarette, at the second pause I pressed her heavy thighs encouragingly and at the third stop she planted an open, wet kiss on my mouth. We drove rapidly into the country – she whipped into a side road, steered unerringly for the first gateway and pulled the car to a halt among the wheat stalks.

She then pulled me into the back seat, scattered clothing in all directions and got to the meat of the matter without more ado. She was married – I was on holiday, I hope my adventure qualifies!

H.C., Rustington, Sussex (name and address withheld)

I see Penny Mallett told one of the Sunday newspapers that she has expensive tastes. I don't doubt it – especially in underwear. After stripping her so uncompromisingly naked

the least you can do is open a 'Panties For Penny' fund.

A.N., Cardiff, S Wales

Part of a Pubic Appeal, perhaps.

During a recent debate in Edinburgh Town Council on establishing Family Planning Clinics on a more liberal basis, an elderly lady Councillor opposing the proposals as encouraging promiscuity, said: 'If an unmarried girl wishes to have sexual experience, all she needs to do is visit the family doctor.'

She never really understood why everyone laughed.

D. C. E. Gorrie, The Knowle, Limekilns, Fife

Mr Gorrie is himself an Edinburgh Councillor as well as a subscriber to Mayfair. A combination to serve as an example to all Scots.

What is it about girls with short hair, maxi-long coats and micro-skirts that drive me right out of my skull?

Short hair on its own leaves me cold, while coats of maxi-length can conceal anything and anyone from next year's model sensation to that sack of potatoes from next door. Micro-skirts? Well . . . they're always arousing.

But the moment I see all three combined in a girl of even average good looks, I get an overwhelming lust-urge.

But to attempt to answer my own question – I think I'm grabbed by the combination of tomboy good looks, the mystery of all that undiscovered flesh beneath that flowing coat and the overt, little-girl sexuality of the micro-skirt. I think. I'm in the middle of strenuous experiments to discover if this really is the case!

D.H., Scarborough, Yorks

Compliments are once again in order for an ever improving magazine. Vol. 6 No. 8 surpasses everything yet. The picture of Lovely Mandy with her light covering of straw on page 23 of that issue reminds me of a recent tale recounted in a village pub.

Two local maidens had taken a mid-day swim in the local gravel pit and having no costumes they did it nude. Lying on the bank, afterwards, to dry off, they fell asleep.

The local vicar arrived on the spot and, not wishing the rest

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SEXOPOLY

"Ooh Santa! are you giving everybody SEXOPOLY for Xmas?"

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STUD

LETTERS

continued from page 16

of his flock to gaze on these unclad beauties – yet not wanting to disturb them – searched for something to cover their nakedness. All he found were two old roofing tiles.

Shortly afterwards the two old men of the village passed by on their afternoon stroll. They hadn't gone many yards when old George turned to Shadrack: 'Waaal Shadrack,' he drawled, 'that's progress.'

'Ow d'ya mean?' asked his companion.

'In my day they used to be thatched.'

Keep up the good work, Mayfair.

Mike Rawlins, Mayflower Road, St. Albans, Herts

Having recently read Mayfair (Vol 6 No 7) for the first time, I found it both amusing and informative and your photographs of the delightful Carolyn Hargreaves-Bland, simply magnificent. Please pass the following message to Carolyn: I have never seen such an alluring yet innocent female displayed in any magazine. To compare you to Brigitte Bardot would be an injustice.

Security reasons forbid me from disclosing my full present address but, in a land where white women are rarer than moonstones Carolyn has been noted and deeply appreciated.

A. B. Logan, G Squadron 22 SAS, Bradbury Lines

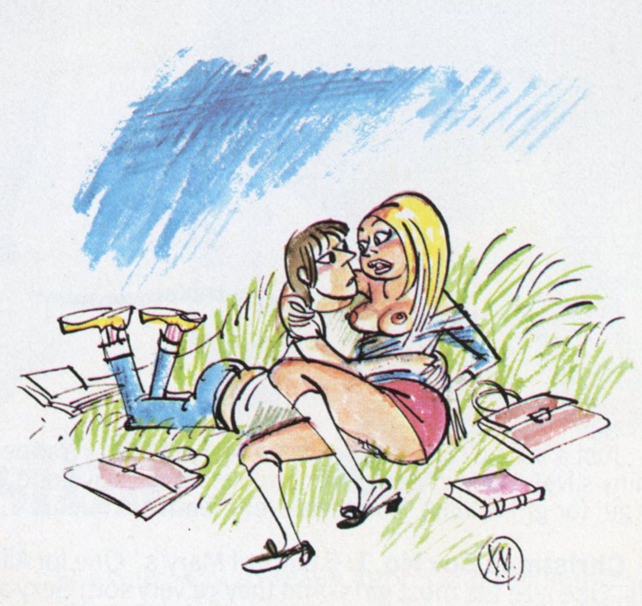
Carolyn commented: How nice to have my own Special Agent.

Edward Knox hit at the truth when he said (Mayfair Vol. 6, No. 8) that he preferred girls scantily clad.

I'd go along with that. The delicious wedge of flesh revealed when a shapely girl's skirt rides up – this alone beats anything sheer nudity can offer. And why? Because it shows contrast, the contrast between the outward, prim sop to convention and the warm-blooded sexuality of the animal lurking beneath – that's why.

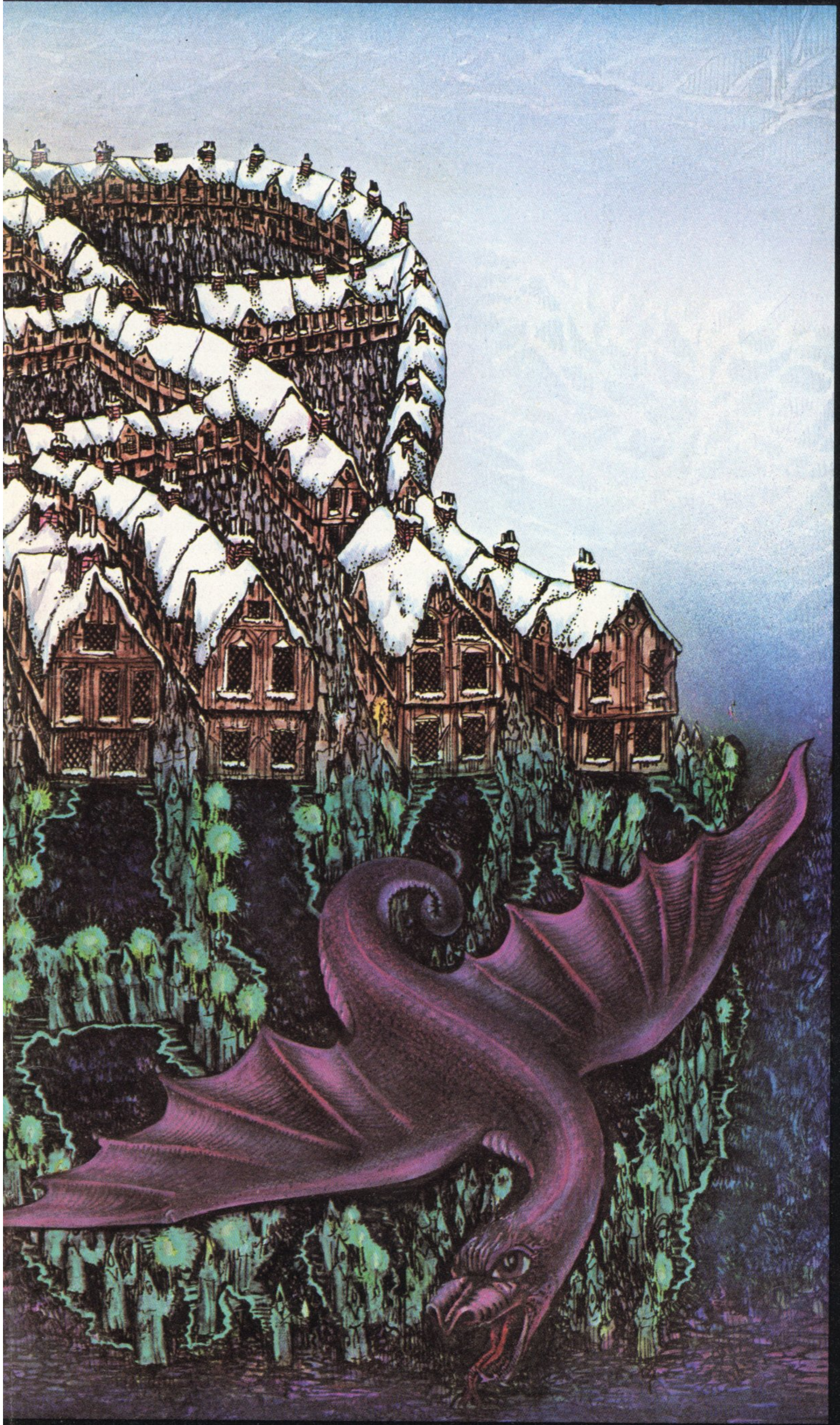
T.T., Tavistock, Devon (full name and address withheld)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



"Isn't this going to make us late for the sex instruction class?"

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE UNDERWOOD



THE FESTIVAL

Seasonal horror
by H. P. Lovecraft

Hushed throngs shuffled through the snow, down footworn steps to foetid caverns, there to enact the primordial Yulerite

Efficiut Daemones, ut quae non sunt, sic tamen quasi sint, conspicienda bominibus exhibeant. – LACTANTIUS

I was far from home, and the spell of the eastern sea was upon me. In the twilight I heard it pounding on the rocks, and I knew it lay just over the hill where the twisting willows writhed against the clearing sky and the first stars of evening. And because my fathers had called me to the old town beyond, I pushed on through the shallow, new-fallen snow along the road that soared lonely up to where Aldebaran twinkled among the trees; toward the ancient town I had never seen but often dreamed of.

It was the Yuletide, that men call Christmas though they know in their hearts it is older than Bethlehem and Babylon, older than Memphis and mankind. It was the Yuletide, and I had come at last to the ancient sea town where my people had dwelt and kept festival in the elder time when festival was forbidden; where also they had commanded their sons to keep festival once every century, that the memory of primal secrets might not be forgotten. Mine were an old people, and were old even when this land was settled three hundred years before. And they were strange, because they had come as dark furtive folk from opiate southern gardens of orchids, and spoken another tongue before they learnt the tongue of the blue-eyed fishers. And now they were scattered, and shared only the rituals of mysteries that none living could understand. I was the only one who came back that night to the old fishing town as legend bade, for only the poor and the lonely remember.

Then beyond the hill's crest I saw Kings-

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THE FESTIVAL

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port outspread frostily in the gloaming; snowy Kingsport with its ancient vanes and steeples, ridgepoles and chimney-pots, wharves and small bridges, willow-trees and graveyards; endless labyrinths of steep, narrow, crooked streets, and dizzy church-crowned central peak that time durst not touch; ceaseless mazes of colonial houses piled and scattered at all angles and levels like a child's disordered blocks; antiquity hovering on grey wings over winter-whitened gables and gambrel roofs; fanlights and small-paned windows one by one gleaming out in the cold dusk to join Orion and the archaic stars. And against the rotting wharves the sea pounded; the secretive, immemorial sea out of which the people had come in the elder time.

Beside the road at its crest a still higher summit rose, bleak and windswept, and I saw that it was a burying-ground where black gravestones stuck ghoulishly through the snow like the decayed fingernails of a gigantic corpse. The printless road was very lonely, and sometimes I thought I heard a distant horrible creaking as of a gibbet in the wind. They had hanged four kinsmen of mine for witchcraft in 1692, but I did not know just where.

As the road wound down the seaward slope I listened for the merry sounds of a village at evening, but did not hear them. Then I thought of the season, and felt that these old Puritan folk might well have Christmas customs strange to me, and full of silent hearthside prayer. So after that I did not listen for merriment or look for wayfarers, but kept on down past hushed lighted farmhouses and shadowy stone walls to where the signs of ancient shops and sea taverns creaked in the salt breeze, and the grotesque knockers of pillared doorways glistened along deserted unpaved lanes in the light of little, curtained windows.

I had seen maps of the town, and knew where to find the home of my people. It was told that I should be known and welcomed, for village legend lives long; so I hastened through Back Street to Circle Court, and across the fresh snow on the one full flagstone pavement in the town, to where Green Lane leads off behind the Market House. The old maps still held good, and I had no trouble; though at Arkham they must have lied when they said the trolleys ran to this place, since I saw not a wire overhead. Snow would have hid the rails in any case. I was glad I had chosen to walk, for the white village had seemed very beautiful from the hill; and now I was eager to knock at the door of my people, the seventh house on the left in Green Lane, with an ancient peaked roof and jutting second story, all built before 1650.

There were lights inside the house when I came upon it, and I saw from the diamond window-panes that it must have been kept very close to its antique state. The upper part overhung the narrow grass-grown street and nearly met the over-hanging part of the house opposite, so that I was almost in a tunnel, with the low stone doorstep wholly free from snow. There was no sidewalk, but many houses had high doors reached by double flights of steps with iron railings. It was an odd scene, and because I was strange to England I had never known its like before. Though it pleased me, I would have relished it better if there had been footprints in the snow, and people in the streets, and a few windows without drawn curtains.

When I sounded the archaic iron knocker I was half afraid. Some fear had been gathering in me, perhaps because of the strangeness of my heritage, and the bleakness of the evening, and the queerness of the silence in that aged town of curious customs. And when my knock was answered I was fully afraid, because I had not heard any footsteps before the door creaked open. But I was not afraid long, for the gowned, slippered old man in the doorway had a bland face that reassured me; and though he made signs that he was dumb, he wrote a quaint and ancient welcome with the stylus and wax tablet he carried.

He beckoned me into a low, candle-lit room with massive exposed rafters and dark, stiff, sparse furniture of the seventeenth century. The past was vivid there, for not an attribute was missing. There was a cavernous fireplace and a spinning-wheel at which a bent old woman in loose wrapper and deep poke-bonnet sat, back toward me, silently spinning despite the festive season. An indefinite dampness seemed upon the place, and I marvelled that no fire should be blazing. The high-backed settle faced the row of curtained windows at the left, and seemed to be occupied, though I was not sure. I did not like everything about what I saw, and felt again the fear I had had. This fear grew stronger from what had before lessened it, for the more I looked at the old man's bland face the more its very blandness terrified me. The eyes never moved, and the skin was too much like wax. Finally I was sure it was not a face at all, but a fiendishly cunning mask. But the flabby hands, curiously gloved, wrote genially on the tablet and told me I must wait a while before I could be led to the place of the festival.

Pointing to a chair, table, and pile of books, the old man now left the room; and when I sat down to read I saw that the books were hoary and mouldy, and that they included old Morryster's wild *Marvells of Science*, the terrible *Saducismus Triumphatus* of Joseph Glanvil, published in 1681, the shocking *Daemonolatreia* of Remigius, printed in 1595 at Lyons, and worst of all, the unmentionable *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred, in Olaus Wormius' forbidden Latin translation; a book which I had never seen, but of which I had heard monstrous things whispered. No one spoke to me, but I could hear the creaking of signs in the wind outside, and the whir of the wheel as the bonneted old woman continued her silent spinning, spinning. I thought the room and the books and the people very morbid and disquieting, but because an old tradition of my father's had summoned me to strange feastings, I resolved to expect queer things. So I tried to read, and soon became tremblingly absorbed by something I found in that accursed *Necronomicon*; a thought and a legend too hideous for sanity or consciousness, but I disliked it when I fancied I heard the closing of one of the windows that the settle faced, as if it had been stealthily opened. It had seemed to follow a whirring that was not of the old woman's spinning-wheel. This was not much, though, for the old woman was spinning very hard, and the aged clock had been

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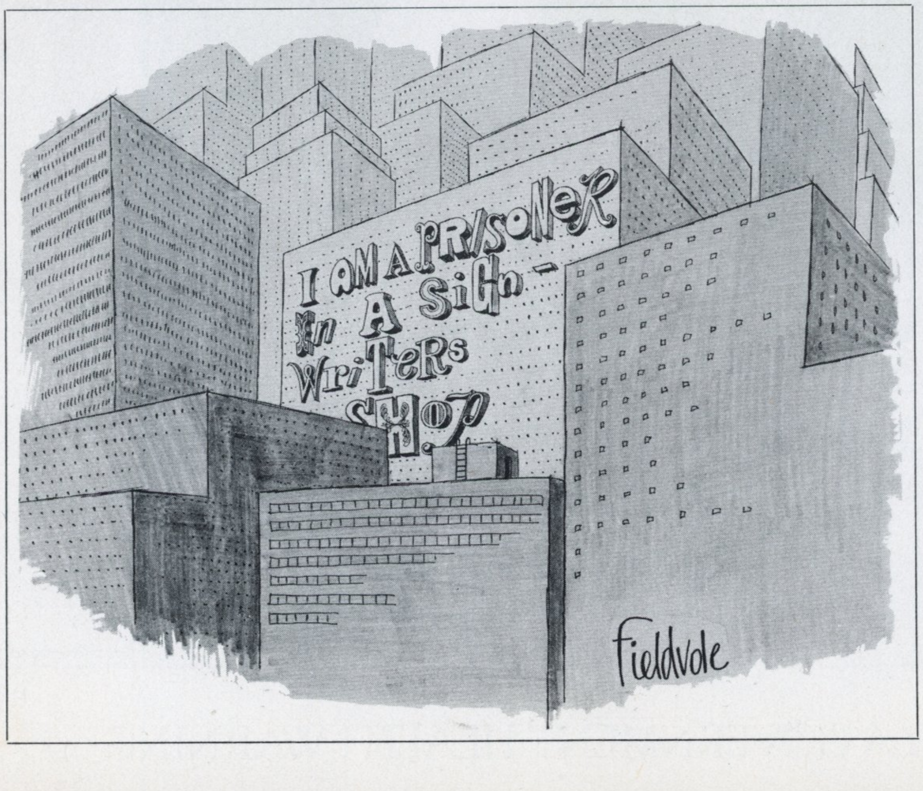
I AM A PRISONER IN A SIGN-WRITERS SHOP
fieldvole

THE FESTIVAL

continued from page 18

striking. After that I lost the feeling that there were persons on the settle, and was reading intently and shudderingly when the old man came back booted and dressed in a loose antique costume, and sat down on that very bench, so that I could not see him. It was certainly nervous waiting, and the blasphemous book in my hands made it doubly so. When eleven struck, however, the old man stood up, glided to a massive carved chest in a corner, and got two hooded cloaks; one of which he donned, and the other of which he draped round the old woman, who was ceasing her monotonous spinning. Then they both started for the outer door; the woman lamely creeping, and the old man, after picking up the very book I had been reading, beckoning me as he drew his hood over that unmoving face or mask.

We went out into the moonless and tortuous network of that incredibly ancient town; went out as the lights in the curtained windows disappeared one by one, and the Dog Star leered at the throng of cowled, cloaked figures that poured silently from every doorway and formed monstrous processions up this street and that, past the creaking signs and antediluvian gables, the thatched roofs and diamond-paned windows; threading precipitous lanes where decaying houses overlapped and crumbled together, gliding across open courts and churchyards where the bobbing lanthorn made eldritch drunken constellations.

Amid these hushed throngs I followed my voiceless guides; jostled by elbows that seemed preternaturally soft, and pressed by chests and stomachs that seemed abnormally pulpy; but seeing never a face and hearing never a word. Up, up, up, the eery columns slithered, and I saw that all the travellers were converging as they flowed near a sort of focus of crazy alleys at the top of a high hill in the centre of the town, where perched a great white church. I had seen it from the road's crest when I looked at Kingsport in the new dusk, and it had made me shiver because Aldebaran had seemed to balance itself a moment on the ghostly spire.

There was an open space around the church; partly a churchyard with spectral shafts, and partly a half-paved square swept nearly bare of snow by the wind, and lined with unwholesomely archaic houses having peaked roofs and overhanging gables. Death-fires danced over the tombs, revealing gruesome vistas, though queerly failing to cast any shadows. Past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see over the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. Only once in a while a lanthorn bobbed horribly through serpentine alleys on its way to overtake the throng that was now slipping speechlessly into the church. I waited till the crowd had oozed into the black doorway, and till all the stragglers had followed. The old man was pulling at my sleeve, but I was determined to be the last. Crossing the threshold into the swarming temple of unknown darkness, I turned once to look at the outside world as the churchyard phosphorescence cast a sickly glow on the hilltop pavement. And as I did so I shuddered. For though the wind had not left much snow, a few patches did remain on the path near the door; and in that fleeting backward look it seemed to my troubled eyes that they bore no mark of passing feet, not even mine.

The church was scarce lighted by all the lanthorns that had entered it, for most of the throng had already vanished. They had streamed up the aisle between the high pews to the trap-door of the vaults which yawned loathsomely open just before the pulpit, and were now squirming noiselessly in. I followed dumbly down the footworn steps and into the dark, suffocating crypt. The tail of that sinuous line of night-marchers seemed very horrible, and as I saw them wriggling into a venerable tomb they seemed more horrible still. Then I noticed that the tomb's floor had an aperture down which the throng was sliding, and in a moment we were all descending an ominous staircase of rough-hewn stone; a narrow spiral staircase damp and peculiarly odorous, that wound endlessly down into the bowels of the hill past monotonous walls of dripping stone blocks and crumbling mortar. It was a silent, shocking descent, and I observed after a horrible interval that the walls and steps were changing in nature, as if chiselled out of the solid rock. What mainly troubled me was that the myriad footfalls made no sound and set up no echoes. After more aeons of descent I saw some side passages or burrows leading from unknown recesses of blackness to this shaft of nighted mystery. Soon they became excessively numerous, like impious catacombs of nameless menace; and their pungent odour of decay grew quite unbearable. I knew we must have passed down through the mountain and beneath the earth of Kingsport itself, and I shivered that a town should be so aged and maggoty with subterraneous evil.

Then I saw the lurid shimmering of pale light, and heard the insidious lapping of sunless waters. Again I shivered, for I did not like the things that the night had brought, and wished bitterly that no forefather had summoned me to this primal

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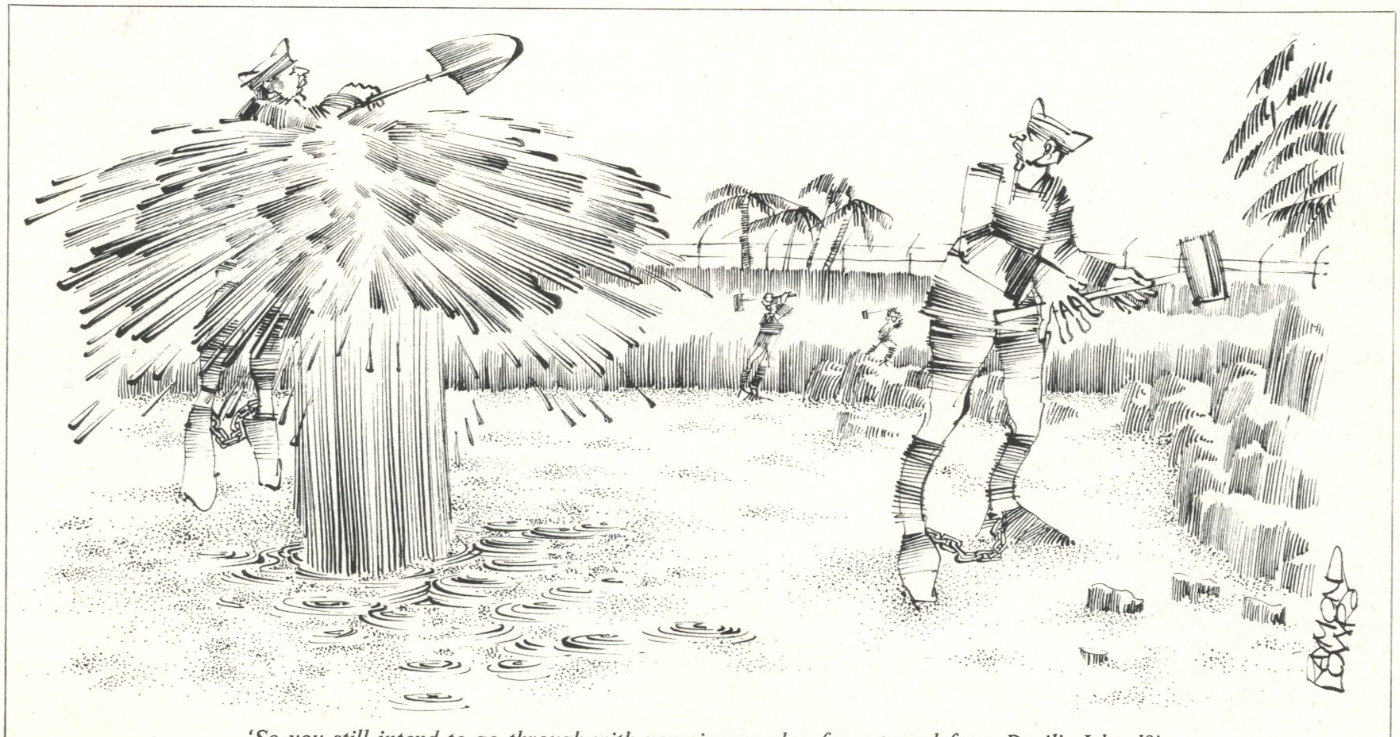


'So you still intend to go through with your insane plan for a tunnel from Devil's Island?'

THE FESTIVAL

continued from page 35

rite. As the steps and the passage grew broader, I heard another sound, the thin, whining mockery of a feeble flute; and suddenly there spread out before me the boundless vista of an inner world – a vast fungous shore litten by a belching column of sick greenish flame and washed by a wide oily river that flowed from abysses frightful and unsuspected to join the blackest gulfs of immemorial ocean.

Fainting and gasping, I looked at that unhallowed Erebus of titan toadstools, leprous fire and slimy water, and saw the cloaked throngs forming a semi-circle around the blazing pillar. It was the Yule-rite, older than man and fated to survive him; the primal rite of the solstice and of spring's promise beyond the snows; the rite of fire and evergreen, light and music. And in the stygian grotto I saw them do the rite, and adore the sick pillar of flame, and throw into the water handfuls gouged out of the viscous vegetation which glittered green in the chlorotic glare. I saw this, and I saw something amorphously squatted far away from the light, piping noisomely on a flute; and as the thing piped I thought I heard noxious muffled flutterings in the foetid darkness where I could not see. But what frightened me most was that flaming column; spouting volcanically from depths profound and inconceivable, casting no shadows as healthy flame should, and coating the nitrous stone with a nasty, venomous verdigris. For in all that seething combustion no warmth lay, but only the clamminess of death and corruption.

The man who had brought me now squirmed to a point directly beside the hideous flame, and made stiff ceremonial motions to the semi-circle he faced. At certain stages of the ritual they did grovelling obeisance, especially when he held above his head that abhorrent *Necronomicon* he had taken with him; and I shared all the obeisances because I had been summoned to this festival by the writings of my forefathers. Then the old man made a signal to the half-seen flute-player in the darkness, which player thereupon changed its feeble drone to a scarce louder drone in another key; precipitating as it did so a horror unthinkable and unexpected. At this horror I sank nearly to the lichened earth, transfixed with a dread not of this or any world, but only of the mad spaces between the stars.

Out of the unimaginable blackness beyond the gangrenous glare of that cold flame, out of the tartarean leagues through which that oily river rolled uncanny, unheard, and unsuspected, there flopped rhythmically a horde of tame, trained, hybrid winged things that no sound eye could ever wholly grasp, or sound brain ever wholly remember. They were not altogether crows, nor moles, nor buzzards, nor ants, nor vampire bats, nor decomposed human beings; but something I cannot and must not recall. They flopped limply along, half with their webbed feet and half with their membranous wings; and as they reached the throng of celebrants the cowled figures seized and mounted them, and rode off one by one along the reaches of that unlighted river, into pits and galleries of panic where poison springs feed frightful and undiscoverable cataracts.

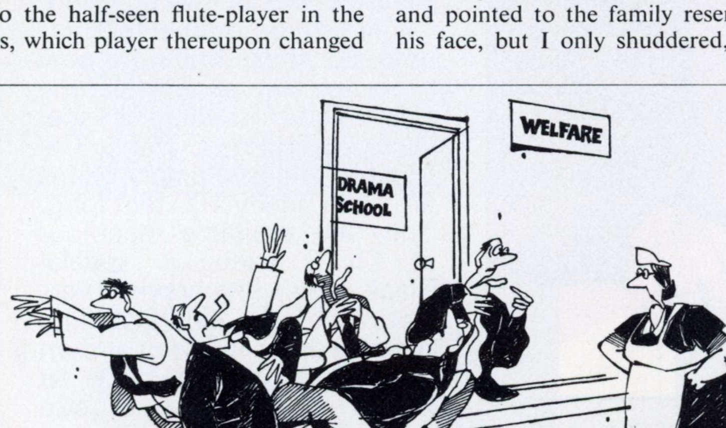
The old spinning woman had gone with the throng, and the old man remained only because I had refused when he motioned me to seize an animal and ride like the rest. I saw when I staggered to my feet that the amorphous flute-player had rolled out of sight, but that two of the beasts were patiently standing by. As I hung back, the old man produced his stylus and tablet and wrote that he was the true deputy of my fathers who had founded the Yule worship in this ancient place; that it had been decreed I should come back, and that the most secret mysteries were yet to be performed. He wrote this in a very ancient hand, and when I still hesitated he pulled from his loose robe a seal ring and a watch, both with my family arms, to prove that he was what he said. But it was a hideous proof, because I knew from old papers that that watch had been buried with my great-great-great-great-grandfather in 1698.

Presently the old man drew back his hood and pointed to the family resemblance in his face, but I only shuddered, because I was sure that the face was merely a devilish mask. The flopping animals were now scratching restlessly at the lichens, and I saw that the old man was nearly as restless himself. When one of the things began to waddle and edge away, he turned quickly to stop it, so that the suddenness of his motion dislodged the waxen mask from what should have been his head. And then, because that nightmare's position barred me from the stone staircase down which we had come, I flung myself into the oily underground river that bubbled somewhere to the caves of the sea; flung myself into that putrescent juice of earth's inner horrors before the madness of my screams could bring down upon me all the charnel legions these pestgulfs might conceal.

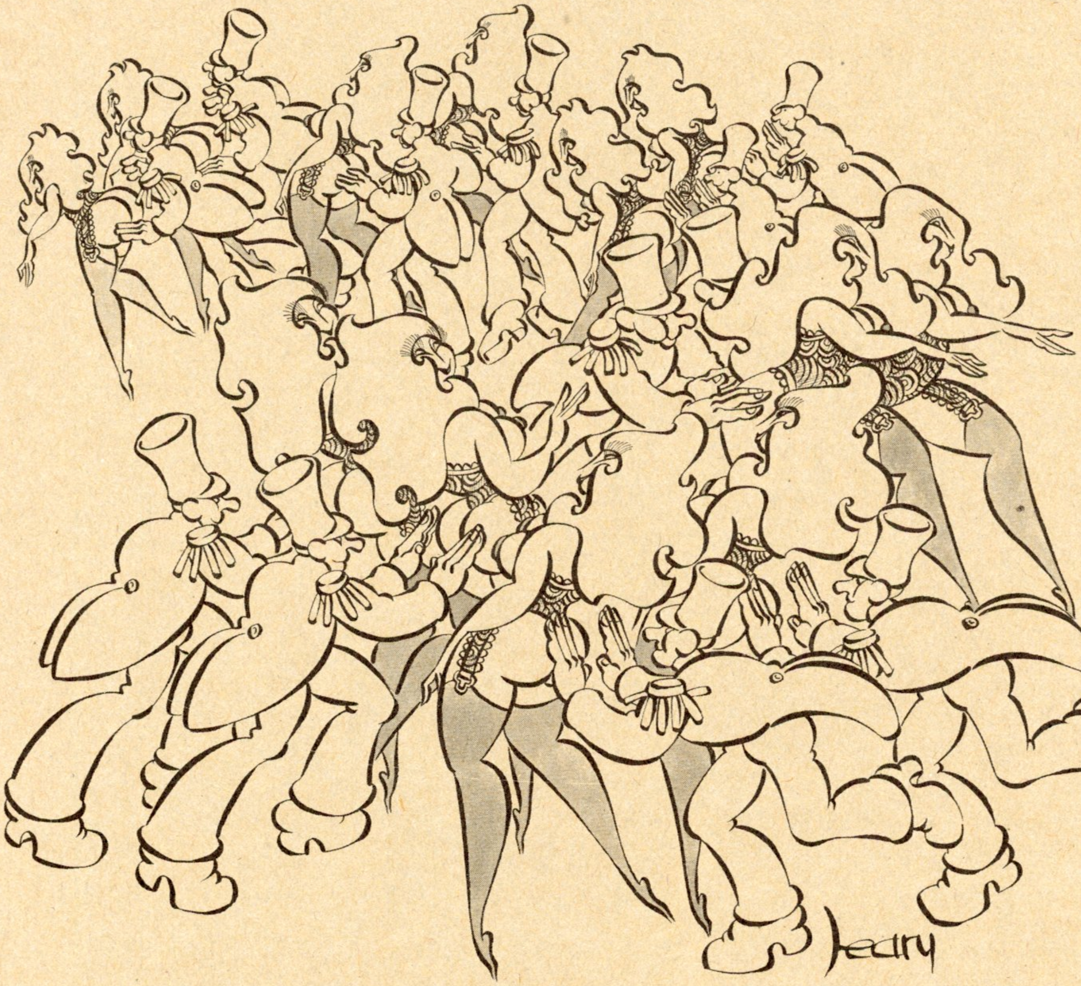
At the hospital they told me I had been found half-frozen in Kingsport Harbour at dawn, clinging to the drifting spar that accident sent to save me. They told me I had taken the wrong fork of the hill road the night before, and fallen over the cliffs at Orange Point; a thing they deduced from prints found in the snow. There was nothing I could say, because everything was wrong. Everything was wrong, with the broad windows showing a sea of roofs in which only about one in five was ancient, and the sound of trolleys and motors in the streets below. They insisted that this was Kingsport, and I could not deny it. When I went delirious at hearing that the hospital stood near the old churchyard on Central Hill, they sent me to St. Mary's Hospital in Arkham, where I could have better care. I liked it there, for the doctors were broad-minded, and even lent me their influence in obtaining the carefully sheltered copy of Alhazred's objectionable *Necronomicon* from the library of Miskatonic University. They said something about a 'psychosis,' and agreed I had better get any harassing obsessions off my mind.

So I read that hideous chapter, and shuddered doubly because it was indeed not new to me. I had seen it before, let footprints tell what they might; and where it was I had seen it were best forgotten. There was no one – in waking hours – who could remind me of it; but my dreams are filled with terror, because of phrases I dare not quote. I dare quote only one paragraph, put into such English as I can make from the awkward Low Latin.

'The nethermost caverns,' wrote the mad Arab, 'are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his charnel clay, but fats and instructs *the very worm that gnaws*; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl'.



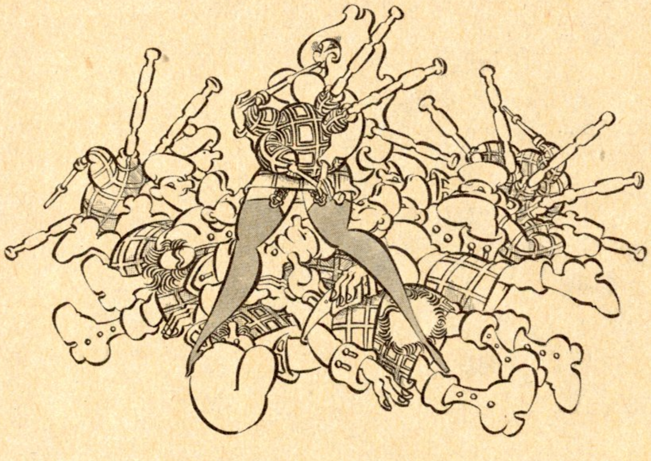
'You can't all have been bitten by a puff adder'



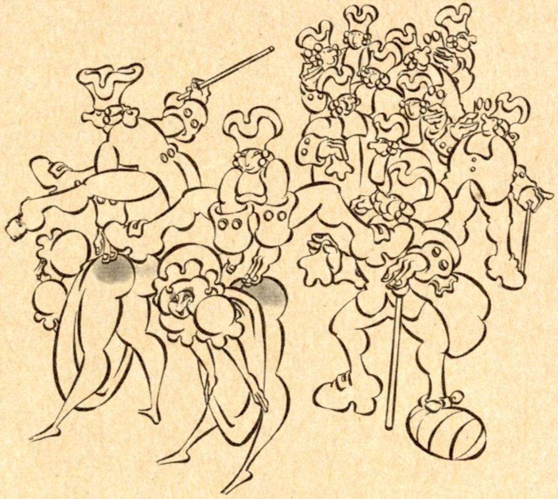
12 Drummers Drumming

My true love sent to me…

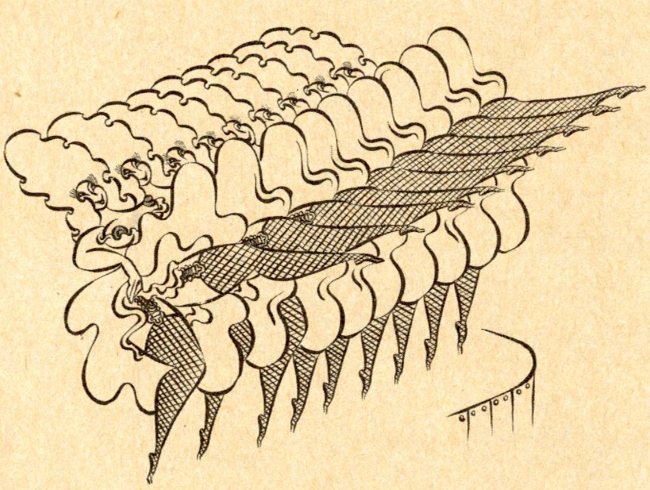
Cartoonist Colin Leary imagines what
the girl had in mind when she sent him those
gifts over the 12 Days of Christmas



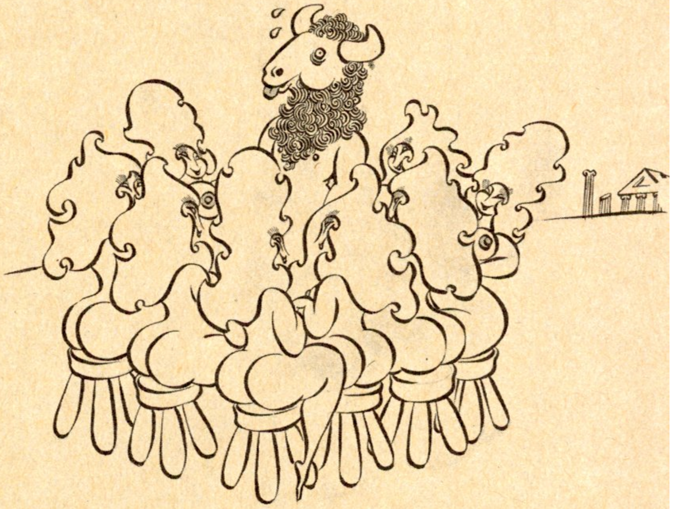
11 Pipers Piping . . .



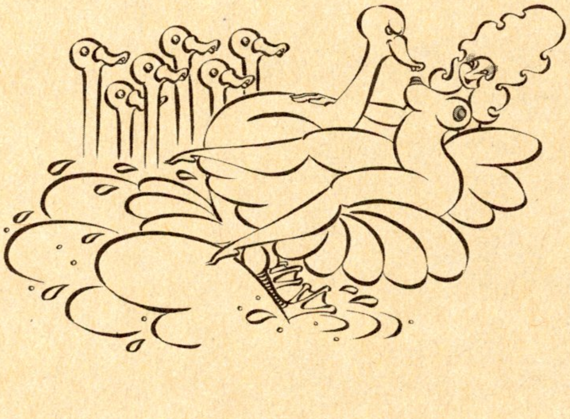
10 Lords a-Leaping . . .



9 Ladies Dancing . . .



8 Maids a-Milking . . .



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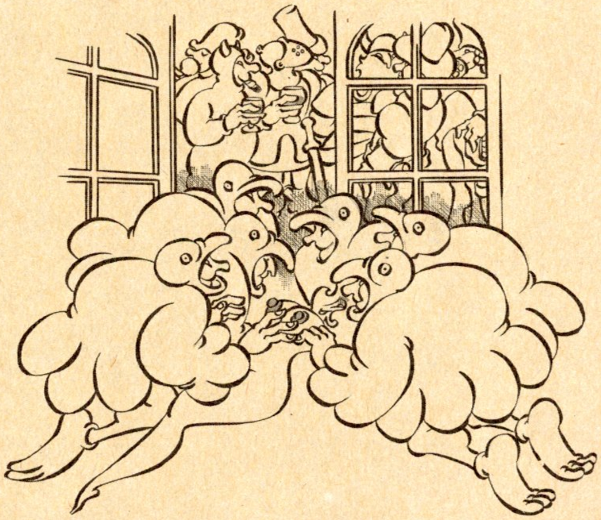

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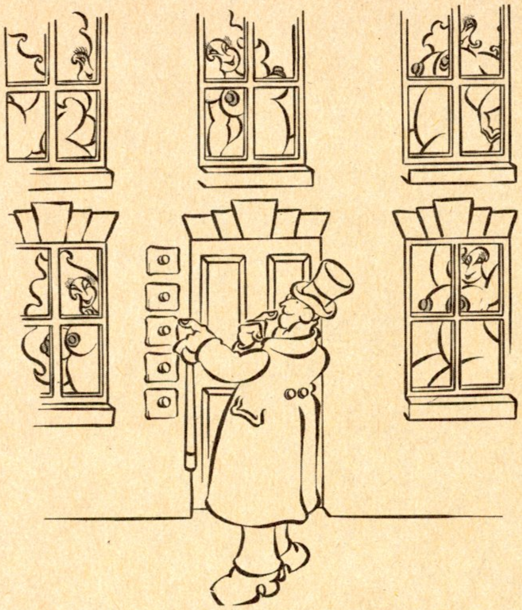

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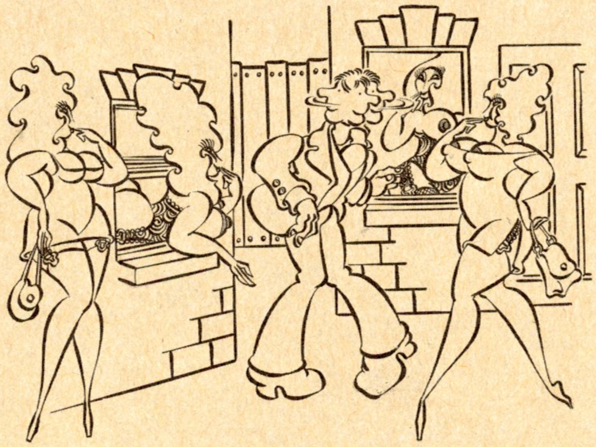

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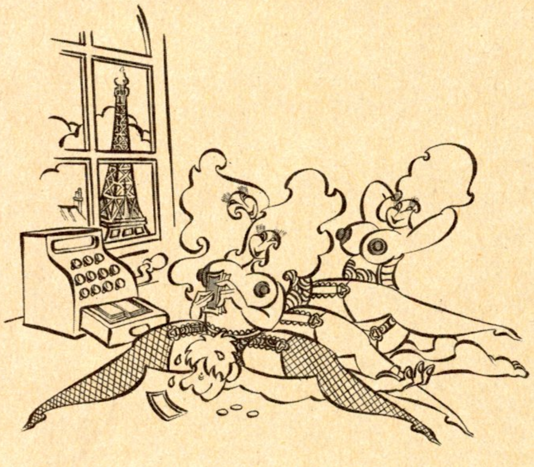

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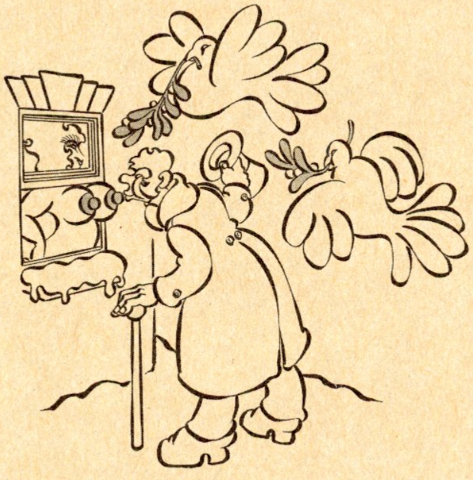

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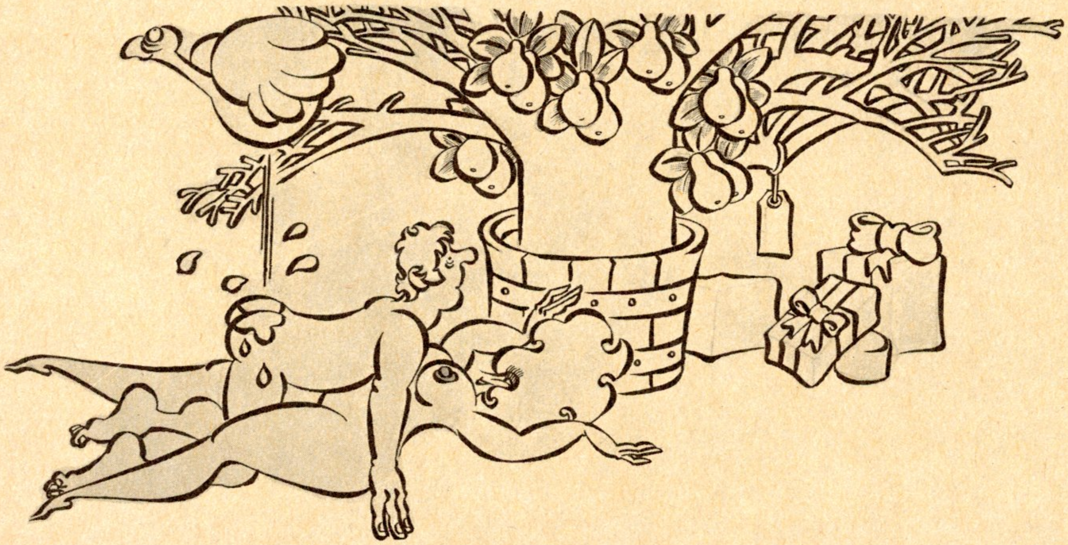


. . . and a Partridge in a Pear Tree

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

When a famous musician's wife phoned the music critic of a big daily paper, seeking help because her husband was running out of underpants, foremost among the thoughts to enter the critic's head was a mammary one. For as the almost-suave hero of the new Kingsley Amis novel, 'Girl, 20' (Cape, £1·50) tells us, he is not so much curious about the musician's underwear problems as fascinated with his daughter Penny:

'Indeed, if possessed of the least graphic skill I could that moment have dashed off a rough scale-drawing of the outward semblance of her breasts, which I had once unsuccessfully tried to fondle in a taxi between a concert of Roy's and a subsequent party at Hampstead.'

Roy is Sir Roy Vandervane, whose underpants problem is that every time he starts a new mistress he changes them (pants, not girls) more often than usual: definitely a wife-alerting phenomenon! Perhaps Lady Vandervane, as second wife and a former mistress herself, might not have minded that so much if the girls hadn't been getting progressively younger as the old lecher got older. She protests to the critic, Douglas Yandell, 'When he's seventy-three they'll be ten.'

Yandell, well used to the Vandervane household's problems, is candid with himself: the main reason for his quick response to Lady V's plea was definitely her step-daughter's breasts, and when within a short time, he actually gets to see Penny Vandervane again, he spends many moments contemplating the fleshly object of his interest. This, he points out to the reader, half-exculpating himself, was not difficult, in the sense that 'a good half of their total was directly visible in the wide V of a dark-brown Paisley patterned blouse or shirt, or just as possibly, pyjama-top. They struck me as not so much large as tremendously prominent, that and high, yes, and somehow immoveable, giving the impression that poking at them with a finger, say, would have no more effect than poking at somebody's knee-caps. That was it: they were like a pair of knee-caps carefully sculpted and re-covered in grade A skin. I saw now that they were attached to a rather tall, long-limbed frame, and finally surmounted by a shapely shorn head that included a face remarkable for the width and blueness of its eyes.'

In vintage Amis style, Yandell is a man of theories. Even though he had no joy at their last fumbling encounter, he wastes little time before trying to pull Penny again. He treats her casual comment on her coloured boyfriend – 'He's even a bit Victorian in bed. He was when I first met him anyway. Speeded up a lot since. Well, he's got the equipment, you see' – as an in-depth pass, and essays a deceptively casual 'Come and see my flat' pass himself. At Penny's cheery refusal he comments inwardly: 'I cheered myself up by reflecting that it was overridingly important to have renewed my assault, even verbally and vainly, on the tested principle that every minute a girl is allowed to spend in official ignorance of a man's intentions means two extra minutes of build-up when the time comes.'

It takes an irresponsible father's plotting to get Yandell where he wants to be with Penny. Sir Roy, whose teenage mistress is not only too young to drink in pubs but also the daughter of Yandell's powerful Fleet Street boss, contrives to invite Penny and Yandell out with himself and *his* girlfriend – a kind of incestuous chaperonage. The horrid social experience – rude mistress, awful disco and all – led Penny to order Yandell to dance. He shook his head and said he couldn't, but then she said he could. And he did.

'Penny took me into a corner, put my arms round her and hers round me, and began rubbing the whole of the front of herself against me. She moved roughly in the tempo of the prevailing noises, but made no other concession to circumstances. Within a short time, and in direct defiance of everything I was saying to myself, we were both aware of a concrete result. Penny released me and stepped aside. "Right," she said, "let's go." '

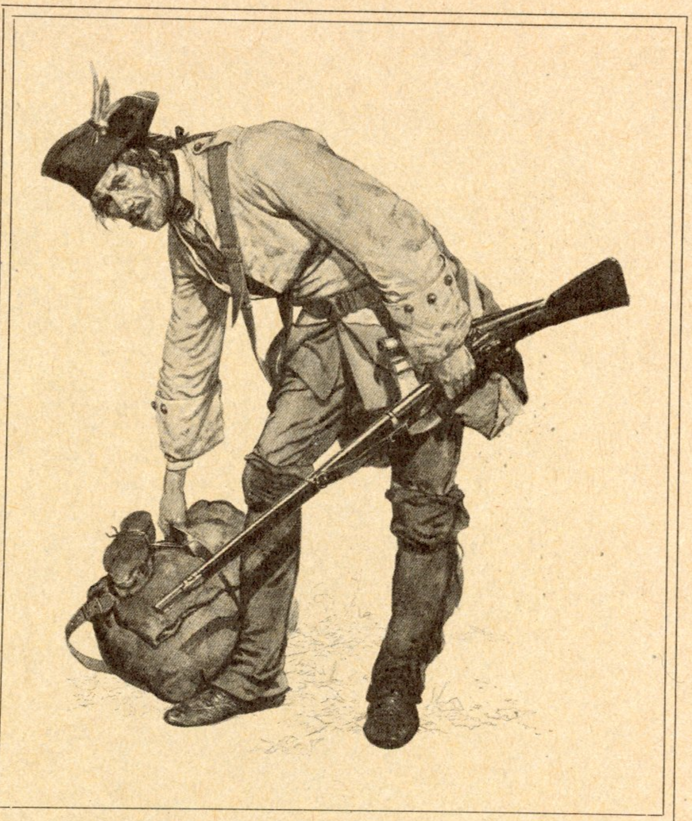
At Yandell's flat 'she started undressing with the speed and conviction of someone about to go to the rescue of a swimmer in difficulties.' At last he discovered the secret of her remarkable bosom: 'Although the breasts were rather less hard than they looked, not having been sprayed with quick-drying cement, they were hard, and in the other sense soft.'

Less flattering, though, was Penny's frank avowal that she had wanted to get out, and then thank Yandell for getting her out with the only thing she had to thank him with: 'Until breakfast I'm at your disposal, and then not any more.'

The assiduous reader will already have discovered that Sir Roy's young friend, Sylvia, ain't nice to know. When Yandell loans them his flat for an evening, she proves instantly horrid to his regular girl-friend Vivienne (of whom more later) and then begins to make love to her ageing beau while the old man spouts progressive cliches at his appalled hosts. She strokes the back of his neck, then his thigh fairly near the knee, nuzzles his ear then strokes one cheek and kisses the other. Finally Roy could only finish his speech by a policy of non-violent resistance. He grips her wandering hand between his tightly crossed thighs, and bends forward until his belly and upper thigh present an inpenetrable barrier.

Yandell expresses admiration for the way Roy manages to get through his speech, despite such distractions, and I dare say we too have to admire the way Roy and Sylvia deal with her irate father. He threatens Sir Roy that unless he leaves his wild young daughter alone, he (the Fleet Street mogul) will unleash a vitriolic attack on the famous musician by means of a revealing article on the old boy by his disgruntled teenage son. Their counter is perfect: they prepare an even more vitriolic exposé of Sylvia's dad, and let him know that if he ever publishes his, they will unleash theirs in a 'Private Eye'-type magazine.

And even though Sir Roy is a hypocritical old Casanova – in the Amis idiom, he too has a theory about sex in a man's late middle age, viz.: unless you find something off the beaten track to enliven it for you, a chap may find himself



What did the rank-and-file of the Roman Legions think of England? What was pay like in the 17th century? It's all in The Universal Soldier (Guinness £4·50), a fascinating study of soldiers at war from AD 43 until 1944. It's required reading for all military enthusiasts. Above: an eighteenth century French Canadian private.

spending more time being struck by it all than actually on the job – there's something grand about some of his strongly-held prejudices and the way he expresses them. For example, he is anti-the-wearing-of-dark-glasses-on-dull-days, and contrives to vent his wrath on one such be-spectacled citizen by helping the astonished fellow across the road as if he were blind.

The most we see of Sylvia herself (which is just about everything) occurs in this fight with Sir Roy's jealous and pickled wife, as witnessed by the ubiquitous Yandell:

'She drew the housecoat over her head and dumped it on the couch. Underneath she was wearing a brassiere and short knickers, not quite as clean as the coat, and these too she quickly removed. Only one thing about Sylvia's body was clear to me . . . it was a young body . . . I felt a kind of surge of theoretical homosexuality pass through me. "That's what he sees in me," said Sylvia . . . She advanced on Kitty (Roy's wife), who swung her umbrella . . . Sylvia easily fended off the blow, and the two closed with each other. I came out of my lethargy, or put away my distaste for the prospect of touching Sylvia, and moved to intervene. She brought her knee up into my crotch, upon which I retired from the conflict for perhaps half a minute, listening vaguely to sound of struggle and to cries of outrage from Kitty. Then somebody fell over; I looked up by degrees to see Kitty mostly flat on her back with Sylvia kneeling on some of her.'

And so to our hero-narrator, Yandell himself. He's a bit of a Lucky Jim who's got on in the world, straining his greens regularly with full-breasted badly-dressed Vivienne, about whom he doesn't really care, and whom he shares complacently, with another bloke, bedding her several times weekly after a ritual-like question about tea. When asked if she'd like some, Vivienne invariably replied that she would wait a little, then walked into the bedroom. The relationship is cool enough for Yandell to tell us, after Vivienne apologised for enjoying one bout of bedding so much that it went on for several minutes longer than usual, that he forgave her! In the end, though, tolerant Mr. Yandell proves a little too free-and-easy even for Vivienne and she goes off to marry (wait for it!) Penny's coloured ex-boy friend who bullies her jealously like anything.

Seems real success with women comes to those who *care* about them. There's a moral – or is it an Amis theory? – in that.

FILMS

David Quinlan

The ultra-violent western continues to gain favour. The latest convert is Burt Kennedy, director of such non-bloody oaters as **Support Your Local Sheriff.** But his latest effort is distinctly spaghetti in flavour. And his star is Raquel Welch, wearing a poncho and very little else, as a kind of female Clint Eastwood figure called **Hannie Caulder** (AA).

The plot is a variation on the theme of the greenhorn and the veteran. Hannie is raped by three oafish outlaws (Ernest Borgnine, Jack Elam, Strother Martin). Totally embittered, she is taught to handle a gun by a strange bounty hunter (Robert Culp, giving the film's only authoritative performance) and sets off on the vengeance trail.

Crude, somewhat aimless and totally unbelievable, the film is still vastly entertaining, chiefly thanks to its splendid photography and non-stop action. Miss Welch, of whose silky body we are only permitted discreet glimpses of thigh and bottom, is, in all honesty, not all that good, her performance certainly having nothing like the fire of the one she gave in **Bandolero**; and Kennedy's direction is poor away from the gunplay. Don't ask me what the symbolic ending means, either. It doesn't belong in this film, and that's for sure.

If our Raquel doesn't allow herself to be photographed in the nude, Miss Mimsy Farmer has no such qualms. There's a lot of Miss Farmer, from all angles, in **Road to Salina** (X), which looks like a short, short story stretched (and at 97 minutes that's some stretch) to feature length.

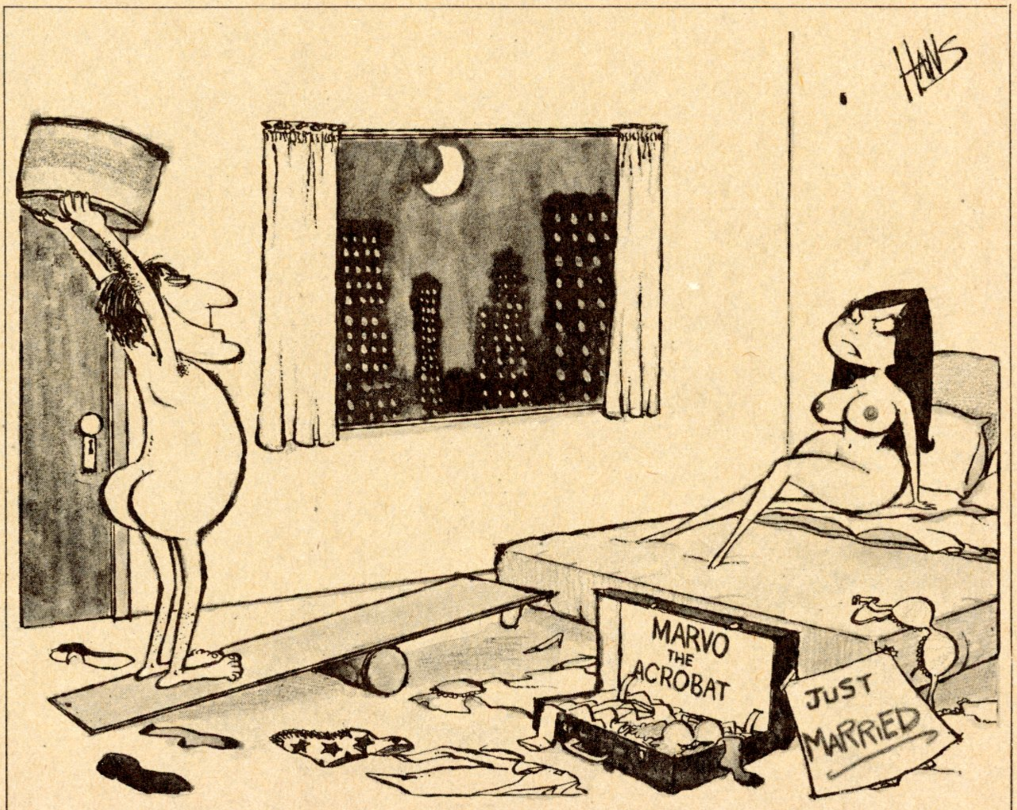
It does, however, have a new variation in the sex scene. For, just as Esther Williams was the logical step from Judy Garland, here we have full frontal nudity underwater, with Robert Walker Jr and Miss Farmer doing their thing beneath the briny. She, all buck teeth and sinuous body, obviously considers herself the successor to Marilyn Monroe. Same breathy voice, too. Still, she'll have to pick better films than this turgid farrago about the owner of a desert garage (Rita Hayworth) who thinks a traveller (Walker) is her long-lost son.

He plays along, and the daughter (who has eyes for him) plays along too. Lucky him.

The director shows occasional pictorial flair, and Miss Farmer's frequent stripping off in the steamy heat keeps the adrenalin flowing. But Miss Hayworth has seen better times and better films. At this rate, she should quit while the memories are still good.

The Last Run (AA) is another fast-car story, with George C. Scott as an ageing ex-gangster who can't quit because the memories are *too* good. He plans one last job to see if his nerve is as sure as ever.

It is, of course, and he gets killed in the end – equally of course – but not before going to bed with the girl-friend of his fellow-plotter, and having himself a hell of a time burning up the roads of several continental countries. The film picks up well after a slow start. Action fans should like it.



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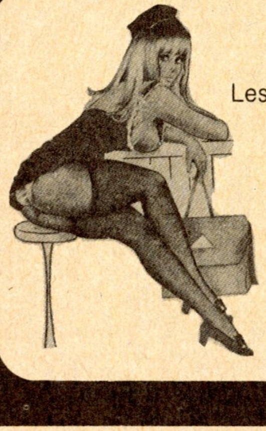

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

It happens too frequently – really good constructive songs produced with thought, care and time, are notorious losers in the pop charts. It reduces large recording companies to games of little more than throwing mud at the walls in the hope that some will stick.

A case in point was Lady of the Morning by *Marvin, Welch* (ex-Shadows) *and Farrar*. It sold around ten thousand copies and disappeared from sight

Now Marvin, Welch and Farrar have produced *Second Opinion* (Regal Zonophone SRZA 8504), an LP of vast and almost instant appeal. Some tracks have a nostalgic Beatle ring and some hint at Crosby, Stills and Nash but that's not bad and the words make more sense than those of the latter.

The LP starts with great gusto, making all the commercial noises. The three play acoustic guitars, backed up by hard electric bass, good drums from Brian Bennett and plenty of organ and piano. Halfway through it all settles down to great peace and simplicity and returns midway through side two with verve and pace. Any track will sell you on this album but if in doubt ask to hear track one, side one: 'Black Eyes' or side two, track three: 'Lady of the Morning'.

The Hollies put a lot of time and experience into *Distant Light* (Parlophone PAS 10005) and the result is tangible enough to be progressive without leaving you behind. It's think-rock and direct soul without too much surface glazing and enough tracks with direct appeal to make listening to the rest, worthwhile. You may find you have to give it time to get through but I can see at least two good singles there for any singer who needs a hit. Which commercial approbation, the Greenwich Gramophone Company don't need – or don't want. A brand new off-shoot from Decca, they've opened the doors with three crisp highly progressive albums. *Open Road* (Greenwich GSLP 1001); *Day of Phoenix* (GSLP-R 1002) and *Samurai* (GSLP 1003) are not destined for the album charts because the music needs getting into. They won't work for you without asking for your own involvement. Open Road is possibly the more immediate of the three but still needs time and plenty of plays to digest. Once the progressive rock on these albums gets through you'll find them difficult to leave alone. They grow on you. Either that, or you'll dismiss them as rubbish – which too many people already have.

At the other end of the scale, *Megaton* (Deram SML-R 1086) and *Fuzzy Duck* (MAM-AS 1005) are both immediate middle-to-heavy soul-rock.

Vibrant, strong, music to dance to, works well at high volume – the albums everyone needs to lift their spirits and play at parties. Both albums are similar in treatment – well defined bass, powerful voices, striding guitar work, exemplary professional control – far above average but not too progressive British rock. And now the stars of the show – *Jefferson Airplane* bring you *Bark* (Grunt label FTR 1001) and if you've kept your lids on, this one will blow them back off. The entire album is worth the money just for track one, side two: Grace Slick doing 'Lawman' with an incredible uptempo heavy piano beat backing that only Jefferson Airplane could have done. The rest ranges from grim to exciting. Just like that. You either do dig or you don't. You'll have to hear it first.

TOILETRIES

Conrad Pierce

It's fact that females have a singular appreciation of men who know which perfume to buy them. Similarly, as any reasonably dissolute chap will point out: the fastest way to a young lady's panties is via her sense of naughtiness. And she won't feel much naughtier than when she's expectantly preparing her bottom with talc and dousing her breasts and thighs with cologne – for she's imagining your reaction and expecting you to notice.

So give her good reason to prepare herself by providing her with the stuff to put on and she'll maybe think of you when she uses it. And so you won't feel too deprived if she still turns you down or if she's the sort who dabs it on at wrist and instep. I've sorted through some suitable gift packs that'll leave you with your bus fare home.

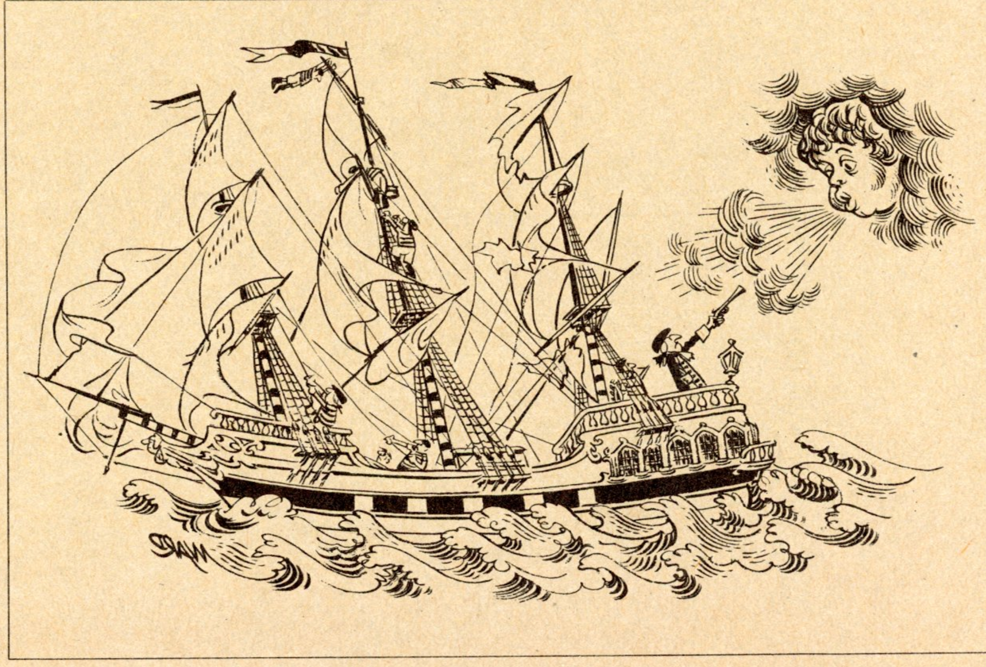
From the *Morny* range I'd suggest a gold presentation box of talc, cologne, hand soaps and bath foam cubes at £1·13. There's a choice of five fragrances – Fantasy for the shy, retiring and thoughtful girl; French Fern for the elegant and aloof girls; Liberty for the full of life girl with the bouncy temperament; Lily of the Valley for the slim, chic and sheltered girl and Sandalwood for the tomboyish outdoor type.

From the *Miss Lentheric* range, my suggestion is a claret silk lined presentation box of eau de toilette, talc and hand soap at £1·97. If you wish to splash out £5·13 on the full size box you can add perfume, bath foam and hand lotion. Miss Lentheric is a complex mixture of rare spices and herbs and extremely popular with girls aged 20 to 30.

Lentheric's Tweed range is for the older mature woman. For £3·20 she gets Parfum Creme, Bouquet (perfume) and talc in a yellow silk-lined box.

For yourself, try *Helena Rubinstein's* new Men's Club range. To the best of my knowledge this is the first time anyone's put essence of tobacco into an after-shave. It is, however, a very sophisticated and unmistakable smell, and for the non smokers among you, most females react favourably to a really good pipe tobacco.

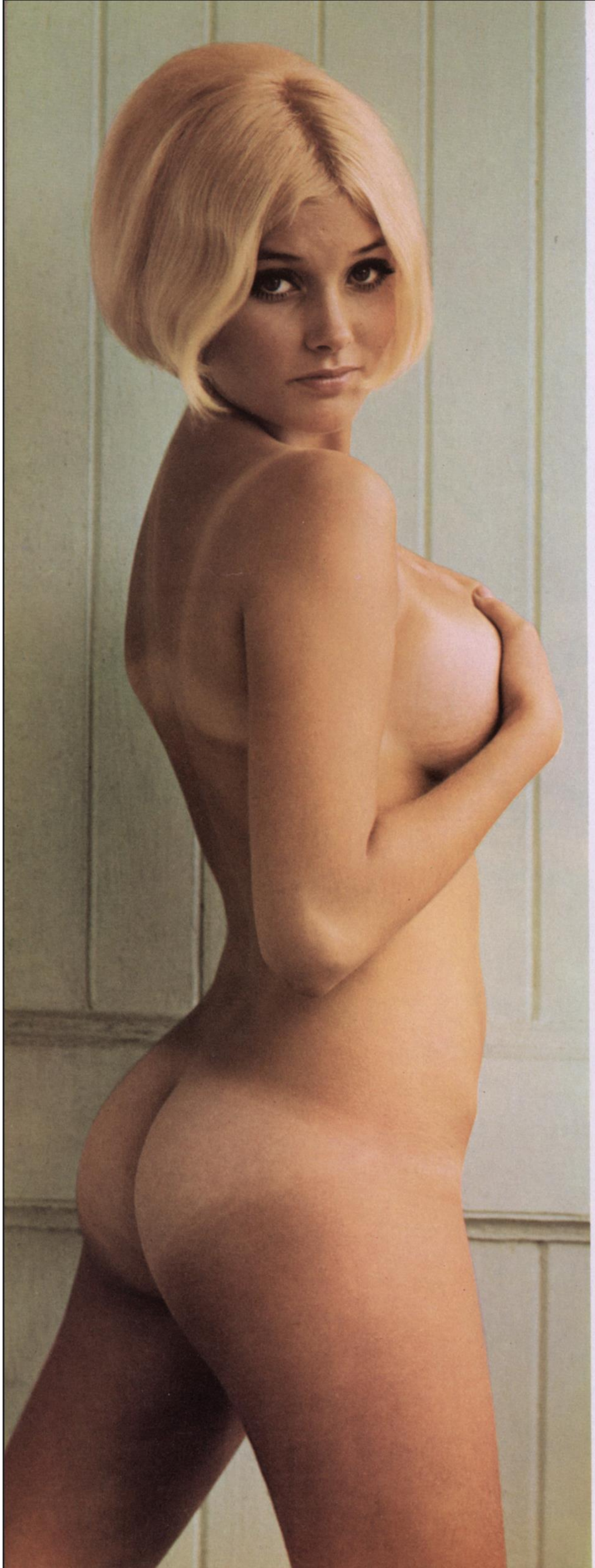
The eau de cologne costs £1·90 up to £5·75; the after-shave is £1·45 to £2·30. They also do an after-shave emulsion at £1·70 which helps moisturise and soften the skin. It leaves the face texture not unlike a baby's bottom. Myself, I don't have that shape of face.



Your Mayfairest Maidens

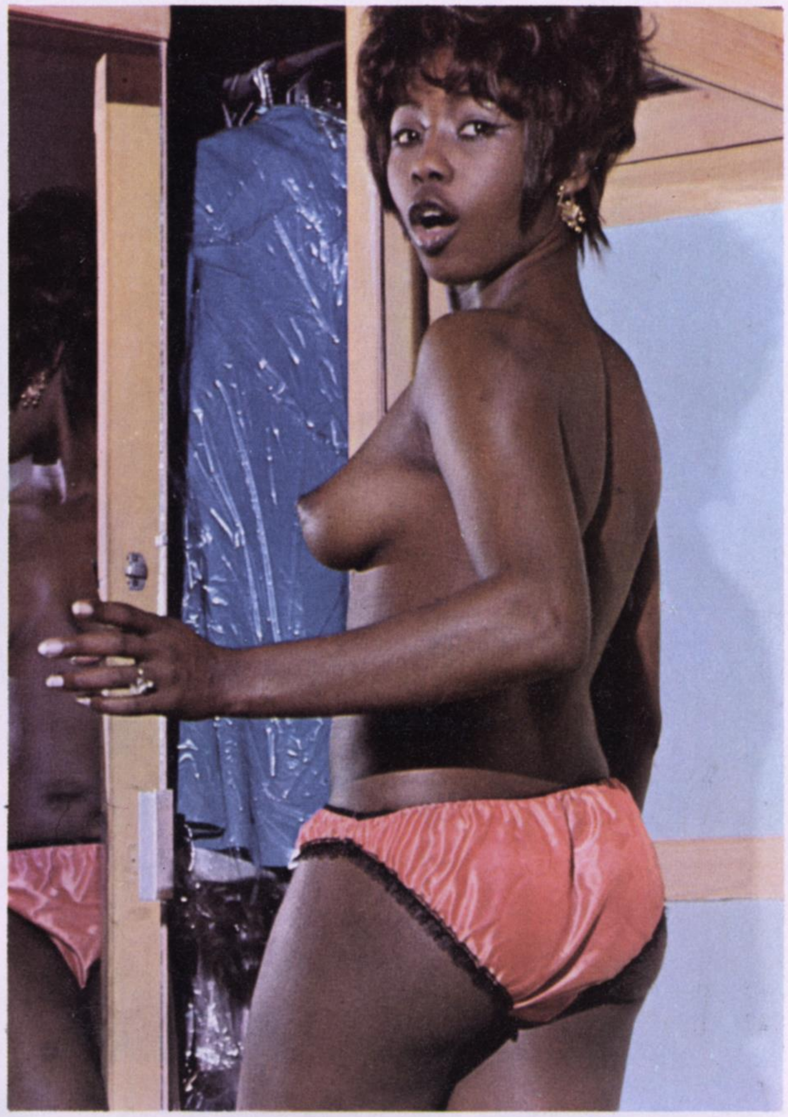
The girls so many readers have written to us about and asked to look at once more. Here's that once-a-year chance to view again the zesty best of pages past

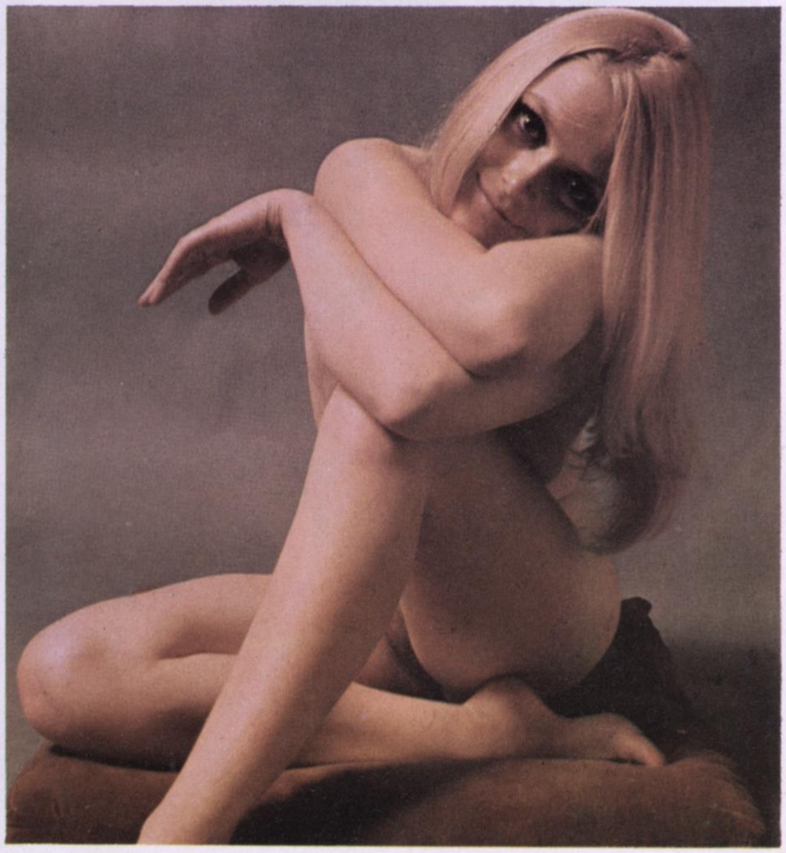
High points of the year were Gabrielle Nolan's outstanding features (right); the fitting climax to a twelvemonth when Mayfair raced from strength to strength. Her wide appeal lay in a contrast of schoolgirl impishness and outrageously voluptuous body. Readers were torn between adoration and lust. Never, they said, had a girl projected so much.

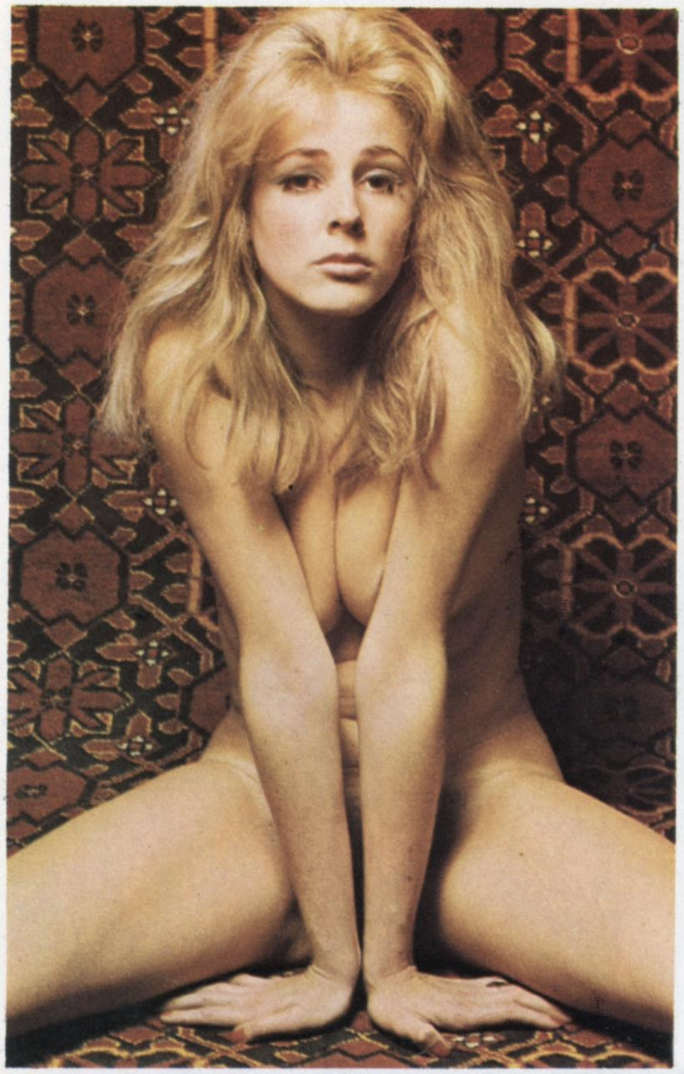


Our year got away to a breathtaking start when European fashion model Janice Warburton (left), one of the most elusive girls we've ever encountered was finally pinned down on film only after three days persuasion during a few free hours between her continent-wide commitments. It wasn't, she told us demurely, the done thing for models to strip – it made fashion houses go weak at the knees. But she did and at the last count some readers were still getting to their feet. There was nothing elusive about Greta Phillips (below) as she snuggled in the cosy warmth of a small pied-a-terre on London's west side. At 26 she personified the deep-throated sexiness and lazily sensual pleasure of the woman who wants to know what kind of lover you will make. There were those of you who felt the same way about her. Catherine Mears (right) raised eyebrows when her demure mid-Victorian appearance underwent a startling change in the shedding of her long gown. She became the personification of outrageously blatant bewitchery between the pillars of a giant four poster. She was immediately voted girl most likely to be followed from pillar to post. When botanist Lucy Coverdale (bottom right) slid from her starchy lab coat and removed her glasses, she caused consternation among her colleagues at a Leicester food company. Twelve suggested nature rambles in the lunch hour, the rest tried for evening and when she unzipped her boots biology worked overtime everywhere.

Jan De Frien (left) we found bemused in rich sunlight beneath a spreading oak in the rural England she loved. She captured the eroticism of an Edwardian era as she happily divested her tight-laced corset to allow her breasts our readers' frank appraisal. Admirers rated her bloomers the ones they wished they had made. An utterly up-to-date Swedish miss was Anna Wohlin (below) who cantered through our pages atop her dappled grey and induced more than one subscriber in Sussex to drop bird watching and take to the hunt with a view to hallo. Anna, who was at the farmhouse of Rolling Stone Brian Jones the night he drowned in his own swimming pool, cherished a dream of many children of her own and a quiet future in a country cottage. Gail Hartley (right) was our definitive girl. Her boyfriend, with good cause, boasted about her to us. She being modern, obliged with truly turn-on pictures. No mistaking the sexual magnetism in her eyes; her sensuous smile invited you to caress her like a kitten, but gave no promise she would not turn into a raging, spitting tiger. Millie Small (far right) sold four million copies of 'My Boy Lollipop' around the world when she was 15. At 22 her bubbly infectious perkiness hit half a million readers in the eye and sold them on her 36–25–36. Virginia Kemp (far lower right) was the very English unbrazen dolly, working in a public relations office. One admirer claimed he wouldn't care to have his relations seen in public but would risk all for an office with Virginia.

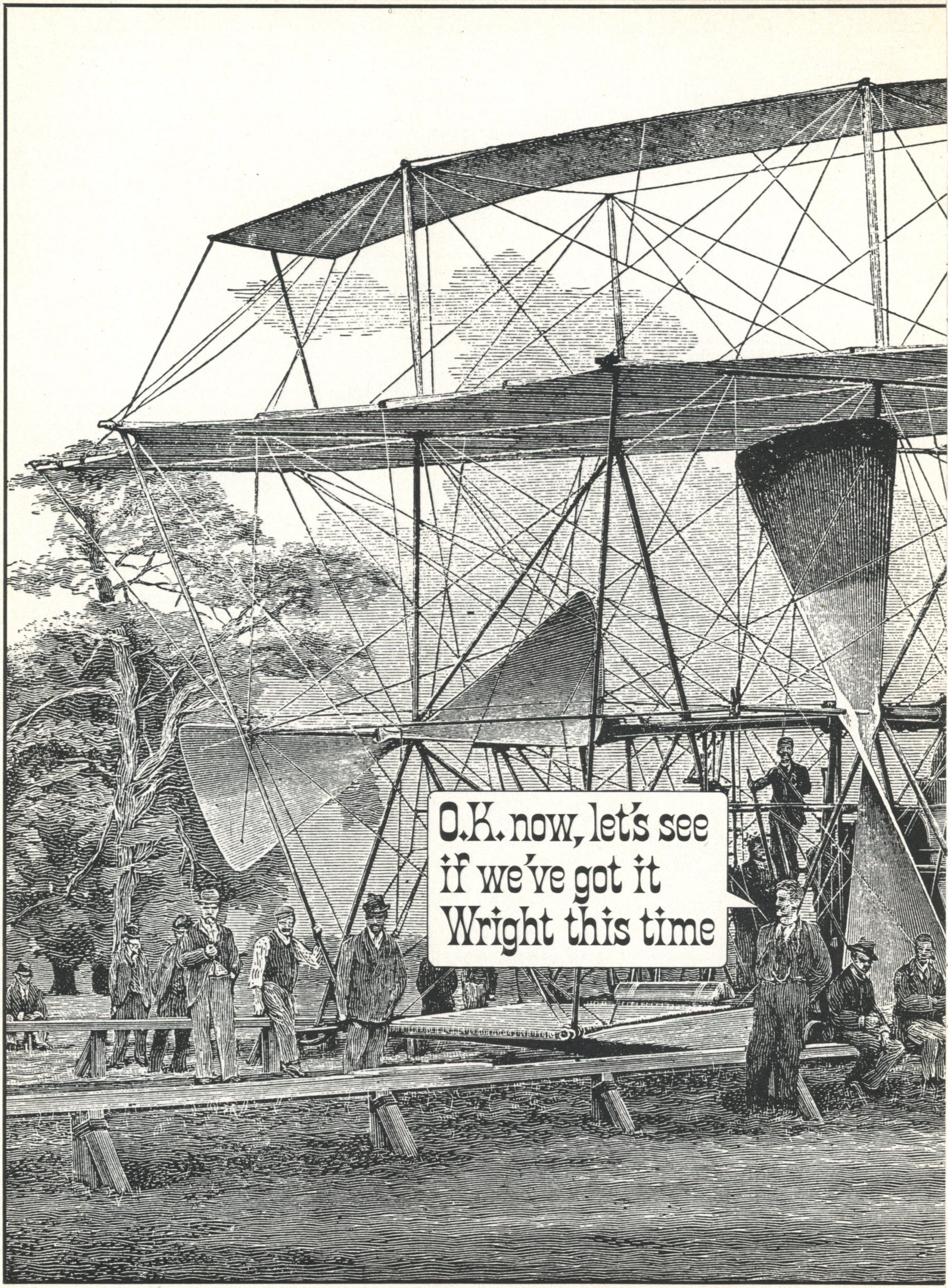


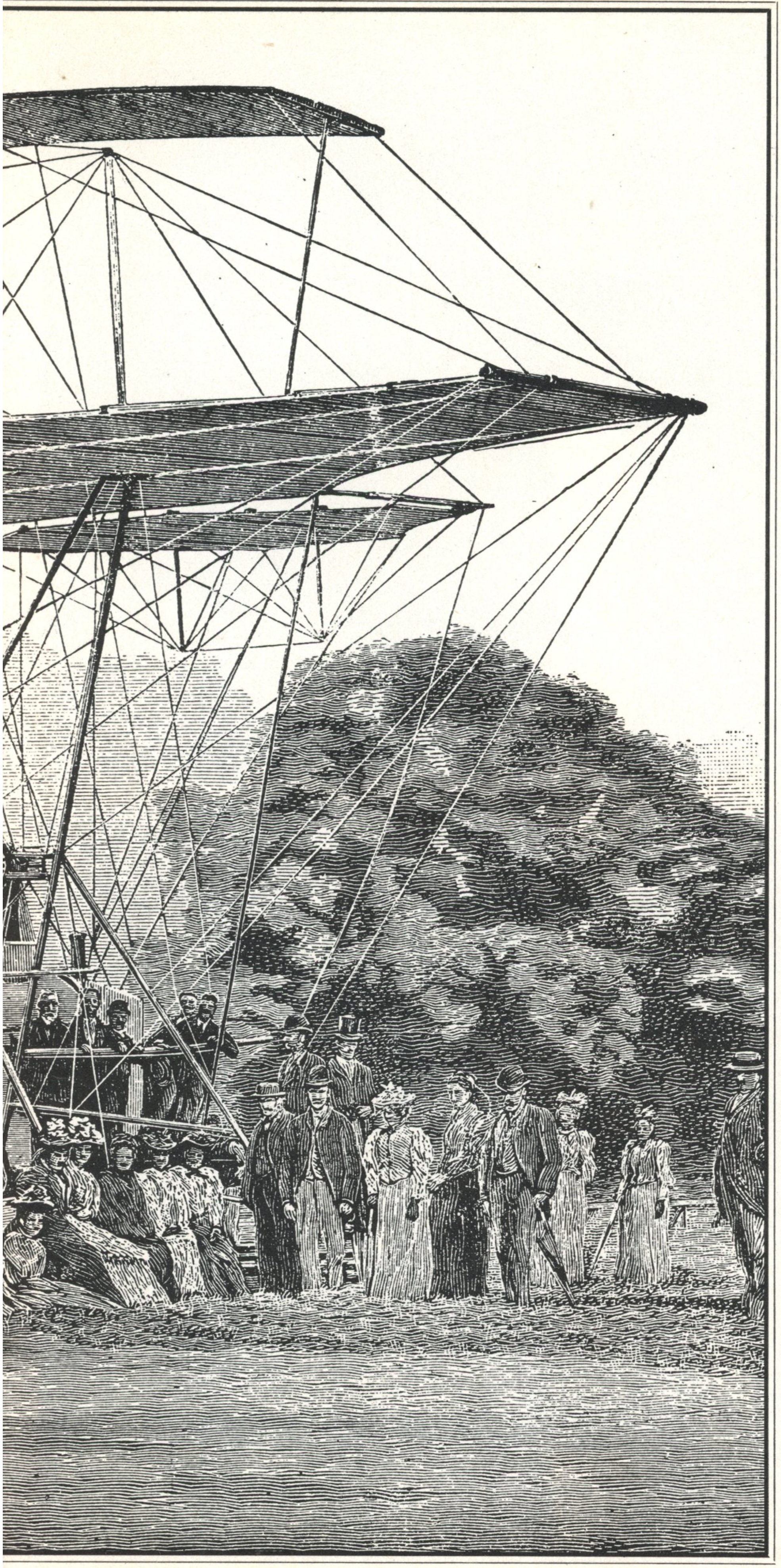




Caroline Keene (left) admitted she was at the dangerous age when unmarried girls start hunting. A secretary from Brighton she had that leonine cagey look that appealed to your sense of man as female prey. We snared her against the richly carpeted backdrop of the big white hunter. She was an elegant mover with a warm purring way of speaking that raised hackles of pleasure, and pukka sahibs among our readers were happy to stand up and be hunted. Angela Duncan (below) hit the jackpot with her fabled forty inches. She was a big girl and for those of you who knew the maxim, the bigger the better, she was best of all. The kind of girl, many readers admitted, they would automatically follow with their eyes as they talked to someone else and wonder what their chances might be. She worked then in a hospital lab, taking chemical samples as she bent over her bench. We mentioned her work with pipettes and the expectant silence could be heard for miles. One reader with city business connections was willing to insure her tight stretched white panties and slender stockings for third party fire and theft providing he was first party. We found Penelope Aston (right) a disturbing blend of Birkin and Barbarella. She was softly moulded in the flesh and sultry in the way she regarded you. Who is this provoking Penny? we asked on our cover. Apart from the gentleman who contended she was the editor's wife, the consensus of opinion revealed her to be none other than the girl you all wanted to be nice to – in bed.

PICTURES FROM MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY


O.K. now, let's see if we've got it Wright this time



An unflappable guide to pioneering planes that did everything but fly

By Ian Penn

The first attempt at flying in Britain was made from the battlements of Stirling Castle early in the sixteenth century; at least, so it is said.

The adventurer who made the leap was an Italian who had been welcomed most favourably by James IV of Scotland and been given some land. Having promised to repay the kindness by showing the court how it was possible to visit even far-flung parts incredibly speedily, he had a very large wing-like contraption made. Thus equipped, he jumped from the castle walls and, as one might expect . . . speedily reached the ground.

The ingenious Italian's explanation for this unfortunate result? 'My wings,' he explained, 'were composed of various feathers; among them were the feathers of a dunghill fowl, and they, by a certain sympathy, were attracted to the dunghill on which I fell; whereas, had my wings been composed of eagles alone, as I proposed, the same sympathy would have attracted my machine to the higher regions of the air.'

Without pausing to analyse the amusing sophistry of this statement, it is worth noting that four hundred years later, when man was on the very threshold of flight as we know it, popular – and even mildly expert – conceptions of what flying involved had changed little.

Not that by the second half of the nineteenth century the principles of heavier-than-air flight had not been defined. By 1850 the great British scientist Sir George Cayley had set down the mathematical basis of lift, thrust and drag; drawn attention to the importance of streamlining and even suggested the use of the internal combustion engine in flying machines.

Cayley was the first to make use of models in aeronautical research and in 1852 or '53 – the exact date is not clear – became the first to make a heavier-than-air craft which succeeded in lifting somebody above the ground. The flight, more a hop than anything else, was made at Brompton Hall, Cayley's home near Scarborough, Yorks. A glider carrying a ten-year-old boy became airborne after being towed by servants down a hill against a slight breeze. The first man to be carried off the ground in a heavier-than-air craft was Cayley's coachman a short while later. A witness of the event stated that after he had landed the coachman struggled clear and shouted, 'Please, Sir George, I wish to give notice. I was hired to drive, not to fly.' No record has ever been traced giving the name of the ten-year-old boy or the coachman. As

Left: Maxim's amazing steam flying machine in 1894, poised for the impossible take-off

Cayley had no son or grandson around that age at the time, it may be conjectured that the first 'pilot' was a servant's son.

However, Cayley's carefully scientific approach was the exception rather than the rule. Technological innovation was not yet the exclusive domain of big corporations; it was still possible for the enlightened amateur to make genuinely important discoveries, and the back-garden inventor abounded. During the second half of the nineteenth century a cornucopia of weird and wonderful designs for flying machines flowed from the drawing boards of Europe and North America. Man's centuries-long urge to emulate the birds had captured the imagination of the inventors more than any other scientific possibility. And more often than not imagination ran riot.

It was not, therefore, surprising that most of the designs never got beyond the artist's-impression stage. Many of them were only slightly less absurd in their failure to take into account the laws of gravity than James IV's Italian.

As late as 1885 the *Scientific American* devoted space to a design which bore about as much relation to aeronautical principles as if Cayley's rules of flight had never been heard of. The brainchild of one Dr W. O. Ayres of New Haven, the contraption consisted of a metal frame with no less than seven propellers and it was to be powered by two cylinders of compressed air. Dr Ayres explained: 'The rider, or aeronaut, sits upon a saddle like that of a bicycle, suspended from the top frame by steel wires. The four horizontal propellers serve to give the craft sufficient lifting-power. They are driven not only by compressed air but also by the lower limbs of the rider on pedals of the type employed in bicycles.' The *Scientific American's* comment: 'The design is so utopian in conception that serious doubts may well be entertained with regard to its feasibility.'

Before considerable improvements to the internal combustion engine, the source of power most favoured for flying machines was the steam engine. Though the idea of a steam-powered aeroplane may seem pretty far-fetched to us today, some of these belching monsters actually succeeded in momentarily raising themselves off the ground.

Among those that did was Frederick Marriott's 'aerial steam carriage,' or 'Avitor.' Resembling an airship more than an aeroplane, the prototype was thirty-seven feet long, with a propeller slung underneath. The machine raised itself for a few moments during a test in a San Francisco hall in 1869, but when tests were later repeated outdoors the Avitor remained stubbornly earthbound.

Typical of even earlier steam-powered planes was Henson's aerial steam carriage, first revealed to the British public in 1843. Despite the great care Henson took in attempting to emulate conditions necessary for bird flight, as his immensely detailed plans indicate, he failed to get the project beyond the drawing board.

The most celebrated and most spectacular

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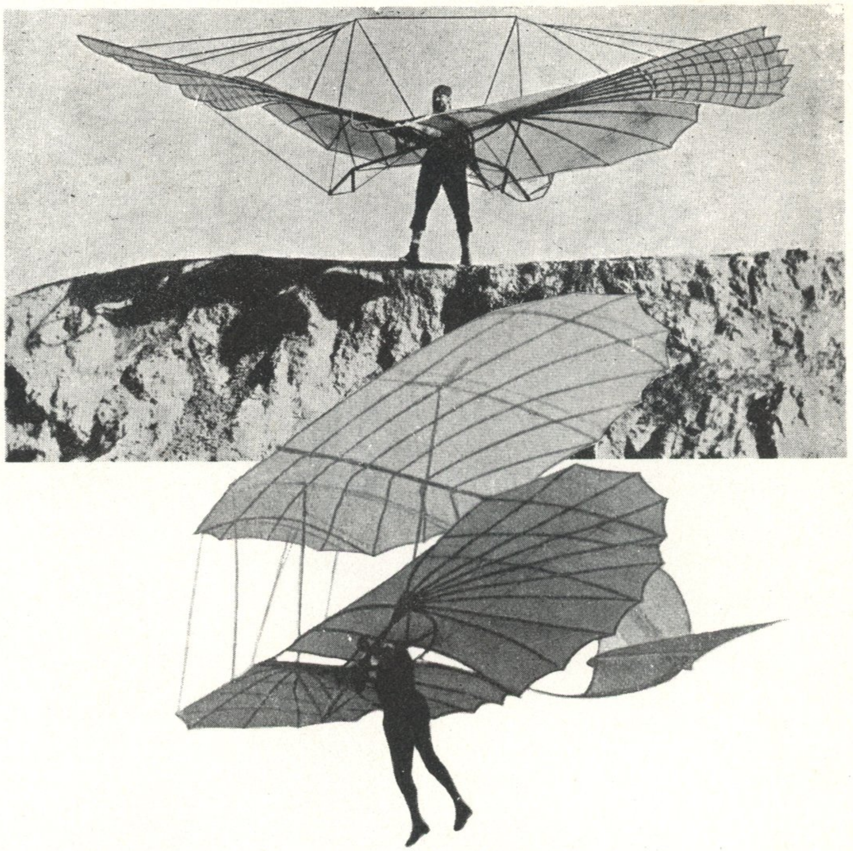
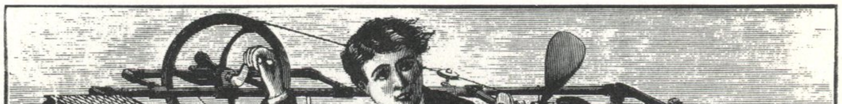
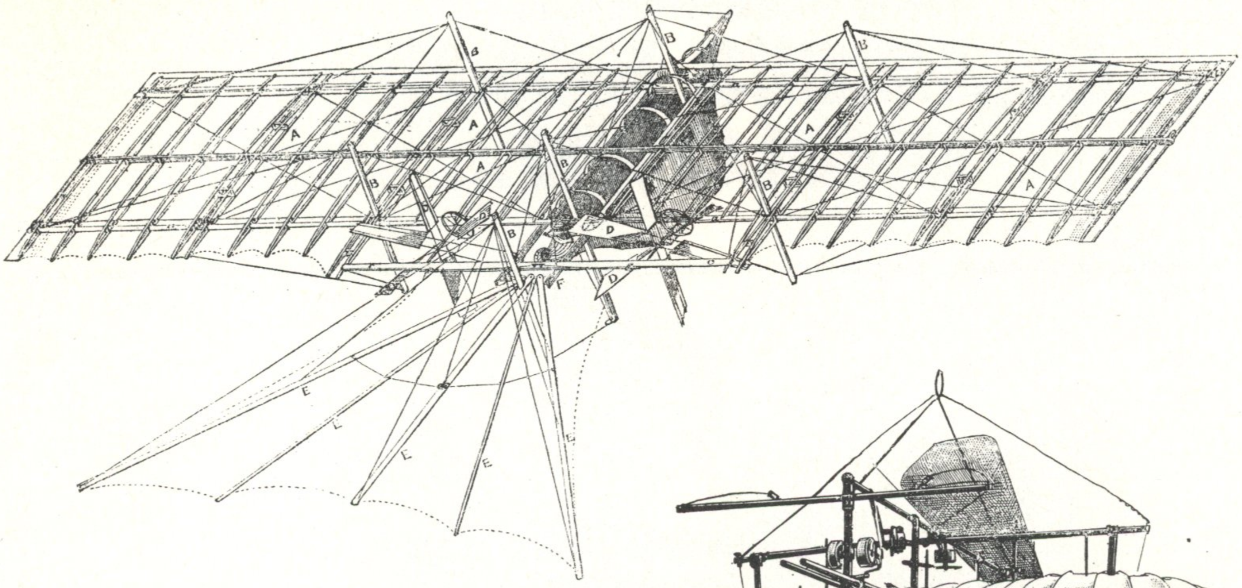


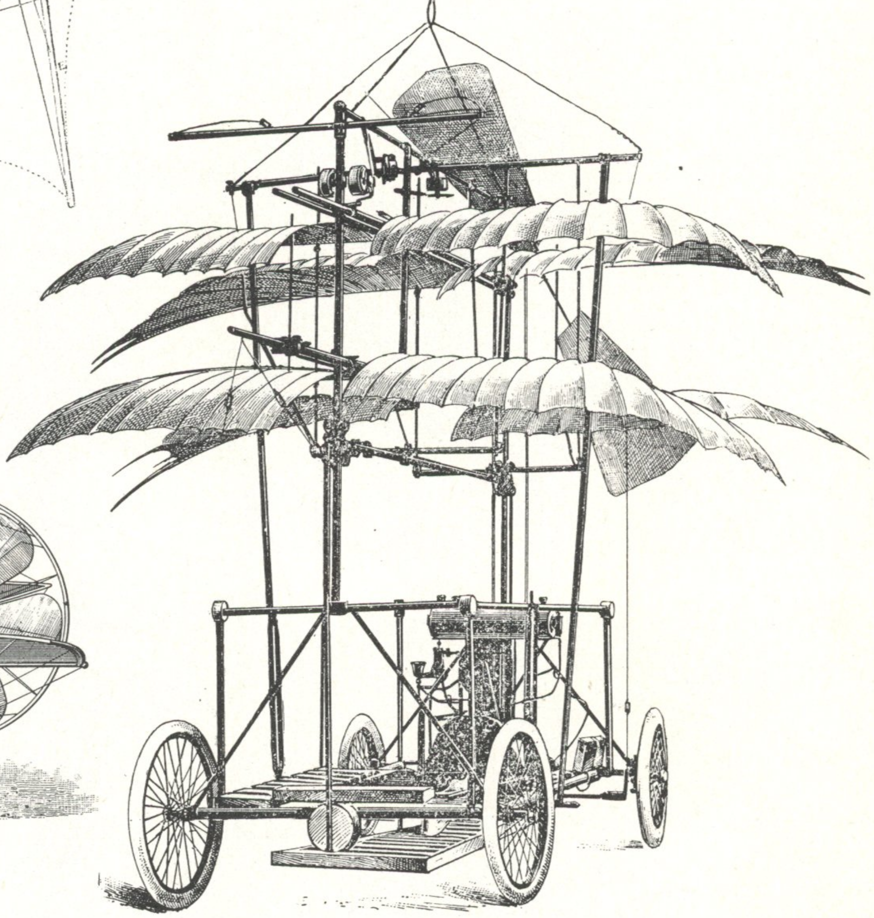
By no means a crank, Otto Lilienthal was author of a book that laid the foundations of flight. He was killed in 1896 while testing one of his several 'bird' gliders

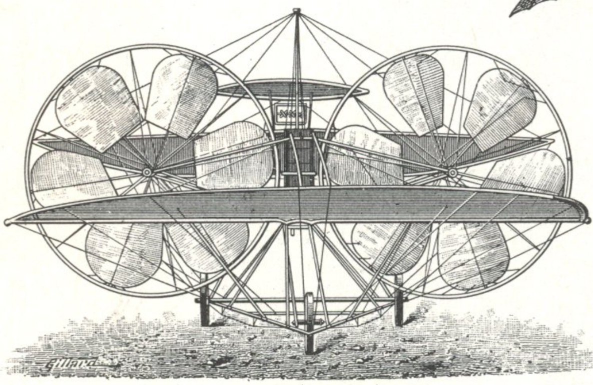


The non-flying bedstead: Dr W. O. Ayres' design for a flying machine powered by compressed air. It was unveiled in 1885 but never got beyond the drawing board



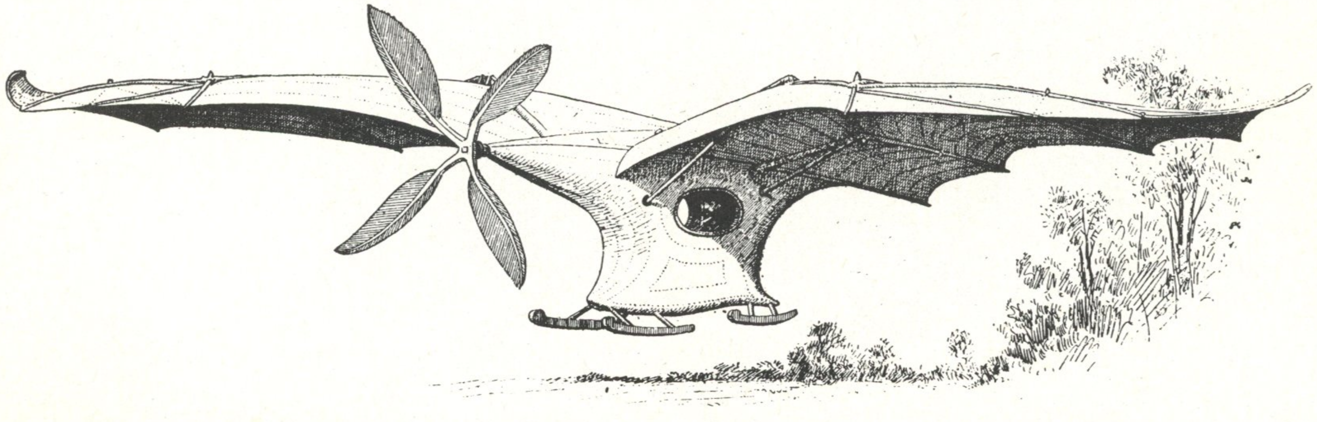
Henson's 'steam carriage' lacked nothing either in intricacy or ambition. Designed in 1843, it was to carry cargo as well as passengers. One professor who was critical of the design stated that it was 'clearly unfit for the purpose for which it was intended.' He was absolutely right





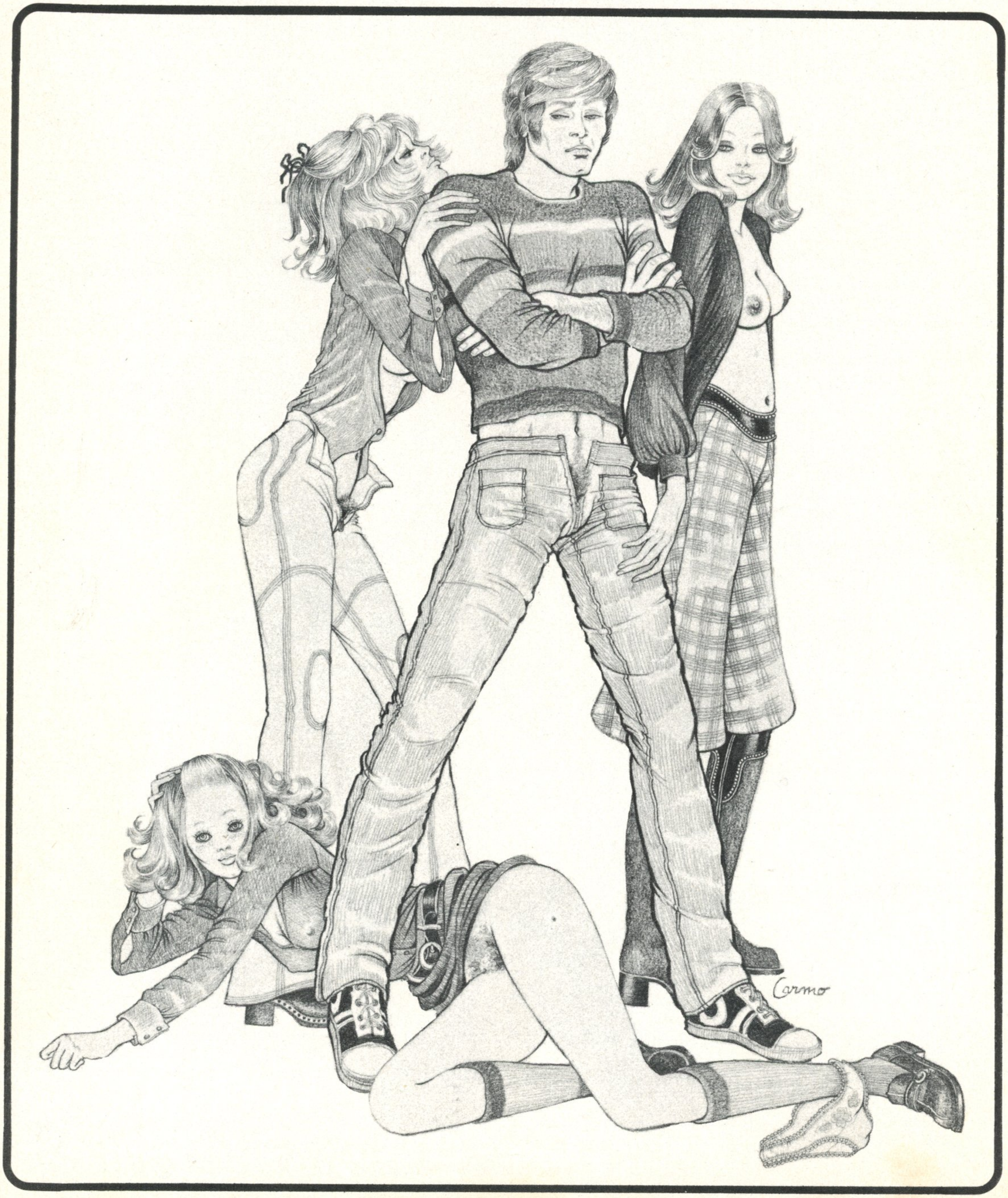
In 1875 Thomas Moy's 'aerial steamer' was the first steam-powered model to raise itself off the ground – to a height of six inches. It also made a tethered flight round a fountain at the Crystal Palace, but later crashed in a storm

Ahead of its time, maybe, was the French 'auto-aviator,' designed as both car and plane. Built in 1900, its big draw-back was that it couldn't fly



Ader's steam-powered flying machine, one of the most bizarre ever constructed, took its owner five years to build. Its first flight, from a French plateau in 1897, was its last: a sudden gust of wind caused Ader to lose control, snapping a wing and the propeller

AVAILABLE: GABRIEL'S HORN— UNBLOWN...



For some men, every attempt to have it away with the most eager of girls ends in embarrassing failure

Humour by Michael Priestley

My friend Gabriel Bourne went to the altar a virgin, which was a double dishonour among the crowd we went around with. Few went to the altar – none got there a virgin.

To Gabriel's credit, he didn't achieve this distinction from choice. He worked hard and long at losing his virginity. The trouble was, he never made it. He claimed there must have been an eleventh commandment written for him personally – 'Thou shalt not have it away.'

There was no shortage of opportunities because Gabriel was by no means a bad looking guy and was also rather rich and drove expensive cars which he changed every year the way the rest of us bought a new suit. To add to these gifts, he was a smooth talker with a very persuasive line in chat.

So the birds flocked to him and practically queued up for a lift in his latest motor. After ten minutes of fast driving and smooth talking he only had to command 'drop 'em' and their knickers came down faster than South American flags on revolution days.

But it was then that his trouble started. Fate whipped on an invisible chastity belt and Gabriel just could not score.

He first got a hint of this affliction when he was sixteen and a keen follower of the local cricket team. He never played himself, because he had an obsessive dread of catching the ball in his cobblers, but he loved to watch the brave men in white clonking along gently for an afternoon and he appreciated all the finer points of the game.

So one Saturday in August he was sitting on a green wooden bench at the side of the pavilion, blinking a little to see play through the sun streaming into his eyes, when a young bird sidled up and sat down next to him.

Now this young bird, who was called Margaret Simkin, was about the same age as Gabriel but she knew what life was all about and more besides. She was well-known around the district for being extremely accommodating and she apparently had it in mind to accommodate Gabriel.

Although Margaret was something of a yokel, she was quite good looking and was bright enough to have developed a line in chat to fit the occasion.

'Do you like games?' she drawled, winking at Gabriel.

'I always have done,' replied the innocent little rich boy. 'All sorts of games.'

Margaret sidled up to him, brushing her arm against his. He could see her bra through her white lace blouse. It was a large bra but not large enough for its load. 'I know some good games,' she said.

Well, Gabriel was a pretty sharp lad, even then, and was not one to look a gift whore in the mouth. So it wasn't long before he and Margaret were locked in each other's arms in the long grass just over the wall at the farthest and quietest end of the cricket field.

'It's all right,' Margaret assured him breathlessly. 'Nobody ever comes down here. I've been here lots of times before.'

Youthful enthusiasm being what it is, Gabriel soon had Margaret's pants lying on the grass beside her and his own trousers round his ankles, and she was just pulling him towards her when there was a burst of applause from the cricket spectators and the first six of the day flew over the wall and hit him on the head.

His last memory before he awoke in the first-aid tent was of Margaret, eyes closed in anticipation of the ecstacy to come.

Fortunately she'd had the good sense to pull up his trousers and put her own knickers back before calling for help. But as a result of that incident Gabriel developed a headache every time he thought about sex.

The headaches went away, though, after a party where Gabriel missed another certainty.

As soon as he arrived he noticed a bird he fancied strongly. She didn't have much of a face on her – but what a body! The glass of beer Gabriel was clutching in his hand almost boiled as he looked at her moving to the music.

Gabriel being the dynamic go-ahead guy that he was, he soon had the bird cornered and was plying her with vodkas and smooth chat to rid her of her inhibitions.

After about ten vodkas he hit the jackpot and the bird almost carried him upstairs, stripped naked while he sat drooling on the bed, then threw herself down beside him, starkers and smiling.

Gabriel tried hard – oh, how he tried – but each vodka she had downed he had matched with a beer and he was suffering from a serious case of bloated belly and brewer's droop. What a let down!

After a while he became a little bit frantic – there's nothing worse than starting something you can't finish – but fortunately the bird fell into a drunken sleep so Gabriel heaved her between the sheets, stacked her clothes in a neat pile on the pillow beside her and tottered back down to the party to drown his sorrows.

The following day Gabriel woke with a thick head and fond memories of what might have been and the bird, coming round in a strange bed with a bearded guy at her side, wondered what the hell had happened the night before. She was certain this guy wasn't the one she had been drinking with. But he was a fine specimen and looked pretty contented with life so who was she to worry?

When Gabriel went to university his father bought him his first car. Although it was only an old – well, senile, to be more precise – side-valve Morris Minor convertible it was a start and gave Gabriel somewhere to deal with the birds he picked up.

One of these lustful encounters cost him his no-claims bonus.

He was parked in a dark lane above the church – a lonely spot, well-used at night-time, where the weeds and the roadside sported exotic, dropping rubbery flowers – and was getting to grips with a blonde and pneumatic social science student.

Now, anybody who has tried this sort of adventure in a senile side-valve Morris Minor convertible knows that it isn't the easiest thing in the world. As Gabriel was about six foot two tall and the girl wasn't more than two inches shorter there were some lengthy limbs needing to be found a home before the action proper could commence.

Eventually, however, they managed some sort of workable arrangement and Gabriel, certain this was his moment of truth, yielded himself to the maiden's sociological embraces. Necking in a frenzy, he felt as though the world was rushing past.

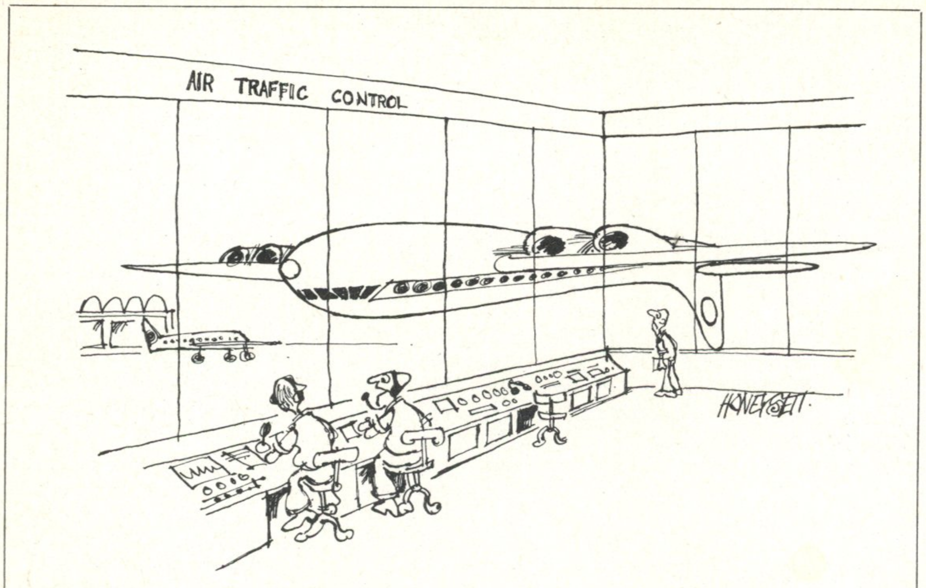
There was a mighty crash as they hit the side of the church and Gabriel only just managed to avoid serious injury as he shot backwards towards the gear lever.

Apparently, in the heat of the moment, he'd kicked off the handbrake. From that day he always parked in gear.

Gabriel's most traumatic sexual failure was with Cynthia Bramble. He met her at the tennis club where for a while he played twice a week – not because he liked tennis (although he did consider it to be rather safer than cricket), but because he had read somewhere that women liked a man who pranced about in white shorts showing his hairy legs and were excited by talk of volleys and serving, especially if delivered with a cheeky wink.

Personally, when I've tried this I've always spent so much time winking and thinking up innuendos that I've unmanfully lost the game. But it certainly worked when Gabriel tried it on Cynthia Bramble. In fact, one wink and couple of volleys and Cynthia was in Gabriel's car – then an MGB – heading for her mother's detached house.

Gabriel was a little apprehensive about the mother aspect of his conquest, but Cynthia



'He's asking for trouble if he keeps practising his stunt flying in company time'

assured him that the old dear went out that very evening each week for a couple of hours.

Apparently Major Bramble, Cynthia's dad, had spent a lot of time in India and had found it difficult to settle to life with the county set on his return.

Then one day he had left a note saying 'I must answer the call of the East' and had vanished.

Six months later they discovered that he was living in Norwich with a teacher of yoga and refused to return to the bosom of his family. He left ample financial support for his spouse and offspring, but Mum Bramble had been no little cut up about losing her bedroom playmate. Mostly it was she who played and he who was the unenthusiastic mate, which was one of the reasons he had thrown in the towel.

But Cynthia's mum was so smitten by the loss that she had, in fact, gone just a tiny bit potty and one evening every week she drove up the highest hill in the district and mouthed obscenities in the general direction of East Anglia.

Obviously her wayward husband couldn't hear her, and it earned her a reputation locally for being a right old nut, but it made her feel better.

The night that Cynthia and Gabriel stopped off briefly at the chemists was the night for the old bird's mountain vigil, so they were soon curled up together on the sofa swigging at a bottle of gin and gazing with increasing passion into each other's eyes.

The clinches got stronger and suddenly Cynthia threw down her racket and submitted in true tennis club fashion. It looked like game, set and match to Gabriel when there was a screeching of brakes and the crunch of footsteps on the gravel drive.

Gabriel leapt panting to his feet, adjusted his dress and battered his tackle into some sort of submission while Cynthia tucked her knickers into her handbag and kicked the empty gin bottle beneath the sofa.

Cynthia's mother strode into the room. Gabriel could appreciate why the old man preferred Norwich and the young yoga lady.

'Ive told him for the last time, dear,' she said to Cynthia, taking no notice of Gabriel standing stiffly there. 'Why should I put myself out to stand on the hillside in the cold and shout at him. I shall never speak to him again. The silence will hurt him more than any words.'

While she was talking Gabriel noticed with dismay a small, square, empty packet on the floor by the sofa.

He slid his foot over the incriminating evidence, which showed great presence of mind but proved rather awkward soon afterwards when Mad Ma Bramble insisted on showing him her husband's study. It's not easy walking and keeping something trapped beneath your foot. After he had left, Cynthia told him later, her mother had said 'What a nice young man – but what a shame about his leg. Was he born with it like that or was it a riding accident?'

There was indeed something wrong with one of Gabriel's legs after that – but it wasn't his left one, or his right one. The shock of nearly being caught on the job struck him impotent and it was some time before things began to perk up again.

Even after his interest was re-aroused Gabriel trod very cautiously. In fact, we began to fear that he had abandoned all hope of dipping his wick.

But when he took Fiona Worthington for a drive down to the coast one freak warm day in late April we knew he was all right.

Fiona was what is generally known as a right raver and we considered that now was Gabriel's best-ever chance of joining the ranks of besmirched males.

Apparently, Gabriel told us afterwards, they were both well in the mood for anything when they reached the coast and the resort was practically deserted. It was midweek so there were few visitors despite the summery weather.

They drove slightly out of the centre and parked near the sand dunes. Then they walked down to the sea.

Gabriel was all for getting on with it then and there, before the expected disaster befell him, but Fiona had this thing about being aroused by watching the swell of the sea and she insisted they walked together barefoot for a while in the shallow breakers at the water's edge.

Gabriel, not being much of a poetic soul but nevertheless anxious to agree to anything that involved a bit of arousing, was strolling along kicking out rather impatiently at the tiny waves when he booted a jelly fish in what must have been its tender parts.

The jelly fish, less than delighted by this unprovoked bit of bovver, immediately retaliated by giving Gabriel a hefty sting.

Poor Gabriel. He was so near to success. He gritted his teeth bravely and limped along ever so slightly until Fiona decided the surging sea had done the trick and they made their way to a sheltered hollow in the deserted dunes.

Once there, it wasn't long before all was ready for the final triumphant scene. Fiona, with the sound of the tide still in her ears, was as eager as anyone Gabriel had ever come across. He laid her on a towel on the soft sloping sand and moved in for his first real conquest.

But the sand was his downfall. He dug in his toes as hard as he could but every time he tried to move up he slipped back. His foot bagan to throb with all the extra work it was having to do.

Suddenly Fiona began to cry out 'The horses, oh! the horses!'

Gabriel couldn't understand her. First waves and now pounding stallions. This was sexual imagery gone berserk, he thought.

Then they were sprayed with flying sand as three horses leapt from the dune right over the top of them and galloped off into the distance.

That was too much for Gabriel. He suddenly decided it wasn't worth it. He pulled up his trousers yet again, apologised to Fiona for any inconvenience and disappointment he may have caused her, and they drove home in silence.

When I saw him the following day he was a saddened man, with a foot swollen to twice its normal size and rather sore nether regions because in his haste to leave the scene of his unrequited passion he'd trapped some sand in his jock strap.

'Fiona remained chaste and I was chafed,' he quipped weakly.

That was the end of his escapades. He just gave up trying.

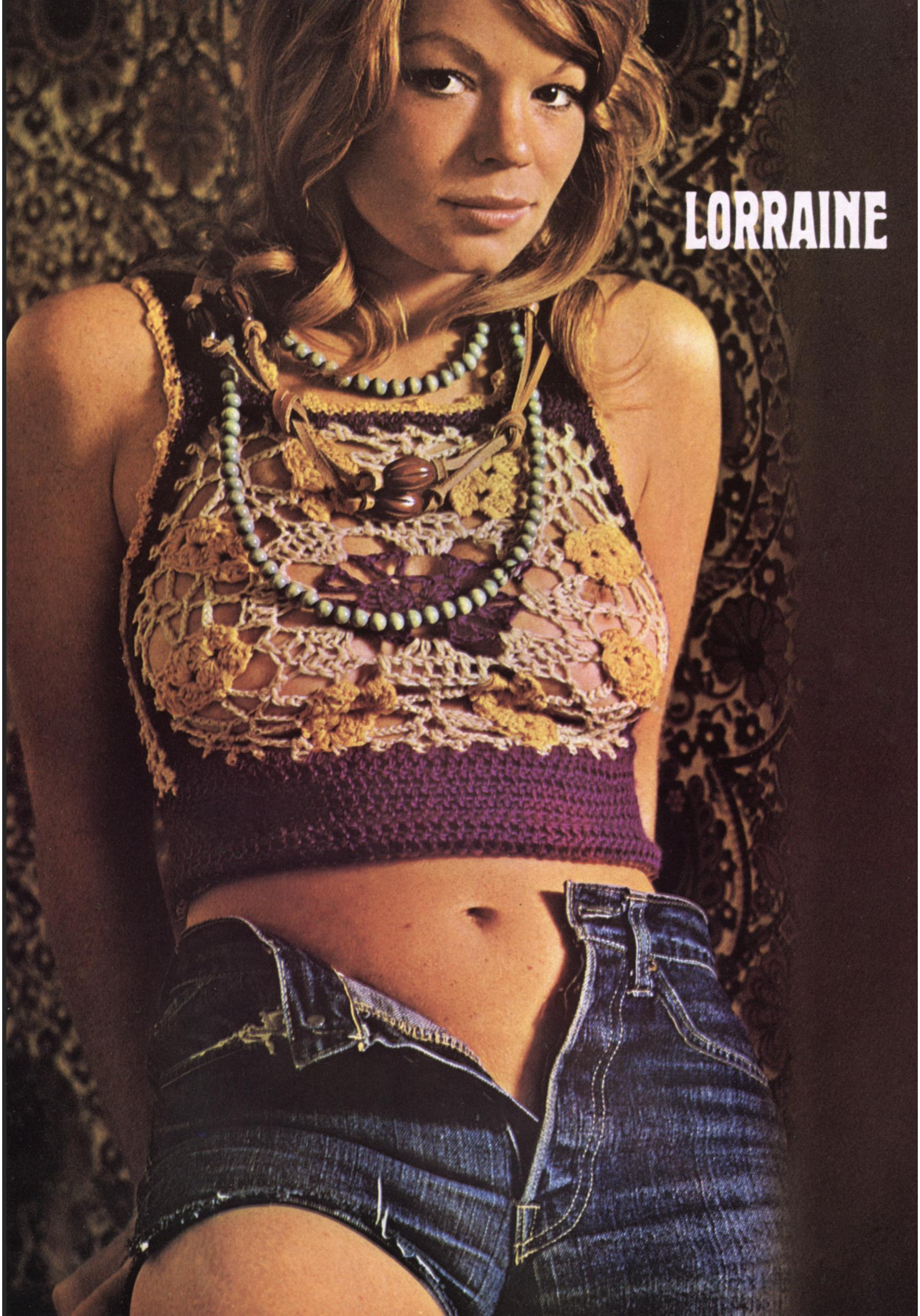
'There's only one way I'm going to make it,' he declared ominously. And a year later he married one of the secretaries at his father's firm.

It was a great wedding. We all got stinking drunk and kissed the bride rather more passionately than was demanded of us.

As we waved them off on their honeymoon we were happy for Gabriel. Soon he would be made whole.

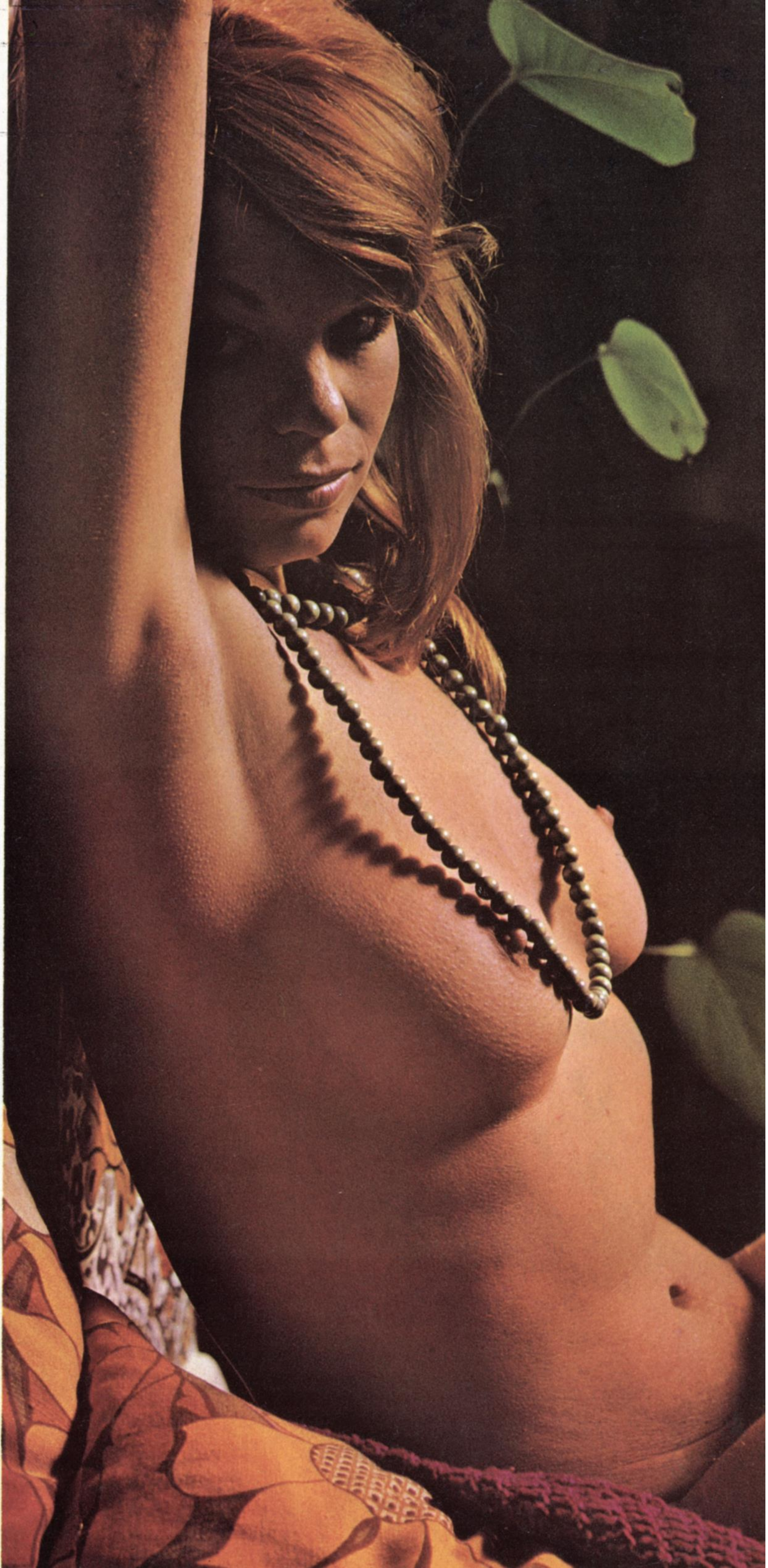
I never found out what went wrong because work took me away from the area before the honeymoon ended and after that I didn't see much of Gabriel.

But it was a full three months after the wedding that I received a cable from him. There were just two words 'AT LAST!'

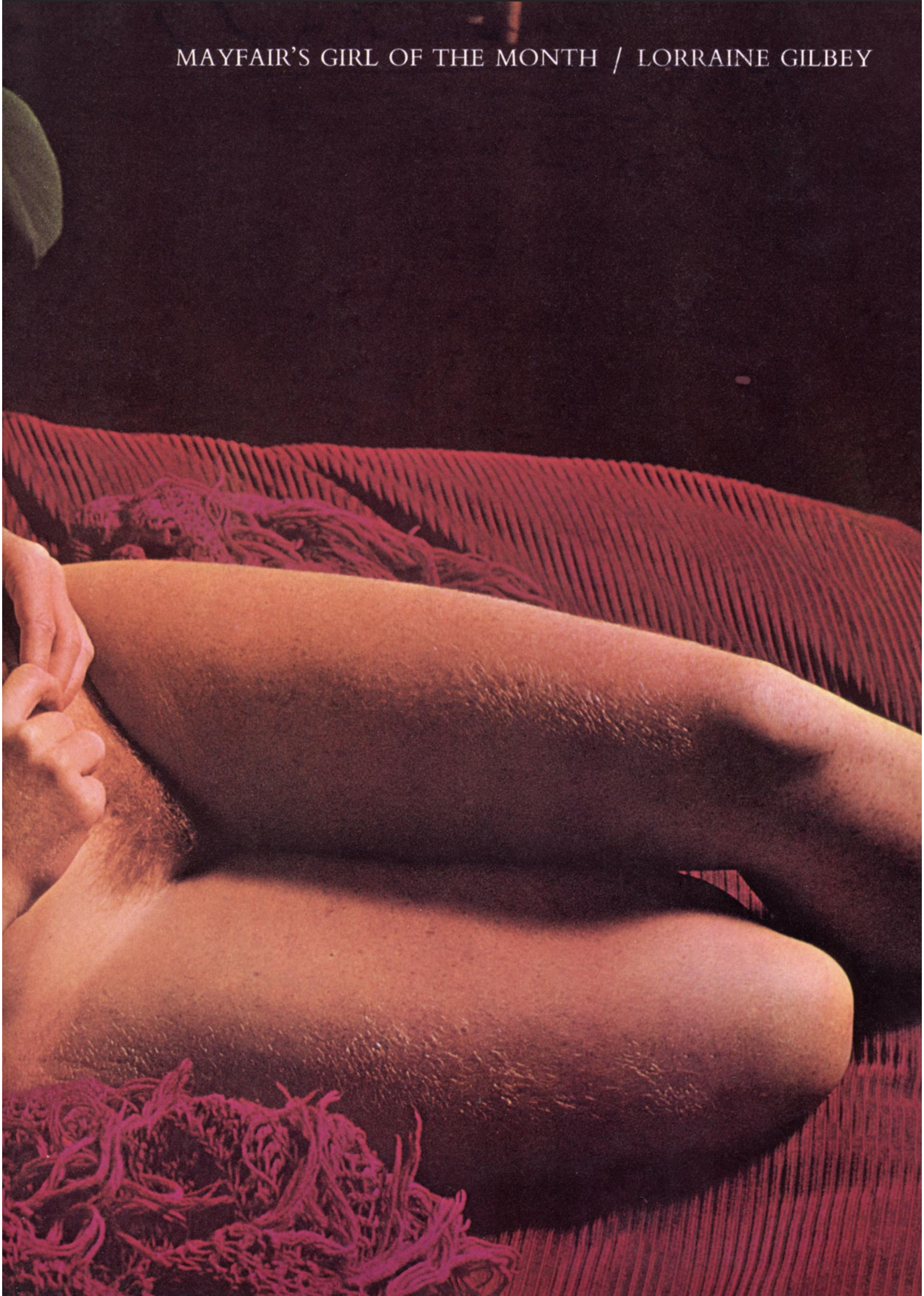


LORRAINE

Touch is Lorraine Gilbey's most developed sense. That, and a nigh-on embarrassing sense of fun. We arrived at her Cotswolds-cosseted cottage at 2 pm, as arranged, to find front door ajar but no trace of our relishable quarry. Venturing in, our photographer was surprised blind man's buff-fashion from behind what was later revealed to be the bedroom door: Lorraine, enticingly a-giggle, 37–24–36 in naught but panties. 'I thought we might get off to a prompt start,' she says with an ample-lipped smile. 'Or how about some coffee?' An only child accustomed to solitude, Lorraine simmers with a natural self-reliance and warmth. 'Winter doesn't worry me. Round here, the snow makes all the difference. Once it falls, I can really get down to my work and feel really snug and tucked up.' Fingers expert in the use of crochet pins furnish convent-reared Lorraine with a small income. 'I started when I was about seven. Now I make



dresses, belts, bags, hats; a friend sells them at places like Kensington Market in London.' Surprisingly, she has been to London only twice and, despite her twenty-three years, has never been out of England at all. 'Not that I'm out of touch, mind you. I've managed not to buy a TV set, but I listen to the radio a lot and get all the fashion magazines. I'm quite near enough to civilisation, thank you.' With villages like Stow-on-the-Wold only a few miles away, who would criticise such a head-strong stance? 'Maybe I like the countryside so much,' says russet-hued Lorraine, 'because it's sort of deep inside me. I was once told my great grandfather was a reddleman; you know, like in those marvellous opening passages of Hardy's *Return of the Native* – a man who travelled round selling redding for sheep, to farmers and shepherds.' She curls round her coffee. The day is darkening. A log fire flickers, flame licks bark: a touch of red.


MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LORRAINE GILBEY

CHUFFS

The fascination of miniature trains is in the perfection of small scale engineering.

Photographed by Andrew Morland

There's an intimacy, a cosy mystique, about model trains and rolling stock that appeals to something in every man. Perhaps it's the wealth of detail in even the tiniest models – the gleaming pistons and cylinders, the smooth convexity of the boiler, the sheer symmetry of the wheels. Or perhaps the fascination has more Freudian associations – all that steam and heat and those thrusting, powerful pistons. Or could it simply be that the creation of one's own personal world there in the attic provides a land-line to the security of

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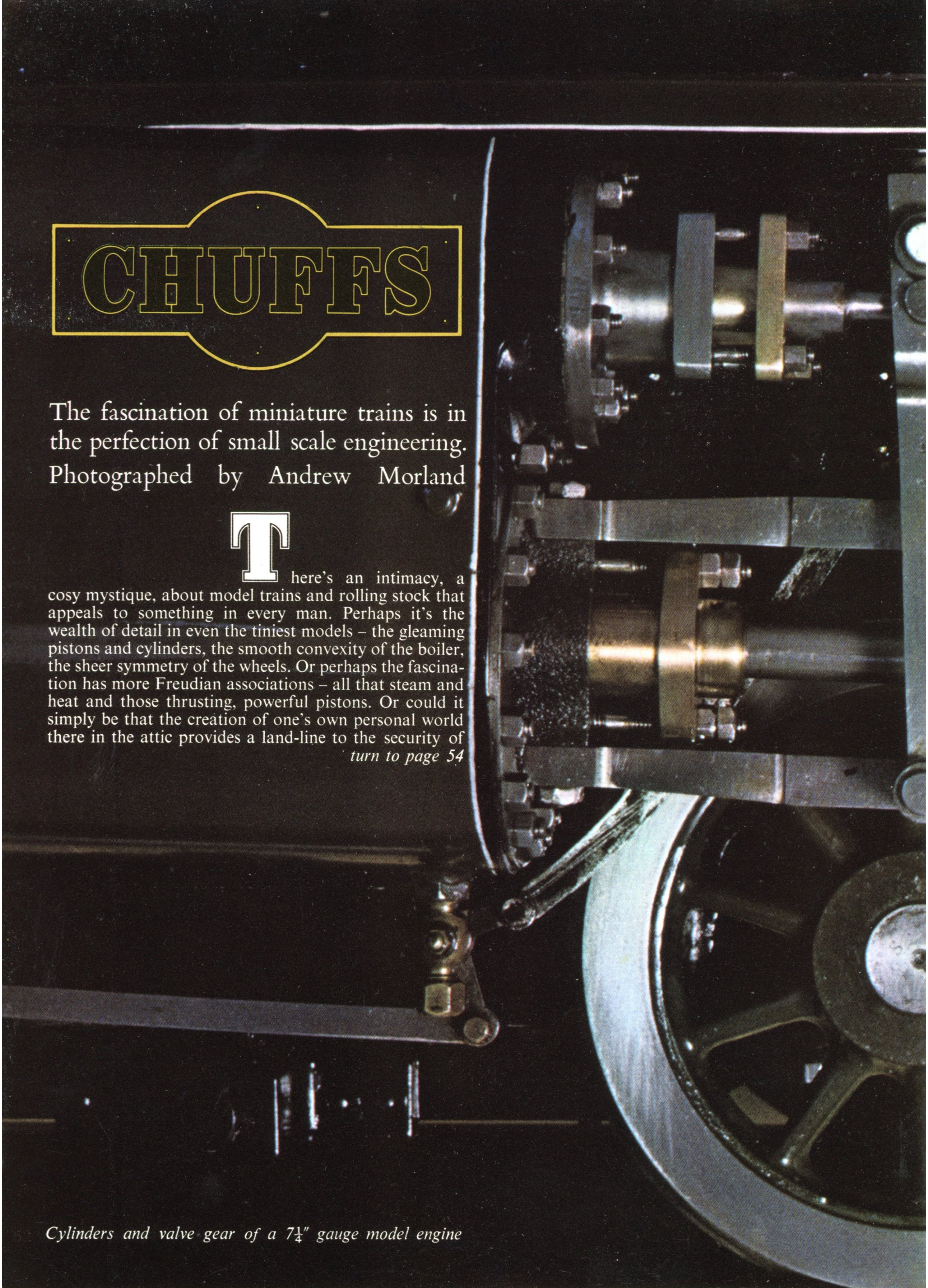
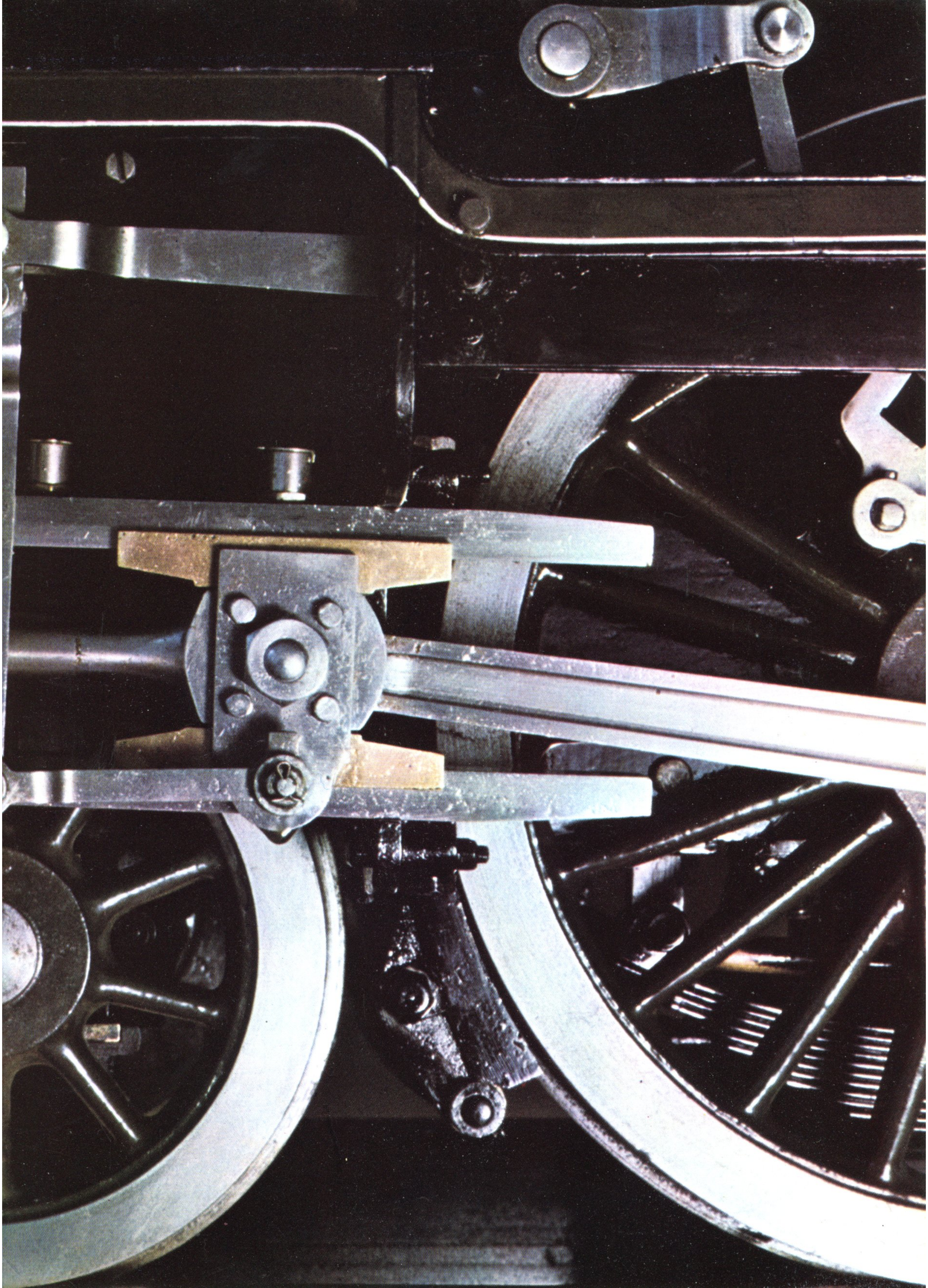
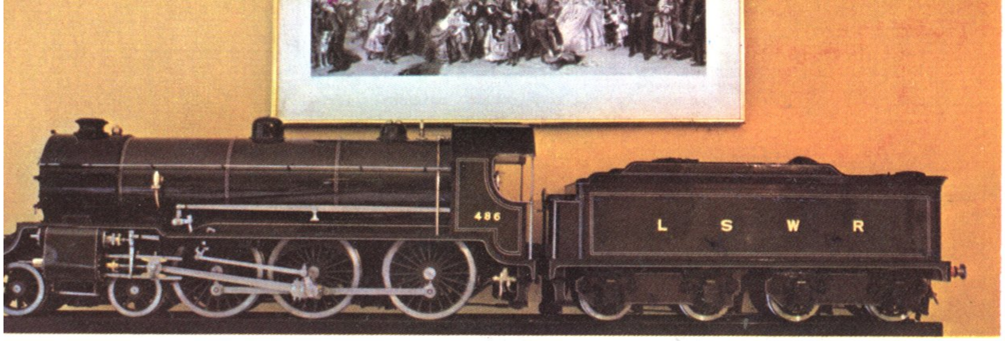
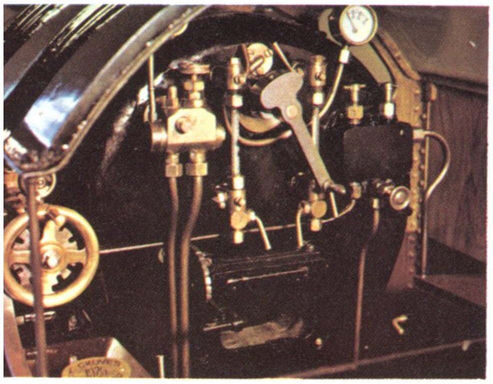


Cylinders and valve gear of a $7\frac{1}{4}''$ gauge model engine







CHUFFS
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childhood. Model trains have been popular since their appearance as toys for the rich soon after the first passenger carrying main-line London loco pulled out of 'the station in Euston Square' on September 17, 1838. The first models, however, were not toys at all, but samples of cast iron which travelling representatives delivered to prospective customers – ugly, ungainly models with, for example, the seam joining the two halves of the boiler clearly visible.

The earliest 'real' toys appeared in 1860 or thereabouts. The first were externally-fired, crude brass engines powered by steam. This type was nick-named 'The Piddler,' because that, quite simply, is what happened en route. There were no standardized gauges or scales in those early days; the models were as large as the manufacturers cared to make them.

Thirty years later German firms were mass producing hand-painted models in wood, brass, tin and copper, while amateur model makers pressed on in faithful imitation, working in the layman's often unfamiliar media of heavy metal.

Up to the outbreak of the First World War, four companies dominated the world of model railways in Europe. They were Carette (German), Bassett-Lowke (British), the Bing Brothers (German) and Marklin (German). Their models, including Bassett-Lowke's, originated in Nuremberg, the home of the clockwork industry. British manufacturers, both large and small, didn't hesitate to import from Germany. But the

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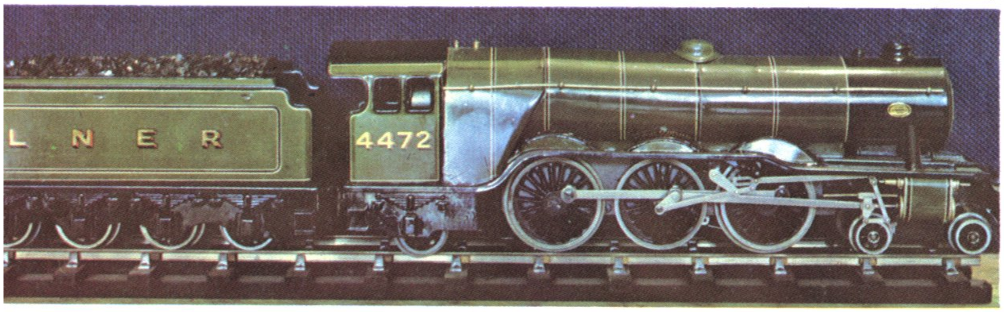
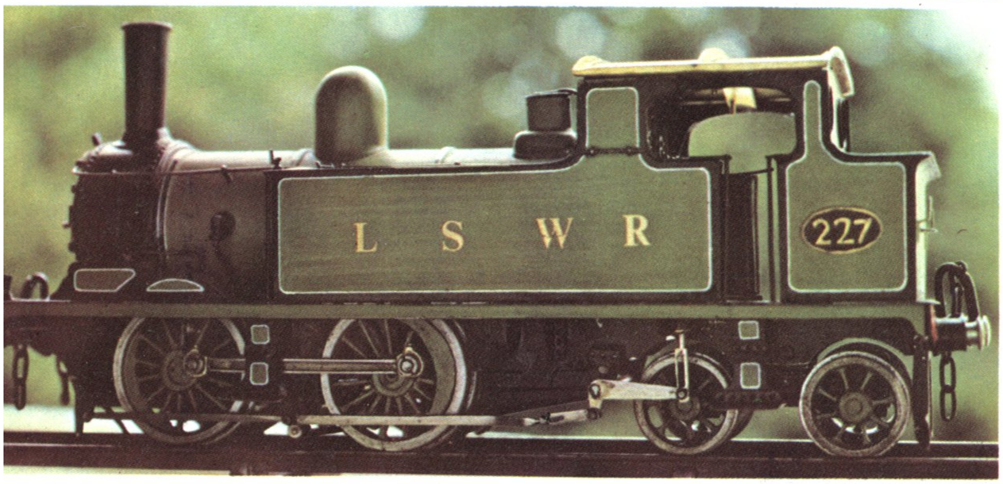
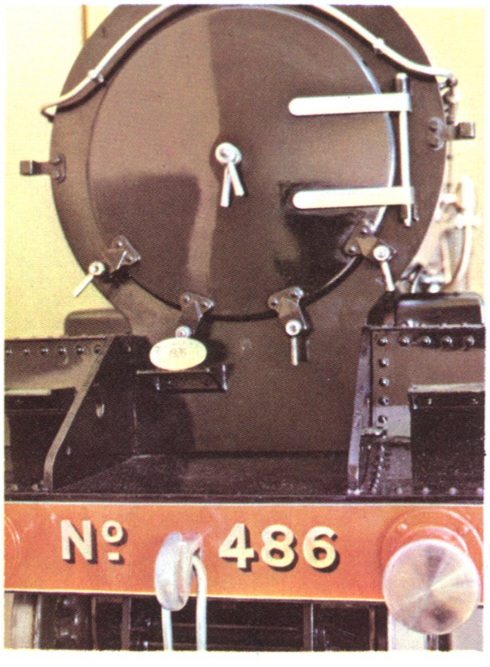
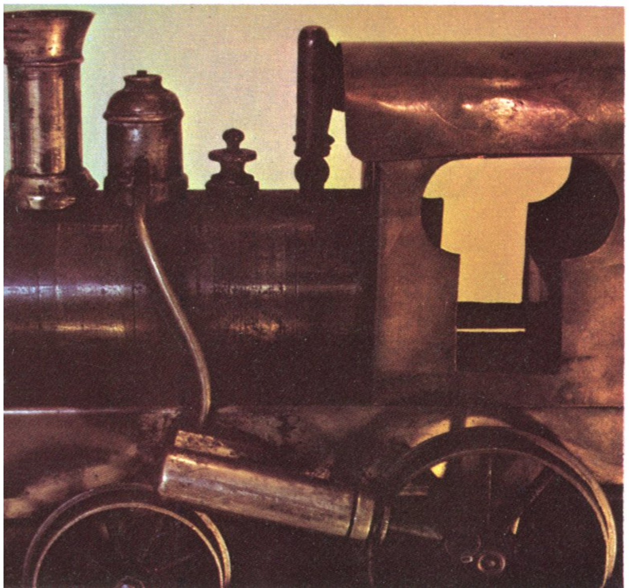
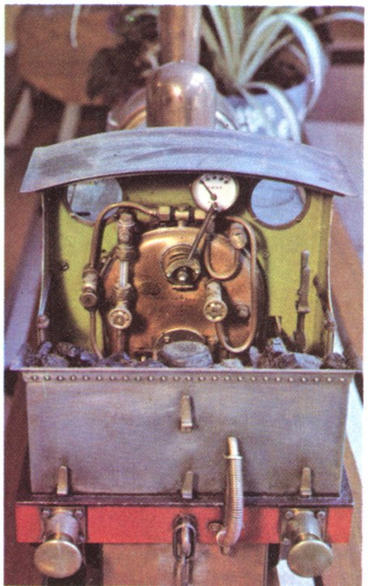


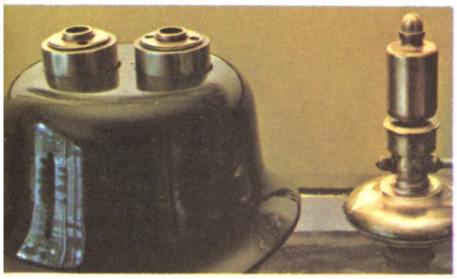


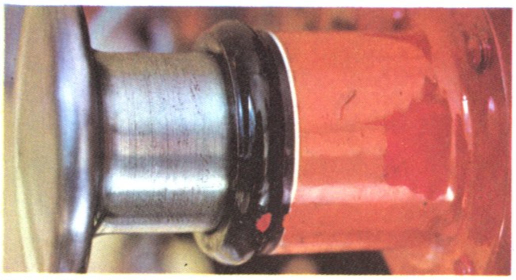


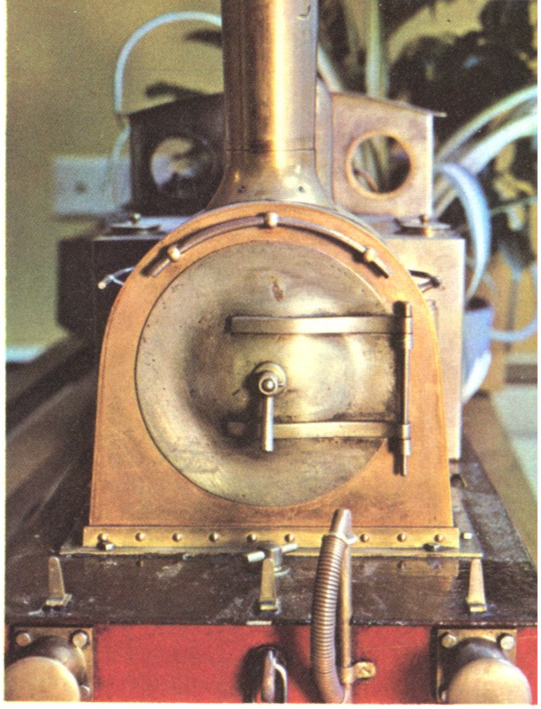


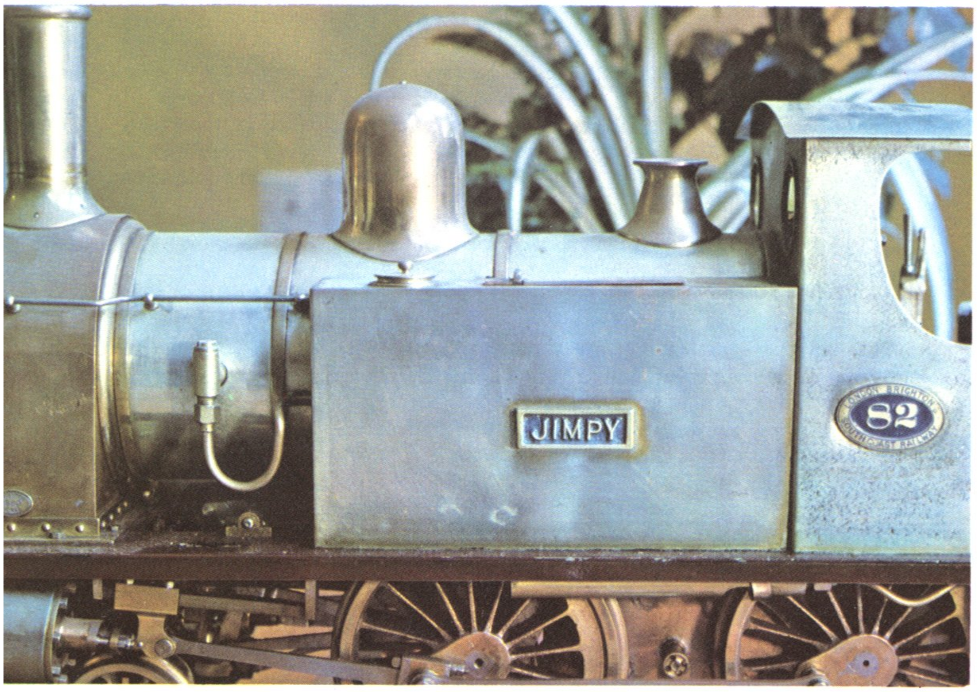


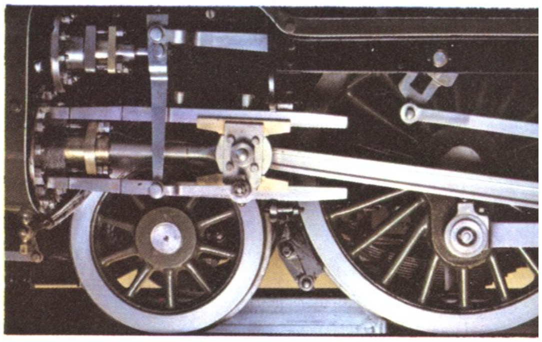
This page, top to bottom: LSWR 460 six foot long train and tender, with cab detail below. David Feust, store owner and model enthusiast. Next, a Bassett Lowke Flying Scotsman, pre-war gauge. Directly below that is an amateur built 'O' gauge Adams O2 with opening smoke-box door and complex interior. Bottom left is a 'Piddler' of 1900 and beside that the cab of a Jimpy 440 Tank, today worth £500. Above, head-on to the 460

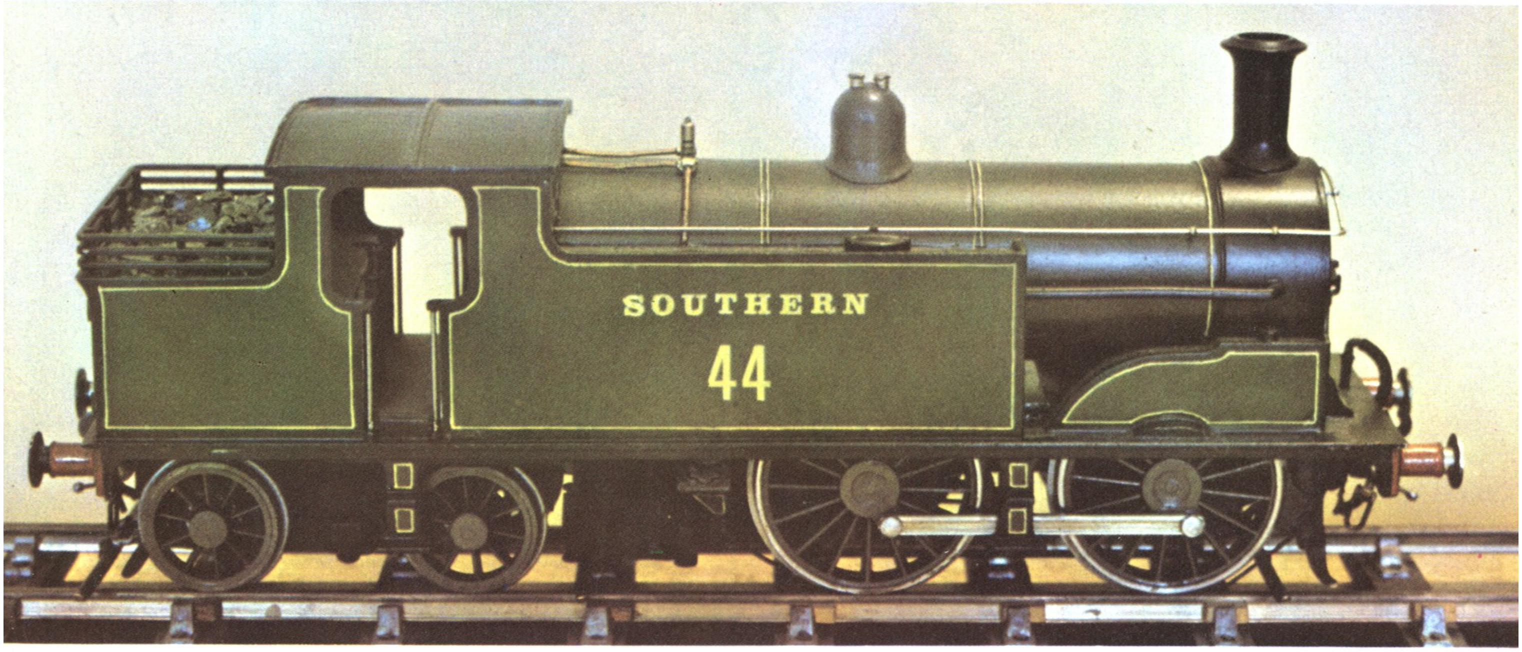


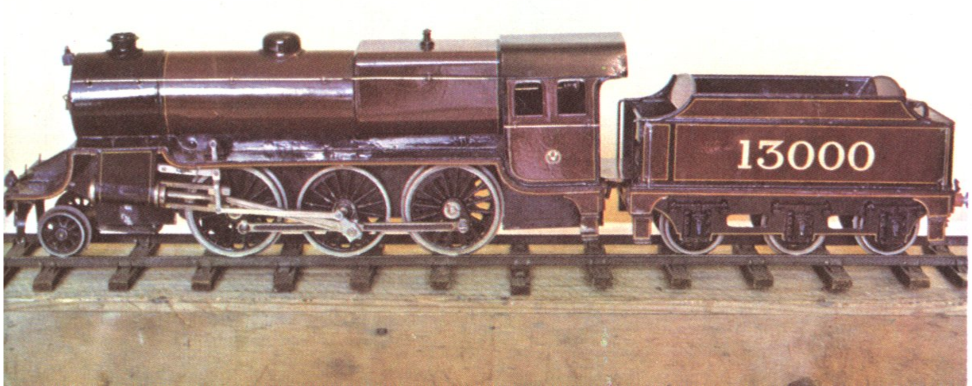












Top, left and centre: Safety valve, whistle and buffer of the 460 steam loco that opened these pages. Top right, the front of Jimpy with its proud, archaic profile, centre left. Centre right, the guts and rods of the 460. Above, the 'O' gauge Southern Railway M7 Class engine, built from a white metal kit that cost £7. At left is a gauge I Bassett Lowke LMS Mogul clockwork engine of the late 1920s. The scale of this was ten millimetres to one foot

CHUFFS

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outbreak of war in 1914 put a stop to Bassett-Lowke's yearly output of more than 30,000 engines in 'O' gauge clockwork, and by the time production switched back from munitions to model railway engines there was strong competition.

Meccano Limited, with its slogan 'Buy British,' had produced a locomotive with a specially designed clockwork engine and body made from Meccano parts that could be dismantled. It was called the Hornby Train, after one of Meccano's leading executives. By the late 1920s and '30s Meccano was able to market a complete clockwork train set for only 30s. It was built to a scale of 7mm to one foot and became the most popular make of model train in Britain. With a large selection of trains and rolling stock, prices were reasonable and distribution nation-wide. The firm's *Meccano Magazine*, until then devoted exclusively to constructional items, then started a club, the 'Hornby Railway Company,' for all Hornby owners. Soon dozens of clubs supporting every make of model were meeting each week up and down the land to pore over the latest manual, talk endless shop and paint and improve the commercial products they devoured with insatiable relish.

The Bing brothers, manufacturing in Germany and working as a supplier to Bassett-Lowke, were the first to attempt to introduce '00' gauge – 4mm to one foot scale – but the idea failed to catch on in the 1920s, the days of the Depression and the General Strike, when there was little enough money anyway, and the idea was dropped.

The idea was reintroduced by Bassett-Lowke in 1935 when they brought out the Trix Twin Trains. Not to be outdone, Hornby introduced their Dublo '00' gauge and other, lesser-known manufacturers swiftly followed suit. Hornby, however, led the field – Dublo was available in both 12 volt DC and clockwork models – and at the time no-one else could match that.

War again put a stop to model train development but by the end of the 1940s and beginning of the '50s production had picked up again and electric operation was commonplace.

Dublo was here to stay – for as houses became smaller and space became harder to find, so the scale of models decreased to match housing needs.

The pre-1918 gauge of 10mm to one foot changed often, and today there is a bewildering selection of gauges still in private use: '0' gauge (7mm/1 foot); '00' gauge (4mm/1); 'HO' gauge (3½mm/1); 'TT' gauge (3mm/1) and the increasingly popular 'N' gauge of 2mm/1 that reduced the mighty giants of the steam age to minute inch-high models of breathtaking detail.

But while some enthusiasts devote all their interest to the actual running of the railway – with timetables, engine maintenance and suchlike – others spend equal cash and effort on the creation of a personal backdrop to set off the bare track with the engine on top. They follow the early example of John Ahern, an insurance broker and model enthusiast, who made the first truly scenic railway which measured 16ft by 12ft and included whole communities with stations, pubs and villages. His efforts are now on display at Pendon Museum of Miniature Landscape and Transport, Berkshire.

His followers make scenery, lakes and parks, farms and factories, bridges and airfields. The more ambitious modeller buys an engine motor and set of wheels and then builds the bodywork himself, spending long hours hunched over a cluttered worktop with sheet metal, a fine hacksaw and a soldering iron. The work is infinitely detailed, pernickety to the ultimate extreme and invariably exquisitely finished.

Today's modeller is able to produce a neater, more professional piece of work than his grandfather, thanks to modern building materials like white metal, plastic sheeting and solvent adhesives.

No-one needs to tell Peter Hunt – one of London's leading dealers – that there's money to be made in model railways – he found that out twenty months ago when he and a friend, David Fuest, opened a tentative little engine shop called – wait for it – Chuffs, in Lisson Grove, Marylebone. They pooled models from their own private model railway collections and walked home after Day One with an extra £144 made in a day's brisk selling. Expansion followed almost inevitably and more shops were opened – first More Chuffs, then Chuffs Again and finally Son of Chuffs in Bucklersbury, London, EC4, right in the heart of Bankland – and that move was quite deliberate.

At lunchtime droves of dark-suited businessmen – many of them obviously prominent men in the city – potter around Peter's heaped shelves, peering animatedly at what they know with a heady sense of triumph is a Bing Single Drive 2-2-0 engine and tender with oscillating cylinders. John Sharp has his eyes on the same sort of thing, and he admits that against his better judgment he's quite resigned to parting with £20 to have it – there's almost a compulsion to purchase, it seems.

He bargains half-heartedly with Peter Hunt and mutters weakly about having to pay the mortgage too. Peter, adept at handling dedicated but weak-willed addicts like John advises him to go for a walk around the block before he makes up his mind. But he knows he'll be back. Just why he knows is harder to define: 'It's just something that's there in the blood – that's the only way I can explain it,' he says. 'I don't know what the attraction *is* about model trains and layouts – unless it's just that it allows even the dullest, most unimaginative modeller to play at God. If your train breaks down on the way to work there's not much you can do about it. But if it happens upstairs in your attic you can at least chuck the engine at the wall!'

His shop has the kind of atmosphere you'd expect to find in any concentration of single-minded enthusiasts brought together by a common interest – it's more of a club than a place of business and there seems to be very little pressure on the customer to buy anything – perhaps because Peter knows that once inside his shop, it will take a very strong enthusiast indeed who doesn't succumb to at least a packet of plastic figures.

The sales alone of new goods cover his costs and keep the business solvent – and that's without considering the income from the dozens of shelves around the walls that are groaning under the weight of second-hand goods.

'I could afford to retire in three years time if I was prepared to screw everyone solid – but I'm not. I'd soon miss the idiosyncrasies of our customers. You've got to be a bit of a nut to get so wrapped up in little models. I went to an exhibition recently and watched one man inspect moving trains from a pair of binoculars at a range of a few feet – you can hardly call that normal, can you?'

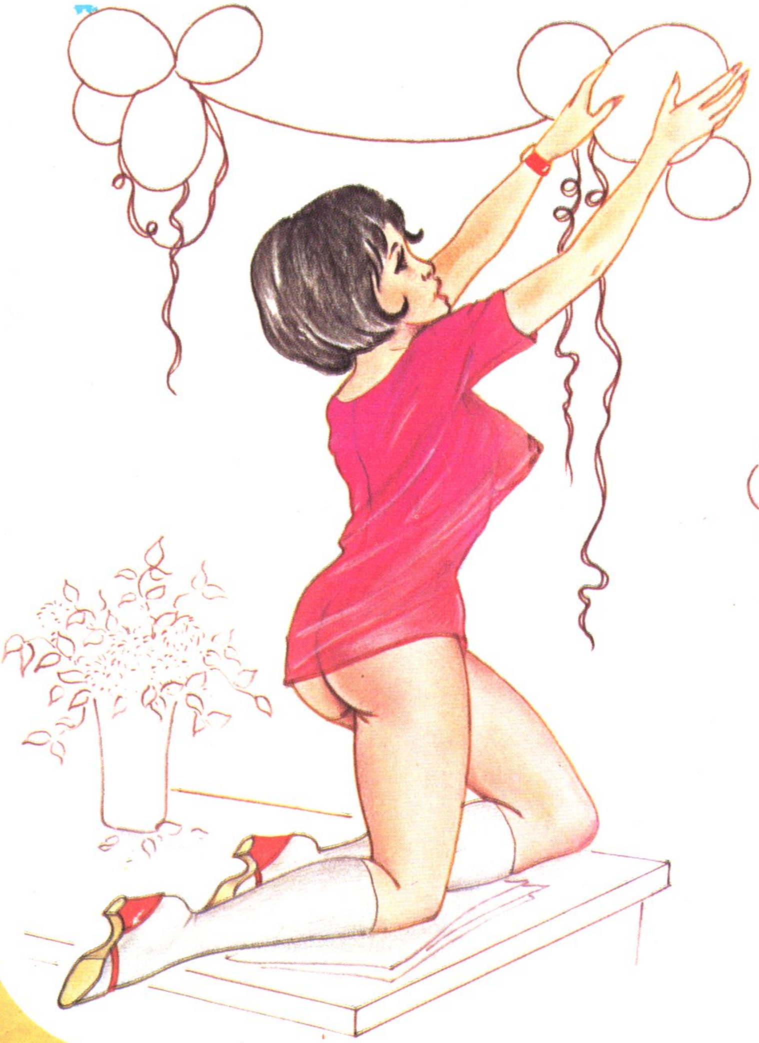
How to make

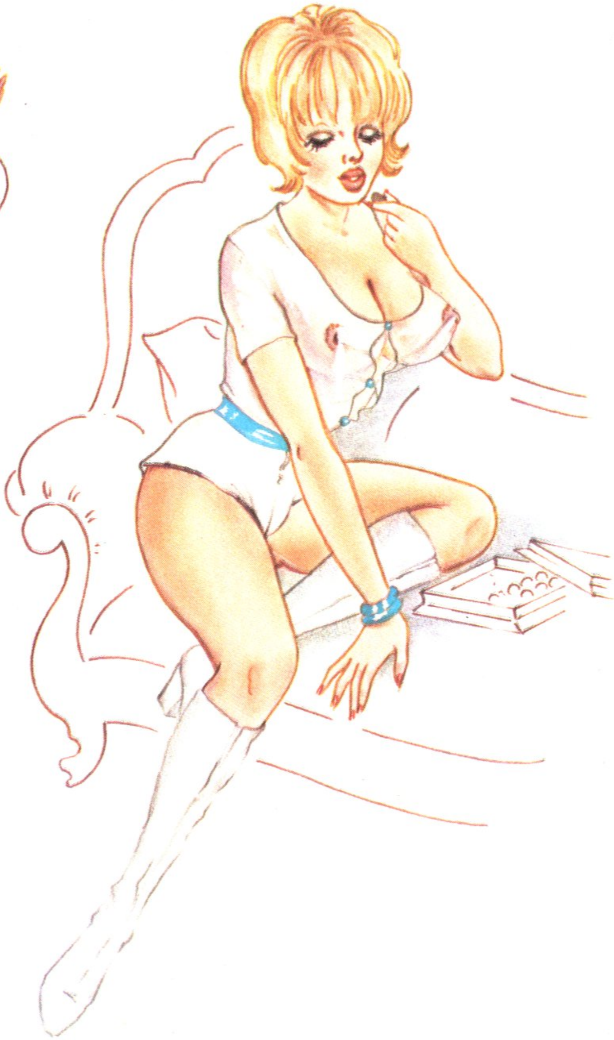
It's office party time, and your chance with the

That traditional 'do' just before the Christmas break – office party or professional swan song? For some, the Christmas get-together is more a social minefield than the kind of relaxed, informal affair we all hope it will be. From bitter experience it's the combination of drink, office dolly and the reckless jollity of the season that's responsible for the abrupt transformation of more than one rising young executive into a mere has-been with about as much future as a Kamikaze pilot. Burnt out husks of men litter every office – don't join them. After

Cindy from the Typing Pool: A pert, animated and attractive chick – that's Cindy. She's possibly hard-working and almost definitely the office tease. Wears bum-freezer skirts, wriggles provocatively and then churns out that homespun 'Oh, Mr Greenshaw! I don't know what you mean, I'm sure!' whenever she looks remotely like getting what she is visually begging for. Within the next three hours everyone from the mid-day messenger to the Managing Director will try to get her bombed off her shackles and into the spare office for a five-finger fumble at the very least. The lad who has ignored her stands the best chance of all. Thank her for the trouble she has taken decorating the office and attempt to smother that festive carnal leer.

Joan (divorced), the firm's Rep: What a wow! She's aged anywhere between 25 and 38, and she likes chocolates, small animals and the Christmas party. For most of the year her body is flattened and hidden by unflattering fashions – but today she has worn a new type of outfit that's had every eyeball rivetted on her cleavage. Every eyeball except yours. Comment on her legs, hair or costume, but leave those massive, heaving breasts alone. She's probably acutely embarrassed by now – so distract her – she'll be grateful. But it's still dangerous, untracked territory this, to be tackled by mild interest with all the options left wide open. She is one of those women who acts on whim – play it right and she should react to you.





Miss Whoopee

typing pool, says Tim Still. Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

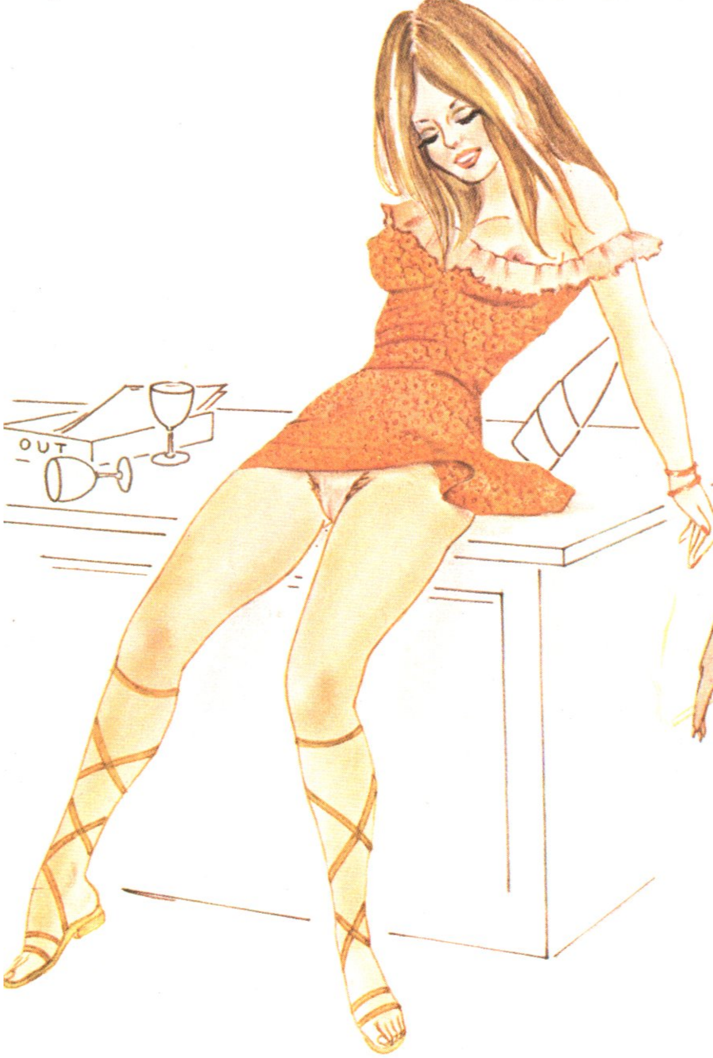
last year's great party debacle it took more than New Year goodwill to clamber back into fair repute after a series of massive boobs (mine not theirs). A week later I was still getting weird looks and offers of aspirin. But I've since concluded, with the wisdom of hindsight, that the mistakes which I made could have been avoided. You can emerge triumphant and physically sated if you follow these broad tips (if you'll pardon the expression) and – instinct. Instinct breeds determination and that determination will get you just about anywhere.

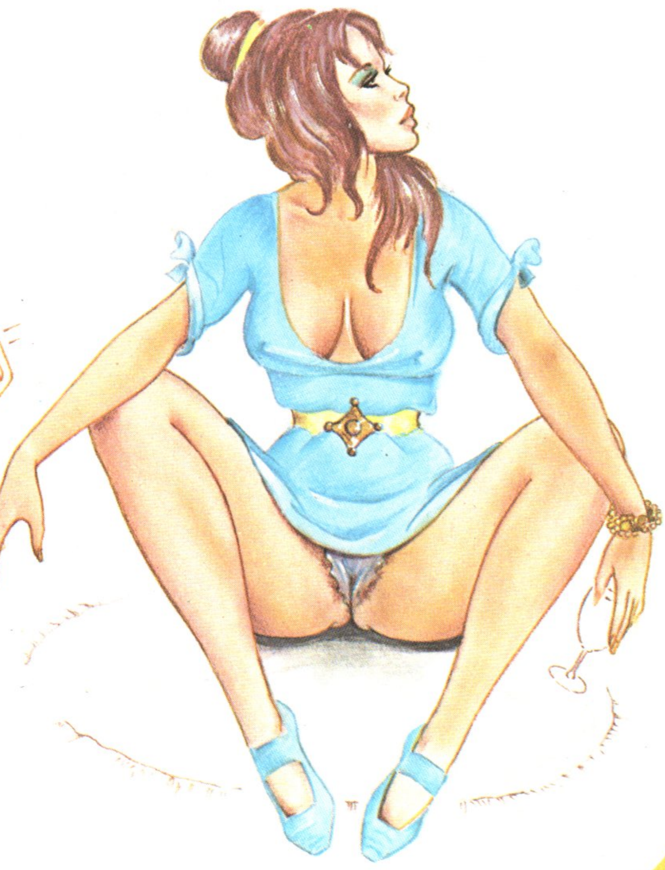
Linda from the Filing Department: Right now she is unsteady on her feet, giggling at nothing and about to navigate with difficulty to the Ladies'.

She has had too much to drink and is unintentionally putting in time as a knicker-flasher. Your chances of a bit more than mere social intercourse are good – but you'll have to move fast. Within the next ninety minutes she will probably: (a) Turn maudlin, (b) start on the 'All-men-are-bastards' routine, (c) pass out or (d) throw up – probably in your car if you opt to take her home out of scheming chivalry. Once there, you'll find her brother's scooter in the driveway, her fuming, suspicious parents in the hallway and yourself no farther than the doorstep. Is she worth it?

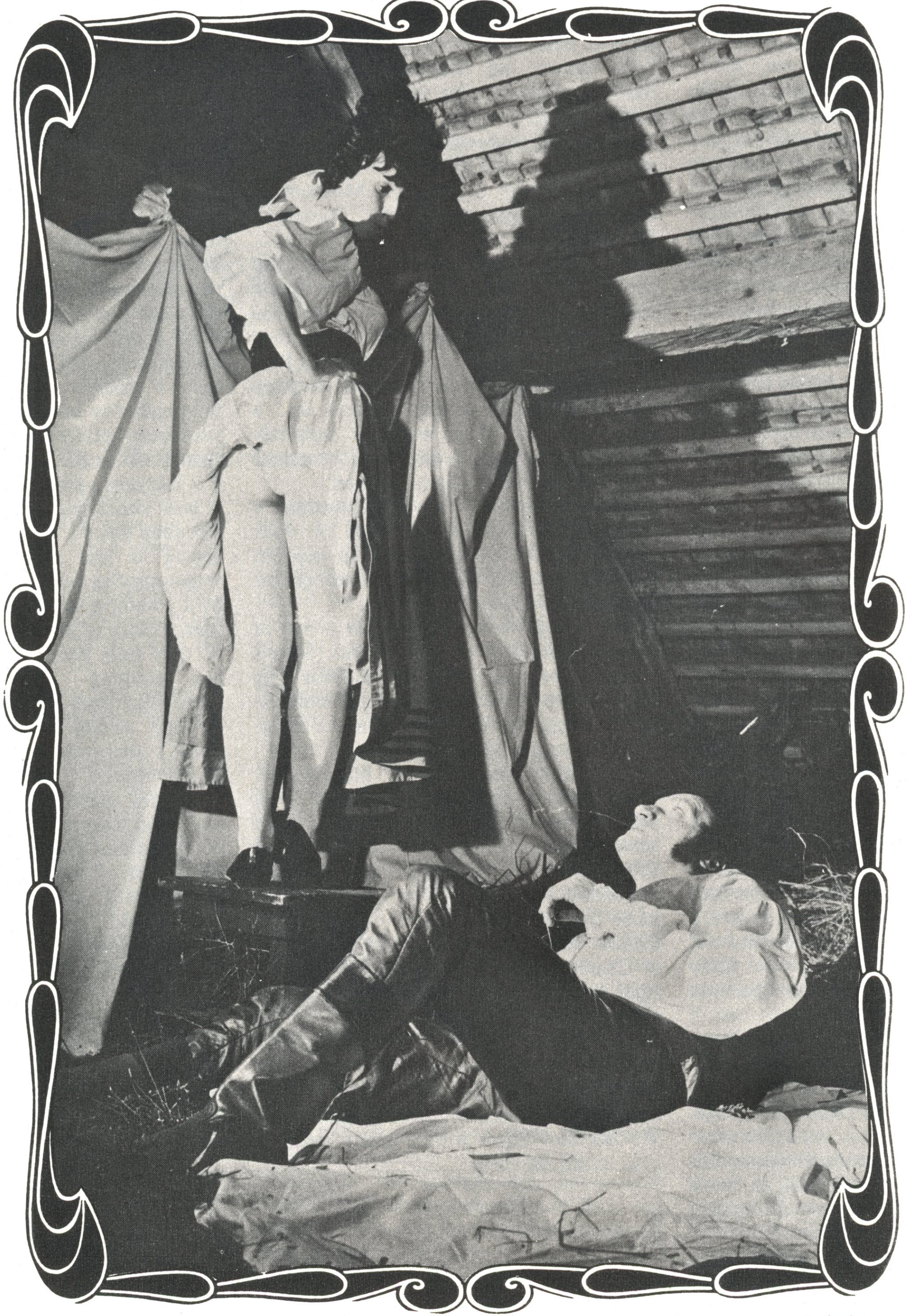
Sarah the Temp: She is the one over there surrounded by a protective clutch of older men. She looks faintly bored with life but before you leap to the rescue – think!

She is wearing that expensive, low-cut dress not to attract you but out of aloof, amused contempt for the machinations of petty party intrigue. She'd rather like to be somewhere else – anywhere else, in fact – and although *that* puts her vs. 'the rest', she will respond to the right kind of intelligent, persuasive charm that exactly matches her mood. What kind of charm? That's for you to find out. The rewards of discovery will almost certainly justify the effort. Her highly erotic sitting position may unnerve lesser rivals, but to you it's a trail sign to an equally passionate challenge.





What do you see in costume films?



...depends on where you're sitting

Film-makers find there's many an arousing thought in the rumpled clothes look

Is there anybody left who *hasn't* seen full-frontal nudity on the screen? That initial sweet shock of total nakedness has palled almost out of conversation. It'll take more than a few tired tits and a few flashes of pubic hair to set the British public back on its heels – so what's next? Since the discreet days of a glimpse of ankle the level of film acceptance has risen radically. Where, one wonders, does the sexy film industry go to now? The answer is a step backwards, back to the days of the eighteenth century and the pleasant discovery that we're all turned on by a glimpse up the maid's skirt, the sight of white thighs above the stocking tops – and even that spell-binding fantasy, the waspie corset. Here's one film that has climbed onto the tumbrel of costume hay-loft erotica.

A saucy serving maid gives a cheeky go-ahead for a haytop tussle during a scene from Virgin on the Verge, while hero Armande pulls off more than he can handle during this frisky frolic in the orchard. The mistress weighs up her own problem while the serving maid gets down to pleasing her master

Don't you find there is an earthy nostalgia about that bawdy, busty eighteenth century when men rattled their rapiers, leered lewdly at the serving wench with the massive breasts and then admired each other's stretch tights? Well, the nostalgia hasn't been missed by the film men, either. They've come up with a pretty authentic exhumation of those times – a celluloid bonanza with hassles in the hay-loft and underskirt excursions aplenty as Armande, our ignoble nobleman, battles his way through the petticoats and over the four-poster beds in an amorous obstacle course called *Virgin on the Verge* – a costume nudie that has nothing whatever to do with dangerous driving on a motorway. It's presented by Border Films and runs to a breathless 82 minutes of full-bloodied colour and records for posterity a young Count's attempts to make good and, it seems, every eligible long-skirted dolly from Paris to the South of France. The plot deals lavishly with some of the more negotiable fringe benefits of living in debt to the tops of your thigh boots and says something or other about marriages by arrangement. In case that prospect fails to pack 'em in there's also a bit of knocking in the nunnery. *Virgin on the Verge,* which opened in London in October, is scheduled for release soon. The film has touched off a gold mine of erotic male interest – a sure sign that more of the same ilk will follow as producers, directors and promoters exploit the mounds of film mileage left in the new direction of costume-trussed erotica. The film, which earns its 'X' rating, is produced by Wolf C. Hartwig.

Armande (left) presses home his point with playful stingers, while Yvonne turns a dainty cheek. Below, a plunge in the pond is turned to Armande's advantage with cardiac massage and some of that mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. This bare-bottomed rider (above) provides as good a reason as any for seeing the film, while (above, far right) Yvonne comforts a gentleman with engine trouble. Bath-time (below right) in the Chateau where massage is the message. Below, far right, the break-up of this bath-tub provides that full-frontal nude shot we're now ready for again! This period piece proves that even directors can't stay away for long from the nude in a nudie

EVIDENCE OF AN APPARITION

Substantiated ghost stories are rare indeed: Here, however, is an unusual opportunity to judge cold facts. Mayfair reader Peter Stevens sent us these three accounts of a disturbing para-normal phenomenon within his experience. The first two parts of the narrative are the result of careful research; the third 'haunting' actually happened to the author himself. He remains sceptical yet mystified. Other readers may have possible explanations; and there will be many who have themselves experienced such phenomena. If so, please write to us

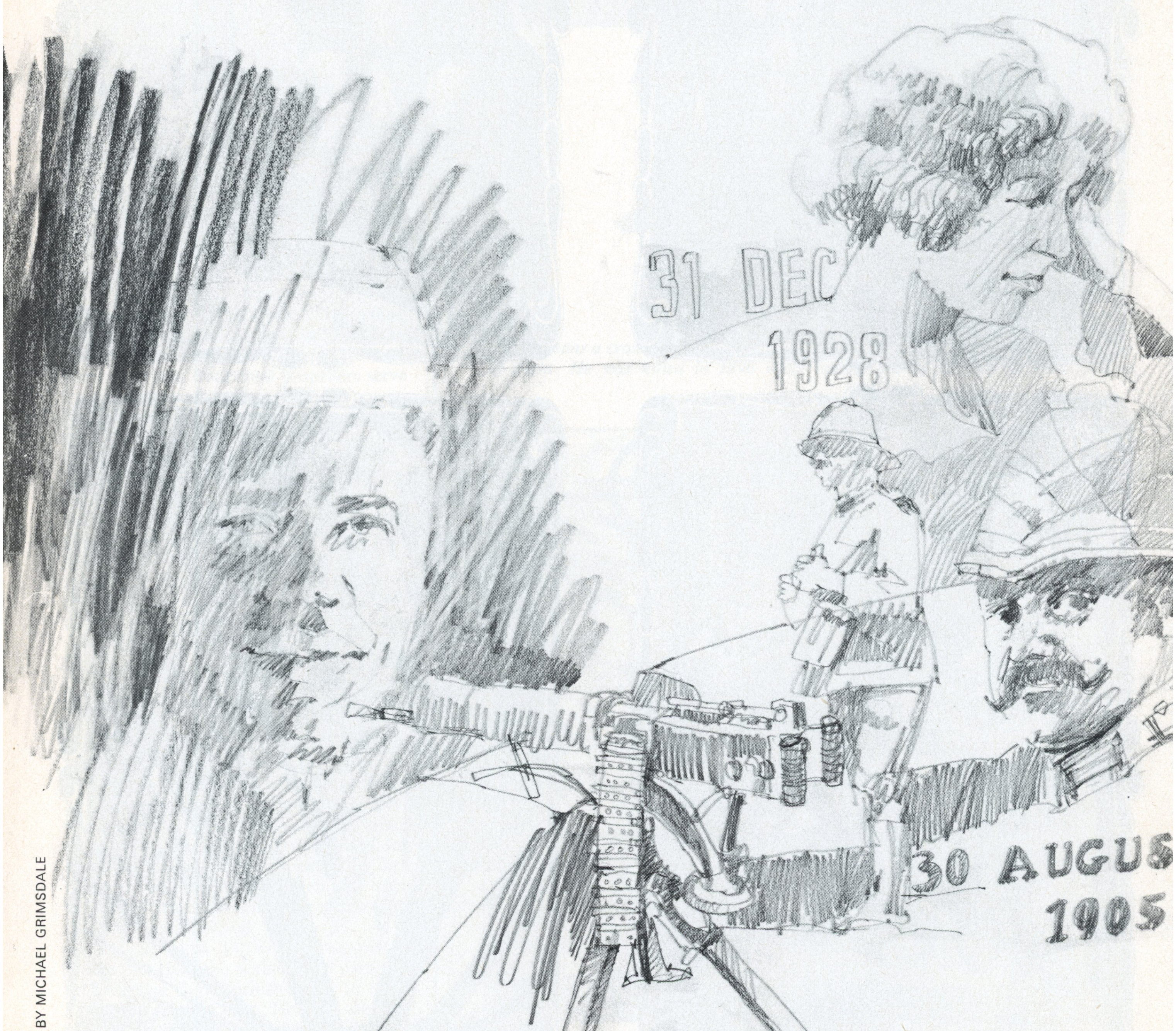


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GRIMSDALE

1905, August 30.
Mahenge, Deutsch Ostafrika.

Seen from the top of the tower of the fort, or *boma*, the grass around the scarred, dark grey outcrops of rock thrusting out of the lower hillsides to the South and West shimmered in the heat. The rocks and scrub seemed to move in the intense sunlight, before the eyes of those watching behind the baked-mud parapet with its square, inward-sloping battlements at each corner. As yet the Kommandant, von Hassel, could see nothing of the approaching army of rebellious natives, but from far off he could hear the sound of their advance; the shouts and the throbbing of drums, as they climbed from the foothills towards his commanding ridge.

On the platform at the top of the tower, von Hassel had assembled his few soldiers, with their firearms and ammunition: others were stationed in reserve, in his two-storey house adjoining the tower.

Among the various tribes of the surrounding foothills and of the Kilombero valley there had been fear and hostility at the German incursion, and the people had raged impotently against the superior weapons of the invaders. A leader had arisen, a medicine-man named Hongo, who roused the tribesmen to oppose the Germans. Hongo had distributed a badge – a sorghum-stalk to be bound to the forehead by a thong – to each man who would swear to join in the rising. More than this, he gave each a drink that, he said, would make him invulnerable to the German bullets. (It was afterwards discovered that this magic potion was only Maji – or ordinary water!)

For what seemed the thousandth time, von Hassel peered anxiously through his field glasses at the dark, eroded outcrops of rock, the tangled thorn scrub, and the shimmering grasses. The tension among the handful of soldiers on the top of the tower grew more acute, as the fitful breeze brought the shouts of the advancing hordes now closer, now again further away. He loosened his pistol in its holster, then focussed his field glasses again.

Far in the distance, as he looked, the head of the rebel column came into view, where the track wound over a ridge between some trees. To the naked eye, it looked like a column of soldier-ants, the dreaded *siafu*, on the march. Through the glasses, von Hassel could pick out the leaping, prancing warriors, their black limbs glistening in the sunlight as they brandished their spears at the *Boma* on its ridge. He noted grimly that there were also muskets among them; and as they came closer he saw their contorted features, and the sorghum-stalks shaking on their foreheads. The shouting swelled to a roar of concentrated hate, like surf pounding against a rocky shore. And still they poured over the ridge, and spread out in line as they came towards the *Boma* across the smaller ridges and valleys that filled the slight declivity between the skyline and where he stood. ‘Hold your fire until I give the order,’ von Hassel barked at his men, their shoulders hunched nervously over rifle butts as they knelt behind the parapet. He was conscious, as he gave the order, of his small reserves of ammunition, and the distance separating him from the coast and from supplies and re-inforcements. Moreover, although he was nervous, he was not yet absolutely sure what the advancing natives would do.

As soon as they came within range of the fort, the rebels opened fire with their muskets, and a group of the leaders scaled the wall into the enclosure behind von Hassel’s house. He drew his pistol.

As he was about to give the order to fire on them, von Hassel became aware of movement in the tower room below him – someone was coming up the rough wooden ladder, to the trap door in the centre of the platform. A black face appeared from the darkness within, and in that instant von Hassel fired. Before the falling body had thudded to the floor below, von Hassel realized the face had been that of Juma, his own houseboy. What had been his intention? Why had he chosen that moment to climb the tower? Was he in sympathy with the rebels, and had turned traitor against his master? Von Hassel would never know. But more firing came from the garden, and spears thudded into the woodwork of the first floor verandah behind his house. Savagely, von Hassel with his own hands turned the machine gun on the Africans below, and fired a burst which left several of the warriors sprawled brokenly on the ground.

Von Hassell and his men were besieged until another German force came to relieve them a month later. Von Hassell died in retirement and his grave can still be seen at Mahenge today.

1928, December 31.
Mahenge, Eastern Province, Tanganyika Territory.

The tropical night had suddenly plunged the house in darkness as the sun sank below the crest of the ridge; and in the bedroom, the oil lamp cast a welcome pool of yellow light, intensifying the shadows in the corners of the room and behind the massive wooden wardrobe, bed, and dressing-table. Beyond the uncurtained windows, through the mosquito-netting, the sky showed only as a lingering greyness, a tone lighter than the black shadows of the first floor verandah under its widely overhanging eaves.

Dorothy Beauclerk shivered slightly as she sat at her dressing-table. The house felt so silent, and faintly inimical: she was suddenly conscious of the lack of usual noises as the servants went about their duties in the kitchen abutting on the foot of the tower, or talked together in their quarters beyond. But tonight her husband, Charles, the District Officer, had given them leave to go, once they had made the hot water ready for the baths, because the Beauclerks were going to see the New Year in with the District Commissioner and his wife, in their spacious bungalow on the ridge outside the *Boma*. Charles, with his accustomed self-sufficiency, had finished his bath; dressed, immaculately in dinner-jacket, stiff shirt, and black tie; and had gone downstairs to read while she too finished dressing.

She had taken her bath in the long zinc tub which the houseboy, Dismas, had filled with buckets of hot water carried up from the boiler – an oil drum mounted on a concrete stand in which a woodfire was kindled – standing below in the compound behind the tower. As usual she had not lingered over her bath, though in other circumstances she liked to relax and soak: here she could never feel at ease, in the bathroom which formed the first storey of the tower at the east end of the house, opening off her bedroom – by day it was always dark and dank, and if one took the oil lamp in there, in the evening, the brightness seemed too much for the confined space and made her feel dazzled and uncomfortable. But though she had hurried from the bath, she now felt listless and somehow remote.

As she brushed out her fair hair, cut to shoulder length to keep her cool, and in a simple style because of the impossibility of getting to a hairdresser, she thought of the tension which her mixed feeling about being

'Now, now, Mr Rushton. You've stopped circulating'

in Africa caused her. She wanted so much to take advantage of the almost countless opportunities that her husband's work presented for helping the people to advance towards civilization. She was totally devoted to Charles and wanted to help in every way she could in his career; but she sometimes felt oppressed by the strangeness of so much that surrounded her. She pictured again in her mind her first journey up to Mahenge, as a bride of three months – the growing sense of doubt that it would ever be possible to find a home in this wilderness.

The silver-backed hairbrushes, a wedding present from that impossibly distant occasion in England slowly fell still from their rhythmic brushing, and lay idle on the dressing table with the cut-glass bottles of scent and lotions, while she gazed unseeing at the looking glass. Her thoughts drifted away, until she would have been hard put to it to have said what she was thinking about.

Abruptly, she shook her shoulders, and told herself not to be so foolish. Her eyes focussed again, and then she froze into complete, horror-stricken immobility. In her looking-glass she saw, over her shoulder, framed in the archway between the bedroom and the bathroom, the figure of a man. It looked like one of the servants, black faced and wearing a long white *kanzu*. Her first reaction was one of outrage that he should be there while she was dressing. But Charles had sent all the servants out for the evening . . . so who was this intruder?

Dorothy was a woman of courage, and a rising sense of anger bagan to replace her initial shock. She turned from her dressing table, to order this visitant out of her bedroom. Facing the open archway to the bathroom, she looked again, increduously. There was no one there.

1960, December 31.

Mahenge, Ulanga District, Eastern Province, Tanganyika.

That evening there was to be a party, given by the M.O. and his wife in their house on the lower slopes of Mhulu. I had been playing tennis on the concrete court below the prison, partnering the Doctor's wife against the Settlement Officer and his wife. We began around 5 o'clock, after the office had closed and when it had started to get a bit cooler. Before long, however, it began to get dark; and, telling the others that I'd see them again shortly, I made my way back, up the red earth road between the high whitewashed wall of the prison compound and the line of mimosa trees, to my house in the *Boma*.

I was rather proud of my house. It formed part of the old German fort, and boasted two storeys and a crenellated tower with wide eaves overhanging the first floor verandahs both back and front. As a bachelor, it was the first proper house I had ever had, the first place of my own, other than my quarters in the Army and my rooms at Oxford, on which I could impose my personality – and I took trouble with its furnishing. The heavy old German furniture was pretty uncompromising however, and I did not feel particularly successful in my attempts to dominate the atmosphere of the house. But it always gave me a feeling of superiority to climb my wooden stairs to go to bed, while all the other European officials, their wives and families lived in bungalows.

Swinging my tennis racket, I ran up the steps to the double front doors. The hall, which was panelled in dark wood for some 4 feet from the ground, was almost in darkness. I went straight upstairs, where just enough light came through the westward-facing windows for me to see that the door of the spare bedroom was open. This rather surprised me. I always kept the door of that room locked, unless I happened to be putting up the occasional visitor, or myself had occasion to go into the room – both of which were rare events. When I had first moved into the house, I had tried once or twice to use the spare room as a painting room: as a hobby, I dabbled in watercolours and had been hoping to make some pictures of the fairly dramatic scenery round Mahenge, especially the shadow-splotched rock outcrops contrasted against the dense thickets of thorn trees and creepers, the sun-bleached grass and the extravagance of the plantains. But somehow when I got out my paints and began to work in that room, I could never fully concentrate on what I was doing, to the extent of becoming fully absorbed in my work. There seemed always to be a faint consciousness of distraction, a formless but irritating sense that I was not alone in my painting, but that some other presence was about to disturb me. In the end, I gave up trying to paint altogether, and concentrated on improving my tennis: by this time, too, I was more than half in love with the Doctor's wife.

My first thought on seeing the door open, was that someone had tried to burgle my house; though even with things as they were at the time, shortly before Independence, this was almost unheard of in a place like Mahenge. In any case, I had virtually nothing in the house that an African would find it worth his while to steal.

Because I was going out for the evening, and would not be requiring a meal at home, I had given my cook-and-house boy, Anselm, the afternoon and evening off; and this rather strengthened the possibility of an intruder. I did not think it likely that Anselm could have opened the door, and left it open.

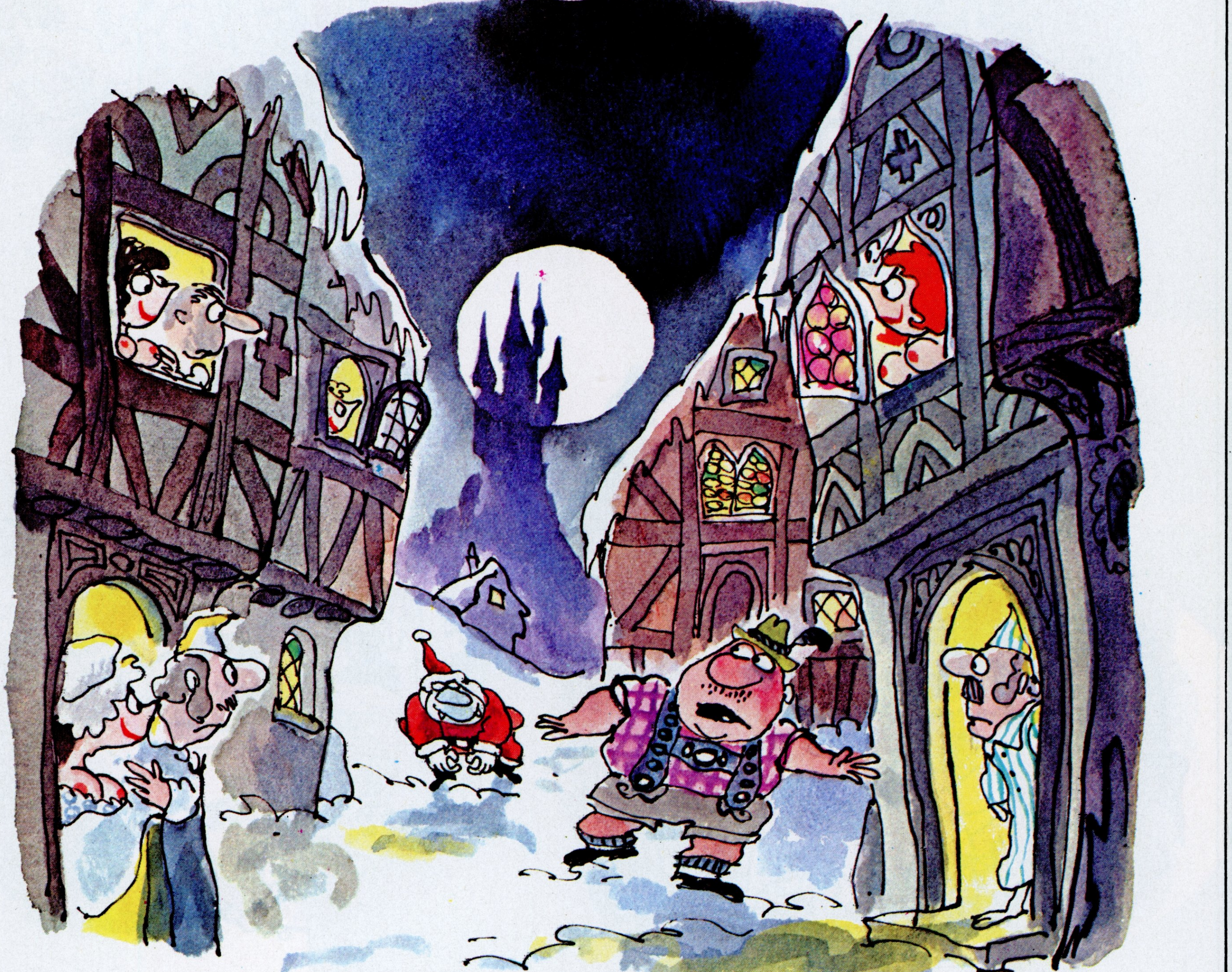
I crossed the landing, opened the door fully, and took two or three paces into the shadowy room. Then I froze in my tracks. A shiver ran up my spine, and quite literally I could feel the hair at the back of my head stand on end. In the open archway opposite the door through which I had come, leading on into the tower, stood the figure of a man, an African. I saw his dark skinned face; and that he wore a long white *kanzu*. Then, as I stared in horror, he melted away. All I could see was the glimmer of the rising moon on the whitewashed wall of the tower beyond the archway. I turned, and hurried out of the room. Not knowing quite what to do, I automatically went through the motions of what I had in any case been intending, and went out to have a bath in the new bathroom that had been built behind the house. As I lay in the hot water, I found myself wondering just what I had seen. Had it been simply the moonlight on the wall and had my eyes deceived me, coming into the darkness of the house?

Still wondering, and not a little shaken, I drove out to the party, to be asked why I looked so pale 'Have you seen a ghost?' asked the District Commissioner. 'I think I probably have,' I replied, gratefully accepting a strong glass of whisky. I was then told the story of von Hassel's servant's death by the M.O., who had been on the station since the time Charles Beauclerk returned there as District Commissioner at the end of the War. I hadn't heard the story before, and I still don't entirely believe that what I saw was merely a trick of the eyes or the moonlight on the whitewashed wall.

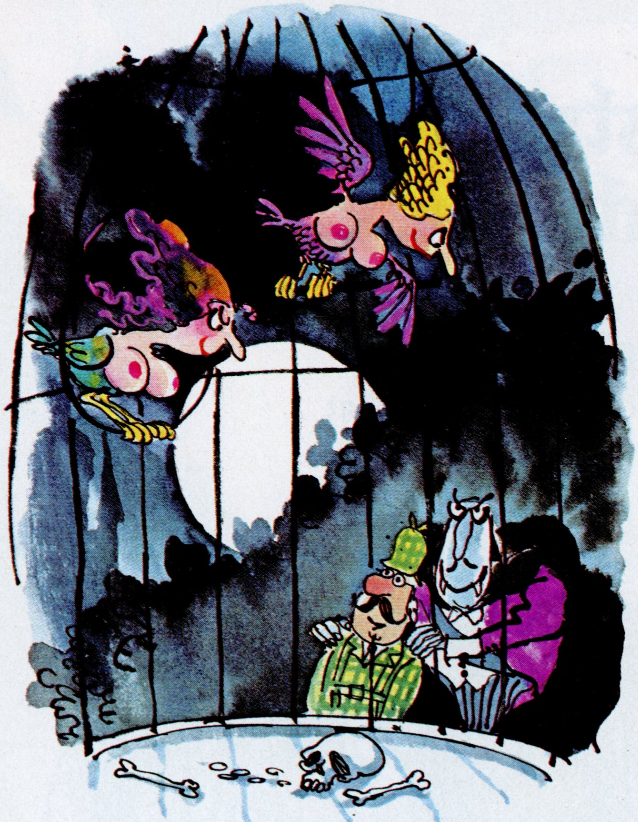
If you have any explanation to put forward for the above incidents or have been subject to a similar experience, please write to: Ian Penn, Mayfair, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2.

Christmas with Count Dracula

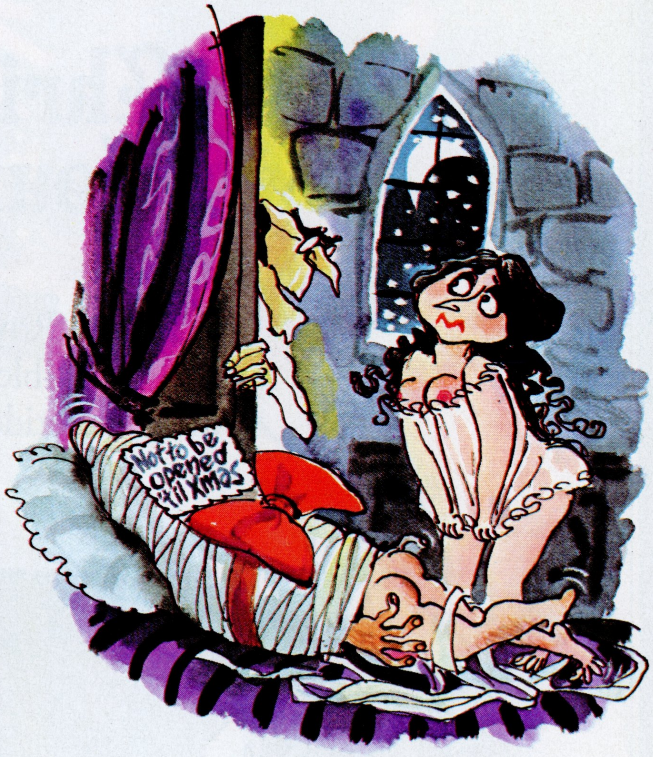
Cartoonist Roy Raymonde gloats
over the full-blooded festivities that
mark yuletide in Transylvania



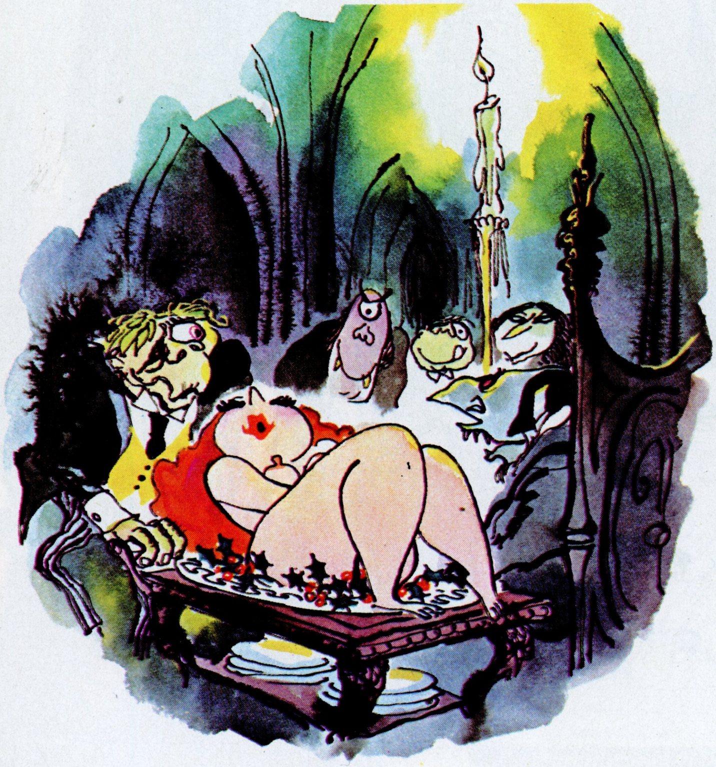
'Lock up your womenfolk – it's Grøpeman – son of Santa Claus!!'



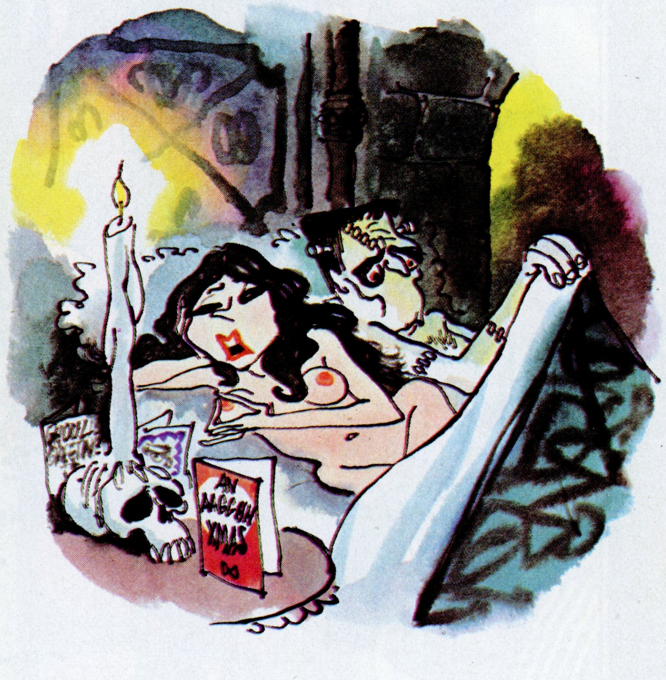
'I appreciate your seasonal hospitality, Herr Count – but you won't get me up in one of those things.'


Not to be opened till XMAS

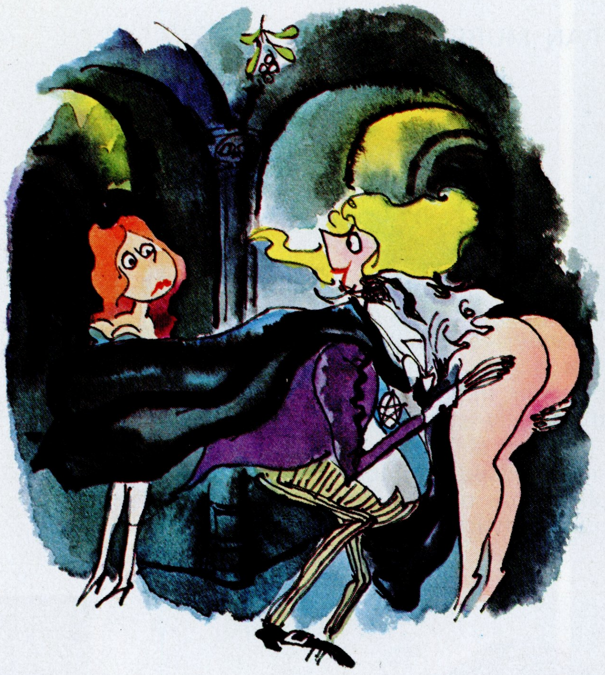
'Tut-tut, Madam Frankenstein, my love – you've been peeping!'



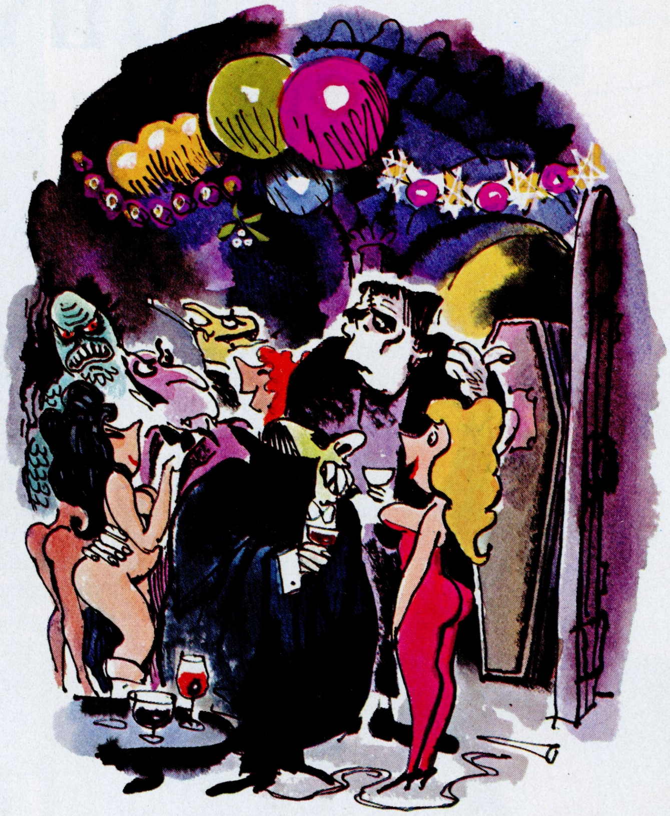
'Don't deny it, Ghoul – you've been having a crafty nibble at the pudding again!'


AN AAGGHH XMAS

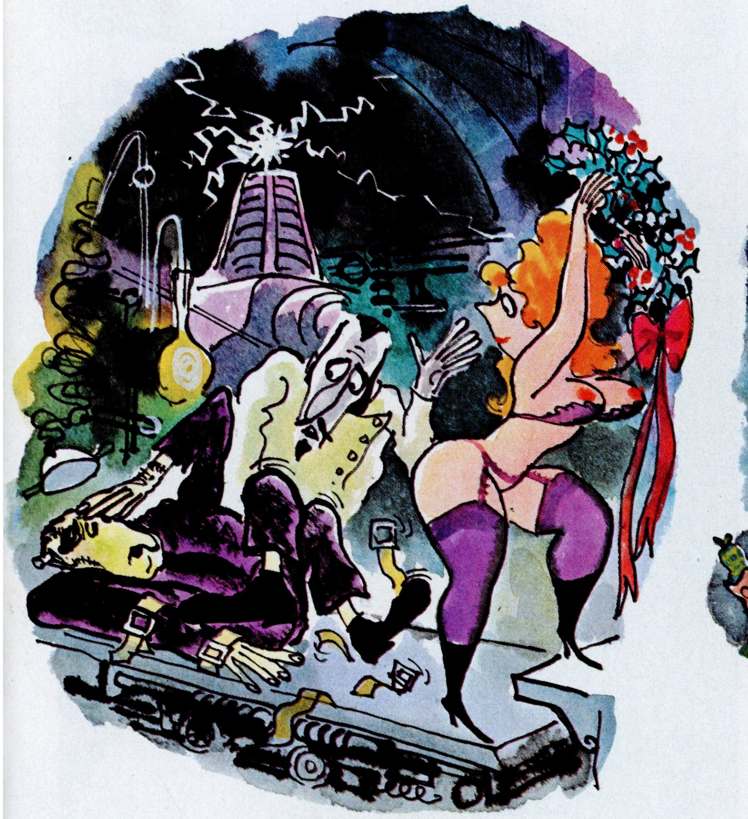
'One thing's for sure – he never improved on the 1901 prototype.'



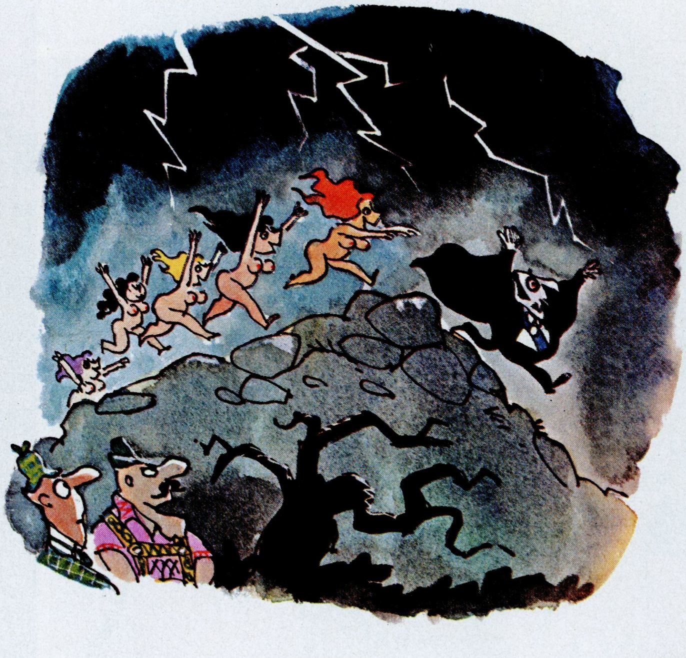
'I know the old boy's getting on a bit, but he's much more imaginative since he lost his fangs.'



'It's the fellow from downstairs – says he's on nights if we don't mind.'



'For pity's sake, Zelda – have a heart. His stitches aren't out yet!'



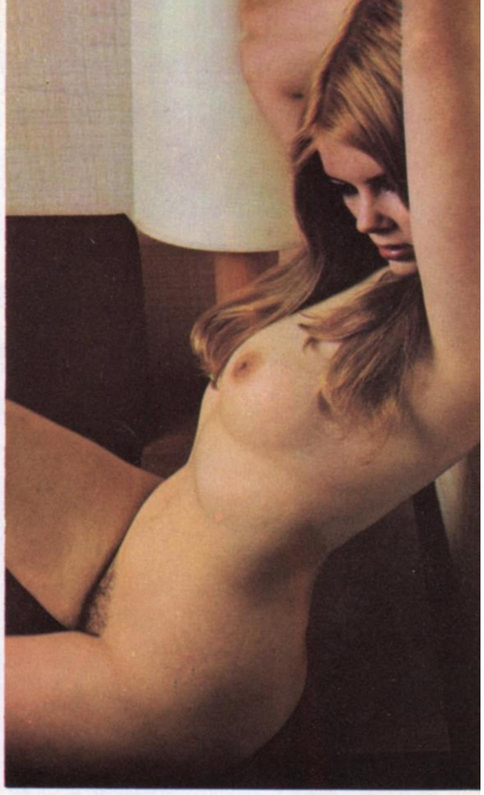
'It's an old Boxing Day custom around these parts – it keeps him quiet 'til Walpurgisnacht.'

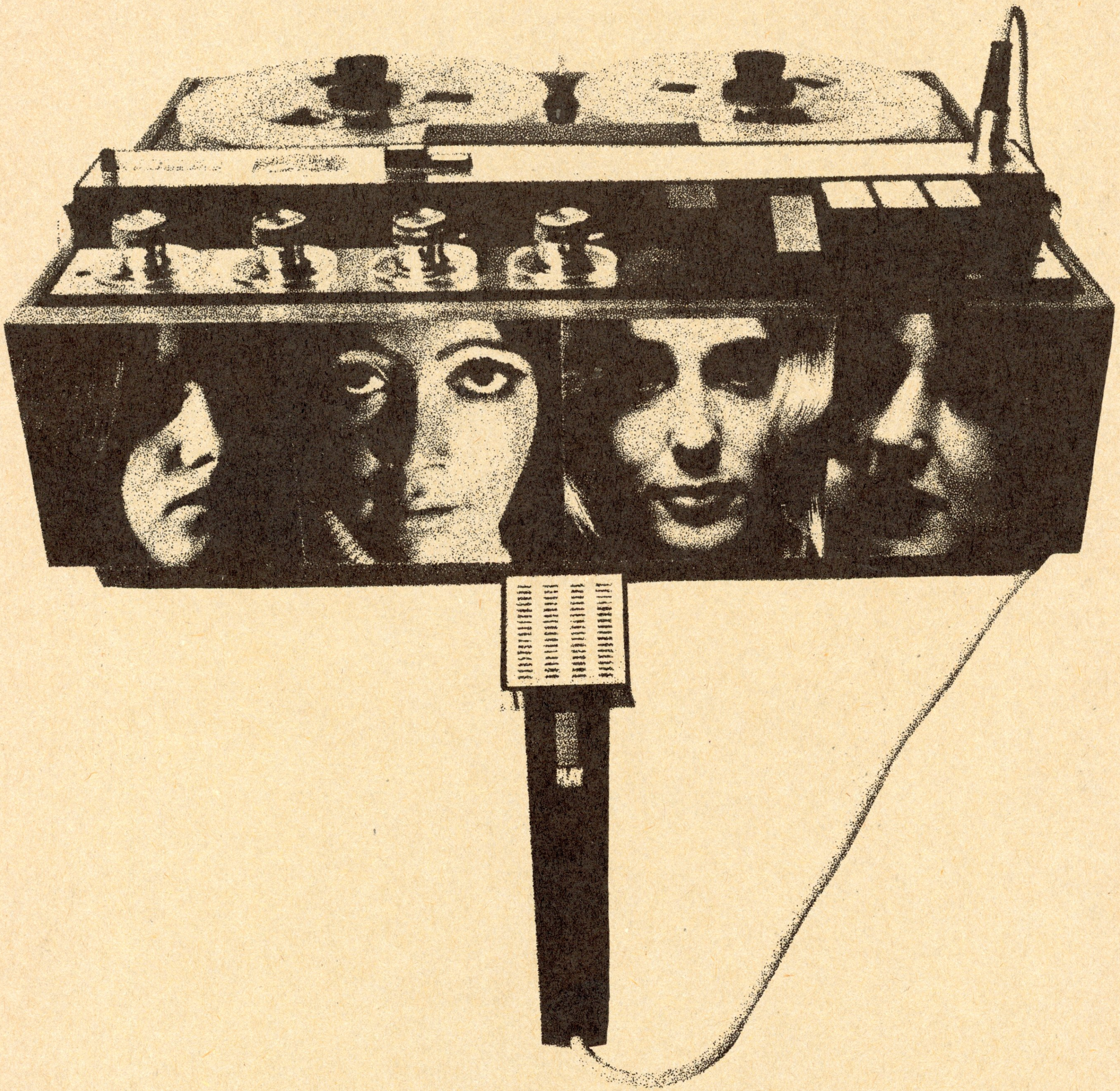
KAREN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIRAN MURPHY

At 19 Karen Townsend likes being in her own boots. 'I've never wanted to be anyone but me,' she says. The carpet it seems, is green enough on her own side of the bed. Then laughing – which she does rarely – she pretends it's not the wine suffusing the colour in her face. Nor is it erotic fancy. Perhaps other girls' fantasies begin rising to the surface under intimate conviviality, but not Karen's. 'All girls have moments when they really let go – especially quiet girls like me.' So still waters run deep and Karen is still and quiet enough in the solitude of her self-contained Amersham flat deep in Buckinghamshire's gin and jodphur belt, to impress her singular depth of spirit upon you. But there are certain ways some men have of churning her up inside. 'It's all to do

with the way they touch and where.' There is the hollow of her back where her waist tucks in to 24 inches, the straight line of her neck, the undersides of her 36 inch breasts, the soft inside surfaces of her outstretched thighs. You could touch her in any of these places but which spot turns her on? She's not telling – the sort of girl who likes you to find out for yourself, who likes a man to take the initiative and show his hand that way. Alone, she spends long afternoons half undressed, daydreaming and when you return she can find no words to translate her dreams into. Out horse riding she finds jodphurs uncomfortable and unnecessary. She gets away and alone on horseback in button down Levis and she has no taste for gin. Saturday afternoons you might find her swimming at Burnham in a bikini she designed herself but back in her flat she'll be in boots again.

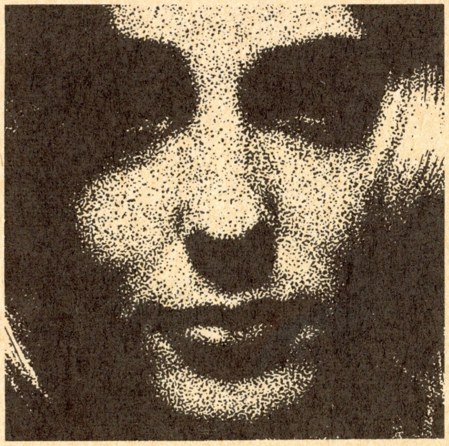




Quest

The laboratory of human response
Volume Three

If a girl could choose what she really wanted as a gift, what would it be? The answer is a large virile man. Frequently. Girls are now more willing to talk about their sexual desires and fantasies and in our latest Quest survey there is a frank acknowledgement that sheer physical sex is a dominant need for most girls. For this reason they are willing to accept that the new sex toys, now available, can help a man to give them more pleasure, more effectively, more often. Here, in the third part of our special survey on sex aids, we find a consistent acceptance of such devices, as they recount their experiences in search of sexual pleasure



INTRODUCTION

This is the third part of our special survey on Girls and Sexual Aids. During the course of our interviews we have accumulated a host of views and attitudes from girls about sex aids or sex toys. When we began this survey we had in mind a third part which would pose the overall question: Do girls really approve of them? We had wondered whether there were aesthetic and psychological reasons for girls to find them basically unacceptable. Did their feminine and perhaps romantic view of love and sex find itself at odds with rubber, sprays, gels and lotions. The answer was an overwhelming no. As our survey progressed we found a more basic question emerging: What do girls really want from the sex act? This question must be defined nicely. We do not mean what does a girl want from a sex relationship. The answer here might be security, love, affection, a home, children, recognition, etc. We mean, from the sex act itself. The answer appears to be, in basic language, a thoroughly good humping. Not roughness, not violence, certainly not sadism, but a strong physical act that leaves them in no doubt what they have been having. There may be great truth in the old saying: sore but satisfied.

We believe the expression of this view to be a new one. Hitherto girls have probably been inhibited in expressing this desire in physical terms. It was not quite done and, anyway, hinted at nymphomania, and we all know nymphomaniacs are maladjusted. Today the sex shops and mail order firms are a sounding board for women's true desires. The basic pattern of buying, and the views expressed to us, leave the answer in no doubt: a long strong phallus.

The great weight of this evidence comes in nuances from general interviews and from specific expressions in the course of an interview. There were, however, some interviews where the very core of the discussion included this concept. We print three here, including our first ever interview with two girls at once.

Their stories are interesting reflections on modern sexual mores.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Manageress, 29 years old, brunette, town of origin Weston Super Mare

This interviewee was a married woman without children. She had had a successful business career both before and after her marriage five years ago. She had been involved in a number of shops and boutiques and was now the manageress of a dress boutique, with a share in the business. She was a full-figured sensual woman of the Elizabeth Taylor type.

Quest: You seemed quite wary when I first spoke to you.

Manageress: So would you be. Chatted up in a sex shop. You might have been a dirty old man.

Quest: They exist only in the minds of old Fleet Street feature writers and woman columnists in trendy Sunday papers.

Manageress: As a matter of fact I thought you fancied me. I was quite disappointed it was only to talk on *Quest*.

Quest: I may well fancy you, but first I want to ask you some questions.

Manageress: It's OK, I'm only kidding. I probably wouldn't be any good with another man. It's sometimes like that.

Quest: Do you like sex?

Manageress: Show me a girl who doesn't if the man and circumstances are right.

Quest: And your circumstances are right?

Manageress: I don't know quite how to answer that. My husband likes it a lot too, thank goodness.

Quest: What were you doing in the sex shop?

Manageress: Buying contraceptives.

Quest: Do you buy the contraceptives in your house?

Manageress: Not usually but I do more now these sex shops have opened. My boutique is near one and it's easier for me.

Quest: You're not embarrassed?

Manageress: Not at all. A wise old Frenchman once said to me that you could always tell when a girl was getting it regularly. He put it more elegantly than that, but he is right. To be honest I get a sort of thrill from knowing that men look at me and knowing I can always get it. Does that sound bad?

Quest: It sounds good sense. What sort of contraceptives were you buying?

Manageress: I was buying one of those tickler things to be honest.

Quest: To improve your sex life?

Manageress: No to try anything once, I suppose. There's a lot to sex you know.

Quest: I would very much like you to help me if you will. You have a full sex life and I'd like you to talk about your technique as a sensual woman. Today for instance, if a woman feels like sex she can show it. How do you do this?

Manageress: Depends on what kind of sex I feel in need of. There's many, you know. Hard sex almost brutal, or soft feminine looking-after-me type sex. A woman can have many moods. All this Woman's Lib stuff goes over my head. They want to tie me to one role. I like to be all things.

Quest: Suppose it was hard sex as you call it?

Manageress: I suppose lust is another word for it. But at least we are being honest about it now. If only people realised how many hot-blooded wives at four o'clock in the afternoon may suddenly get this great fruity feeling for sex. That's why all this stuff about the coalman and the milkman, in my opinion. Women do feel like sex at these times of day, it's not only soft lights and bedtime. They want their man to come rushing in and take them there and then . . .

Quest: So what do you do under these circumstances when you feel like that?

Manageress: I'm lucky. Bill gets in at five so I don't have long to wait.

Quest: But how do you show him you feel like sex?

Manageress: I have several ways but you will probably think I'm, we're a bit kinky.

Quest: I doubt if I will. Please tell me.

Manageress: Bill still loves stockings and suspenders. Most men do. I have this midiskirt I think suits me a lot. My waist is good and it falls well from the hips. I wear my boots but under it I put these black nylon stockings. You can still get them quite easily, it's surprising. Then this suspender belt.

Quest: And pants?

Manageress: Sometimes. Sometimes a red pair I've got, and sometimes a see-through pair, and sometimes none. The red pair are these split crotch type.

Quest: And above the waist?

Manageress: Sweater and bra mainly.

Quest: Then what happens?

Manageress: I'm normally in the kitchen when he comes in. I make sure a contraceptive is handy because I'm not on the pill. That's one reason why I buy them. I love these very silky lubricated ones. It makes it all much easier. Anyway, Bill comes in and I give him a kiss as usual only it's more urgent, wet, you know. He normally gives my boobs a squeeze and then I push myself against him, my pelvis, you know.

Quest: And he gets the message?

Manageress: He certainly does. If he doesn't I lean back against the dresser or something and the skirt falls open. That always gets him.

Quest: And what happens?

Manageress: He grabs me and kisses me very passionately. Then his hand is up my skirt and he's fondling me and squeezing me. Quite brutally you know. I'm ready right then.

Quest: Does he touch your breasts?

Manageress: Sometimes. He just pushes up my sweater and grabs. But sometimes we don't even bother. Then he just whips it out and he's jabbing at me. That's what I want, that's what I've been getting hot about. It's gorgeous.

Quest: And the contraceptive?

Manageress: Sometimes he puts it on when I give it to him. But sometimes he makes me.

Quest: And you enjoy it?

Manageress: Yes, yes. I do. Sometimes he just unzips himself with this great gesture. I very lovingly smooth the contraceptive over it. I really enjoy that. It's the thought of the pleasure to come. Then he advances on me. Sometimes he even chases me. But I know what's coming. That's the way sex should be. Rough and crude. No wonder those women's magazine stories used to make me sick. They don't know what sex is. Sex is being chased round the room by a man with all his lust showing. And if he catches you he has you, and you know he's going to. I'm sorry, I'm on my hobby horse again. It's just that I think sex should be a jolly old rough and tumble.

Quest: And do you sometimes use some of these special contraceptives, the ones with bits on?

Manageress: Charming way you put it. Yes, we've tried several although they're a bit expensive. There was one with little knobs on that really got me going. I suppose it was like being had by an oak tree. One of the others just tickled and made me laugh. But then I'm lucky. I've got Bill and he's well endowed. Good luck to anybody who needs them.

Quest: But when I met you you were buying a tickler?

Manageress: Yes, but not a contraceptive sort. The sort that fits round the base of a man's thing and tickles when you're pressed together.

Quest: Why did you want to try that?

Manageress: Sensation, I suppose. I'm a sensuous hussy don't you know. I just want to hold on to that moment when Bill's in me and we are so close. And it works quite well. I get shivery all over. It gets Bill going again quickly too. I suppose it's the result of a warm wet woman shuddering against him. I do go on, don't I?

Quest: I'm glad you do. It's refreshing.

Two **Secretary, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin Macclesfield**

Secretary, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Enfield

This is the first occasion on which we have conducted an interview with two girls at the same time. The first girl, although the younger, was a natural leader; a cheerful, intelligent girl who seemed very self sufficient. She had gone from a secondary school to a secretarial college and by her third job was the personal secretary to a wholesale grocer. She shared a flat with the second interviewee and two other girls.

The second girl was tall and slim and generally shyer and less confident although older than the first. She had gone from a grammar school to a secretarial college and had had two jobs. She was the personal secretary to a wine merchant.

Quest: Since this is the first time we have carried out an interview with two girls I am going to call you by your names or else the interview will not make sense, but the names will be altered. Is that OK?

Mary: As long as you remember to alter the names.

Linda: Yes.

Quest: Now you are both secretaries and you share a flat. What you're going to tell me about is your boyfriend, Mary, and his name is Duncan. Again, I will alter his name.

Mary: Yes.

Quest: And he's been your boyfriend for six months. Are you in love with him?

Mary: Not to want to marry him or anything. He's good fun and nice looking and things but nothing deeper than that.

Quest: But he is definitely your regular boyfriend?

Mary: Oh yes. But he fancies Linda as well.

Quest: Is that so, Linda?

Linda: I suppose so. He's a bit randy you know and likes to chat everyone up.

Quest: And you don't mind this?

Linda: I haven't actually encouraged him or set out to make a pass at him or anything. He's Mary's boyfriend.

Quest: And, Mary, do you and Duncan have sex together?

Mary: Not very often. He can't very often stay the night. He hasn't got a place to go to of his own, and round here with four girls it's always bedlam until about midnight. But I like a bit sometimes. Most girls do. Linda's the same. She hasn't got a regular, but tell him about Monty, Lin . . .

Quest: Tell me about him . . .

Linda: It's nothing. Just a married man I met on holiday and we had a bit of an affair. But it's all over now. It's just he was very sexy. Or experienced I should say.

Quest: And do you have sex with your boyfriends?

Linda: I did with Monty but I don't usually.

Quest: Now Mary said she had something to tell about sex aids. Can we get back to that?

Mary: What a giggle. You only want to know about us two ruined girls.

Quest: Tell me more.

Mary: Lindy and I sometimes meet for lunch. We were having a bit of a giggle and I was saying that Duncan wasn't very good. Not for a big brawny Scotsman. Not that he's got an accent or anything. We were saying about Scotsmen being all promise with their sporrans and no results. Anyway, Lindy said I ought to send for some of that spray, men can use.

Quest: What spray?

Mary: Oh come off it. You're from Mayfair. They advertise it in that. You spray it on your thing and it won't go down. Haven't you used it?

Quest: I won't answer that for the moment if you don't mind. So what happened?

Mary: Well Duncan's birthday was coming up so we thought it would be fun to send him some. So we got a copy of the magazine and found the address and sent off. It was smaller than I thought it would be.

Quest: You'd be the first to complain if it was. They're meant to be discreet.

Mary: I suppose so. Anyway we did it up in a fancy paper parcel and gave it to him for his birthday.

Quest: You both did?

Mary: Yes for a laugh. I had already got another nice present for him from me. This was only a giggle.

Quest: And what happened when he got it?

Mary: Funny really, he blushed. We were both there when he opened it. He had come round the flat and he looked surprised. I think we'd shocked him a bit. Anyway, he and I were going out to dinner so we left after that. By the time we got back I was a bit tiddly, we'd had a lot to drink. That always makes Duncan randy. I couldn't keep his hands out of my knickers.

Quest: Did it matter?

Mary: Not at all. The other two girls were away. It was the day after a Bank Holiday and they hadn't come back. Just Linda was there. Linda and I share a bedroom but good old Lindy was sleeping in one of the other bedrooms.

Quest: So that you could go to bed with Duncan?

Mary: Well. Just in case. Anyway, obviously Duncan was after his birthday treat so we went in the bedroom. Old Duncan soon had me starkers but I don't need much pushing. I really had to persuade him to take his trousers off. I think Scotsmen think we'll steal them. Or some border raiders will appear in the middle of the night. Anyway, we were laughing and rolling around and suddenly Linda came in.

Linda: I only came to tell you to shut up. Or see what was going on.

Mary: Yes, love. But you were wearing your sexy see-through nightie.

Linda: It's not see-through.

Mary: It's sexy though, you can't deny that.

Linda: Well, a bit.

Mary: Anyway, Linda went back to bed and Duncan became all serious and then I remembered the spray. I said if he wanted to do it he had to use it to see if it worked. He said he couldn't as you couldn't use it and a French letter but I said that was just an excuse. He was very embarrassed, it was so funny. Anyway I get a bit like that when I'm tiddly. I got him to give me the spray and then I grabbed him and got him going.

Quest: Got him going?

Mary: Made him big and strong with my cool elegant fingers.

Quest: I see.

Mary: And then I suddenly gave it a good spray. It sent me into fits of giggles. Like spraying a prize marrow. I was rolling up but Duncan didn't see the joke. He said it wasn't working. It didn't make any difference. He looked so annoyed that I stopped laughing and gave him this big sexy kiss. That always gets a man down to business. Then I rubbed myself against his chest. In my silky nightie it feels super. Anyway, he grabbed me and we began a big session. By the time I was worked up it was all passion. Duncan stopped and put on his contraceptive and we got going again. He just sort of laid me on my back and we had it together. It didn't feel any different from usual and anyway I'm always over the hill very quickly. Duncan's normally the same but this time I thought 'Hello he's bashing on a bit'. It wasn't until later that I realised he hadn't come. He just knelt up from me and I saw his thing as big as ever. Then he suddenly said 'The present was from Linda too, wasn't it?', and he got off the bed and went out the door. I must have been more tiddly than I thought because I just lay back on the bed and giggled.

Quest: And what happened?

Mary: You'd better ask Linda.

Quest: Over to you Linda.

Linda: It wasn't my fault. I still feel awful.

Mary: Come off it Linda you loved it.

Linda: Well, it wasn't my fault. There I was all snuggled up in bed. I was reading this book and I get all snuggled up when in comes Duncan and nips into bed with me.

Quest: Did you object?

Linda: I didn't have much chance, he just grabbed me. From behind. And anyway it was Mary's boyfriend not mine.

Quest: Had you fancied him?

Linda: Well he can be quite dishy.

Quest: And what did he do?

Linda: He climbed in behind me and put his arms round me. So I said 'What about Mary?', and he said she was happy and he had to give me a present. Then I could feel him pressing against my bottom. It was very sexy. And he didn't stop there. He put his hands on my nipples and I'm very sensitive there. He can be very sensitive when he likes, can Duncan. He made me feel very achy. Then he pulled up my nightie and rolled me towards him and was kissing my nipples. I couldn't do a thing. He was so randy. He was saying all sorts of things which he didn't mean and I was beginning to twist. Then suddenly I suppose I wanted him. He was on top of me and sort of pushing me with his tummy. I said I didn't want to let him because of Mary but he said Mary didn't mind, she knew he was with me. Then he said 'It is my birthday,' and grinned in that nice way he has. So I let him. I felt awful afterwards.

Quest: But it didn't feel awful at the time?

Linda: I suppose not.

Mary: Go on Linda. It was marvellous. Tell him what you told me.

Quest: Go on.

Linda: I should never have told you. I don't have sex very often. I'm, well a bit of a funny shape, or something, boys tell me.

Mary: She means the boys can't find it.

Linda: Shut up, Mary. That's it though. But Duncan did. I didn't have to guide him at all. He was just there and he was very slow. It just went in a little way and then it kept going in. He really is sexy. You'd better hold on to him Mary.

Quest: And did you have an orgasm?

Linda: Yes, I did. In for a penny in for a pound I thought. I was exhausted afterwards.

Quest: And how about Duncan?

Mary: I know because I came in then. He was still quite frisky. We all lay on the bed together and it took him a long time to go down completely. He was very pleased with himself. I think that's why it didn't matter. You know, I didn't feel bad about it. Men are a bit absurd at times, aren't they?

Quest: I expect so.

Mary: But nothing like that has happened since. We live our chaste lives, don't we Lindy, waiting for some gorgeous man to come along . . .

Three **Fashion designer, 22 years old, blonde, town of origin Southampton**

This interviewee was an extremely beautiful girl with a lovely voice, but a little remote in her manner. She had gone from grammar school to college where she had studied fashion design. She now worked in a commercial art studio. She shared a flat with one other girl.

Quest: I think you've got the sexiest voice of anybody I have ever talked to in this Quest series.

Designer: I am very glad.

Quest: We have talked quite a lot together, although not as a Quest interview and I would like to crystallise your thoughts about certain things we have discussed.

Designer: Carry on.

Quest: You are an extremely beautiful and attractive girl but you do not consider yourself sexually happy.

Designer: That is not quite true. I do not find that sex is the delirious fantastic experience that all the writers say it is. I think everyone's obsessed with sex, and I'm not.

Quest: But do you not enjoy sex?

Designer: Frankly, probably no. I probably would with the right person in the right place but sex isn't like that normally.

Quest: Would you consider yourself frigid?

Designer: Frankly, yes. I suppose that is how a doctor would describe it.

Quest: Have you ever been to a doctor about it?

Designer: Good Lord, no. I went to one once but he wanted me to take my knickers off and his receptionist wasn't there and it was obvious he only wanted to try and have sex with me or play with me. I've known people like that before.

Quest: Such as?

Designer: A dentist for one. Kept persuading me to have a knock-out thing for a filling. So I did. When I came to, my knees were all apart and I just know he'd had his hands up my skirt. My knickers felt different.

Quest: Didn't he have a receptionist?

Designer: Lot of good she was. She was in it too. She was grinning away. Probably some awful lesbian or girl who gets thrills from seeing men do things to other girls. I don't mind if dentists do it to middle-aged women who need the thrill. But I don't.

Quest: So in general you keep your knickers on?

Designer: Yes.

Quest: But you are not a virgin?

Designer: You know perfectly well that I'm not.

Quest: Would you tell me the men you've had sex with?

Designer: You've asked me this before. There were two men when I was small or rather younger. Not under age or anything. I didn't know what I was doing. But they don't matter. Then Tom and this man Arnold.

Quest: Did you have a lot of sex with Tom?

Designer: Two or three times. You know about him. He was married and I wanted it to work but after two tries we obviously weren't suited sexually and we drifted apart.

Quest: Did you ever really have sex with him? Did he fully penetrate you?

Designer: What a biological question. Not really, as a matter of fact. But it shouldn't be necessary to have full penetration to get sexual satisfaction. We didn't get that.

Quest: Were you secretly scared of sexual intercourse?

Designer: Isn't every girl every time? After all, she might get pregnant. A poor unwanted baby and her life ruined. I don't want that, no thank you. Do you blame me?

Quest: You know I don't. But couldn't contraceptive precautions be taken? Couldn't you go on the Pill?

Designer: What, and get fat and drop dead from thrombosis at 27. Not likely.

Quest: Well, condoms or something?

Designer: Or what? They can fail you know. All authorities admit there is no guaranteed safe way.

Quest: So pregnancy is your great fear?

Designer: Yes it is, and I'm proud of it.

Quest: So what about Arnold?

Designer: Well that's it, isn't it. He conned me into thinking it could be safe.

Quest: Will you tell me about it?

Designer: If you like, but its a sordid story. I was a fool.

Quest: Please go on.

Designer: I've known Arnold for some time and he is always on at me to have sex with him.

Quest: Just like that?

Designer: Not really. He can be very pleasant. He takes me out to dinner and can be extremely interesting and inspiring almost. Sometimes we have kissed and fondled and things like that but I had never let him make love to me or anything of that ilk. However, he was very persistent and he often said to me that a girl needs a man for that, biologically. And, of course, he is right.

Quest: In what way, exactly?

Designer: The fluids of the body, and the mental equilibrium. I am not explaining it very well but the act of sex is a balancing factor of nature. Arnold is very much better at it than I am. Anyway, we talked about this a lot and I explained to him that I was not really prepared to let him have sex with me unless he could absolutely guarantee that I would not get pregnant. This is where he was very clever. He produced this catalogue of these sex products and among them was this special contraceptive with this extra spermicide in it. Anyway, after a long discussion I agreed it would be good for me.

Quest: So what happened then?

Designer: Oh nothing, then. We didn't just

get down to it, of course. But it was tacitly agreed between us that next time he tried his advances I would co-operate. I knew it wouldn't be long.

Quest: And it wasn't?

Designer: No, indeed. About four nights later Arnold rang up. I was having a quiet evening at home in the flat. Arnold knew I would be alone since Susie my flat mate is an air stewardess and she had just gone off on one of her long-haul trips. I was going to have an early night and in fact I was already in my nightie. I was in the living room watching television. Luckily I hadn't washed my hair as intended or I would have been in my 'wiggies'. Arnold turned up a few minutes later with a bottle of wine. One of my favourites: Gumpoldskirschner – an Austrian wine I'd first had when ski-ing. I knew why he'd brought it off course, to lower my resistance but it was nice of him to pick that particular wine, and I must confess I did feel a little sexy curled up in an armchair, knowing I had no knickers on under my nightie, and knowing that he knew, too.

Quest: And things progressed?

Designer: Indeed. Arnold was very sweet to me and was kissing me very gently and when the television programme ended and the wine was finished he suggested we should go into the bedroom. This is it, I thought.

Quest: And was it?

Designer: Once we were in the bedroom and I was in bed, Arnold began undressing. But first of all I wanted to know more about the contraceptive and he showed me the packet. Not that that was much good because it was in German. But it certainly had this pill thing in the bottom so it was obviously a genuine thing. Arnold climbed into bed and he had nothing on and I cuddled up to him and really it was quite sexy. He lifted up my nightie and it was all very pleasantly basic, if you understand. Arnold didn't seem in any rush for that act at all, he was mostly gently caressing my breasts and then kissing them and at one point he turned me on my face and gave me little kisses all the way from my neck to my bottom. When he first touched me down there I must have stiffened a bit but he was very gentle and seemed to get me ready quite well. Then he carefully rolled me on my back and I spread my legs ready. He began to push it in and it wasn't difficult at all. He paused after a moment and just left it there. Just in me, you know. It was quite pleasant and I thought for a moment that I was going to enjoy the whole thing very much.

Quest: And you didn't?

Designer: Arnold began to go deeper and more violent and I was just responding when suddenly the thought flashed on me, supposing it broke and before this pill thing was working. It made me tense up and suddenly I didn't want to go through with it. I drew away and burst into tears. Arnold was very good but it obviously was unsatisfactory for him. He comforted me, bless him, and we both fell asleep. In the morning I felt awful.

Quest: And that was the end of it?

Designer: Indeed, no. We talked about it a lot afterwards and I tried to explain how I felt. It would be so awful to get pregnant. Then Arnold said leave it to him and he had an idea.

Quest: And had he?

Designer: Yes, he had, and I think now he knew he was being unfair.

Quest: Tell me more.

Designer: He said if I was scared of a contraceptive breaking and pregnancy there were especially strong ones. He showed me this catalogue, and later on he showed me one and it was this extremely thick rubber and even I could see that that wouldn't break. Then came this terrible evening. Again Susie was away and Arnold and I had been to the local pub. I had had this great success at the studio with these designs that had been accepted in total and I was very happy and we got a bit tanked up. I see now that it must have been part of Arnold's plan. By the time we got back to the flat we were very loving. I was very grateful to Arnold for all he had done and it had been a happy day. When we got inside we were cuddling in the armchair and Arnold wanted us to make love.

Quest: Using this special contraceptive?

Designer: Indeed. I was leaning back in this armchair and Arnold got up. He made me sit in this hard high back chair and then he knelt down and put my legs on his shoulder. He then put his hands up my skirt to my bottom and made me lift while he worked my tights off my bottom. Then he rolled them down my legs very slowly. He put my legs down and was kissing me and putting his hand up my skirt. I was a little more receptive than normal. He then rolled my panties down over my hips and down my legs. Then he took my skirt off as well and he was kissing my tummy. He wanted to kiss me below that as well but I put my hand in his hair and pulled his head back. He then got out this contraceptive and put it on. It was certainly thick but as I had examined it before I didn't want to look while he was putting it on. He then put his hands under my bottom and pulled me to him. With his hands under my thighs he was pushing them apart and when he began I thought I noticed it hurting slightly, but knowing me I didn't like to say anything. Then suddenly, oh gosh, he pushed this great thing right into me. I gasped and he began to push up and down. I was hard against the back of the chair and couldn't move. It was indescribable. Arnold turned into a raving maniac. He began to say obscene things and he picked me up and slammed me down again and he was still doing it. It was so painful and yet so intense I can't describe it. It was like being raped I wanted him to stop but he wouldn't and suddenly this intense feeling came over me and I felt my mind going and suddenly I had had this orgasm. I was furious, I got away and told Arnold that he was despicable and to get out. Then I cried and told him not to.

Quest: What had happened? I don't think I quite understand.

Designer: It was the contraceptive. He'd shown me one of them but the one he actually used had these little hard knobs on them. It was a sadistic streak in him. He just wanted to hurt me.

Quest: But it brought you to orgasm and I don't think you had achieved that before.

Designer: Indeed. That's why I was upset and didn't want him to leave, but it was a foul trick and I couldn't let him do it again, could I?

Quest: Difficult to answer. Depends if you enjoyed it?

Designer: Indeed not, it was practically rape.

Quest: At least you didn't get pregnant.

Designer: That's a blessing, anyway.

SURVEY SUMMARY

The interviews here were wide-ranging but they contained some common elements which are of significance.

In the first interview we talked to a woman who could only be described as 'handsome' in old-fashioned terms. She was the type of girl who is often represented as Carmen or the gipsy chief's fiery daughter. She was clear and uncluttered in her knowledge of what she wanted from sex. She was married to a man who was very compatible for her, it seemed, so instead of her needs being identified with a phantasy man or 'hero' they identified with that portion of her husband's body that gave her so much pleasure. The area of interest to her, therefore, was how to get sufficient pleasure when she wanted, and a wish, but certainly not an obsession, to experiment to increase that pleasure. Under these circumstances she found that the sexual aids directly related to the penis were of interest to her and a legitimate area of experiment. It was interesting to find a woman who was trying different contraceptives as some women try different brands of butter.

Her interest may have been centred on the phallus for a reason not included in the interview. She did mention that her husband, although she rated him a very good sexual performer, was rather inhibited in use of sexual positions. This may have stimulated her interest in getting the best possible satisfaction from face to face positions.

Interview two was unique for our Quest survey in that two girls were interviewed at the same time.

We have tried this before but never with success. Curiously enough, one of the main weaknesses is that the girls tend to indentify themselves too easily. Two girls describing a circumstance seem almost to give a cross reference to their circumstances and surroundings. In this case the girls did not seem to mind particularly if they were half identified or not. They were both of a happy go lucky nature, anyway. The instances of a shared boy friend, or rather a boy friend obliging both girls, is not unique but it does perhaps throw some interesting light on the less possessive attitude of some girls. It did not of course seem that the relationship between Mary and the boy was a very deep one and this presumably made the situation possible. What is interesting is the thought that the desensitising spray enabled the boy to satisfy one girl and immediately, without losing his erection, satisfy another. This is indeed shades of Frank Harris or Colin Wilson's 'The Labyrinth'. It may well be that all along the boy was anxious to try his luck with the second girl and it is interesting, although not significant, that in the second case he seems to have been more passionate in his technique. For him the combination of regular girl friend both squiffy and satisfied plus a reasonable excuse to visit her flatmate in the next bedroom was fortunate indeed. What was perhaps more interesting was the girls' attitude to this particular sex aid. It certainly appears to have been treated as a toy. But it was a toy to some purpose, however. And that purpose was the glorification, if that is not too pretentious, of the phallus.

In the third interview we had more unusual circumstances. The girl was certainly very beautiful, her voice was particularly attractive, and yet she was undoubtedly frigid and perhaps a little neurotic. The reason she spoke at all to Quest might need a word of explanation; it is that she knew the interviewer personally. Although not brought out in the interview, the girl had, in fact, had a fairly traumatic sexual encounter while still at school. It involved a man of 25 she was frantic about and after they had made love he told her he had taken no precautions. It was just before she was due to sit examinations which would lead to a planned career, and the fear of pregnancy wrecking these plans had left her extremely sensitive in this direction. In this case Arnold, after attempting to assuage her fears with some of the condoms that contain spermicide, realised that something more was needed. In this case one of the new sex aids came to his assistance. The condoms which have nodules and ridges on them are, in fact, very much thicker than a normal condom and might well give greater reassurance to a girl who feared a condom might tear. Whether in fact Arnold substituted a plain condom of this type for one of a rougher texture is not known. Certainly, his conduct appeared to show that he was losing patience. Although the incident brought her to orgasm it was hardly likely to ease her mental block on the subject. It was clearly a case where the girl concluded she needed sexual intercourse but was not yet able, fully, to enjoy it.

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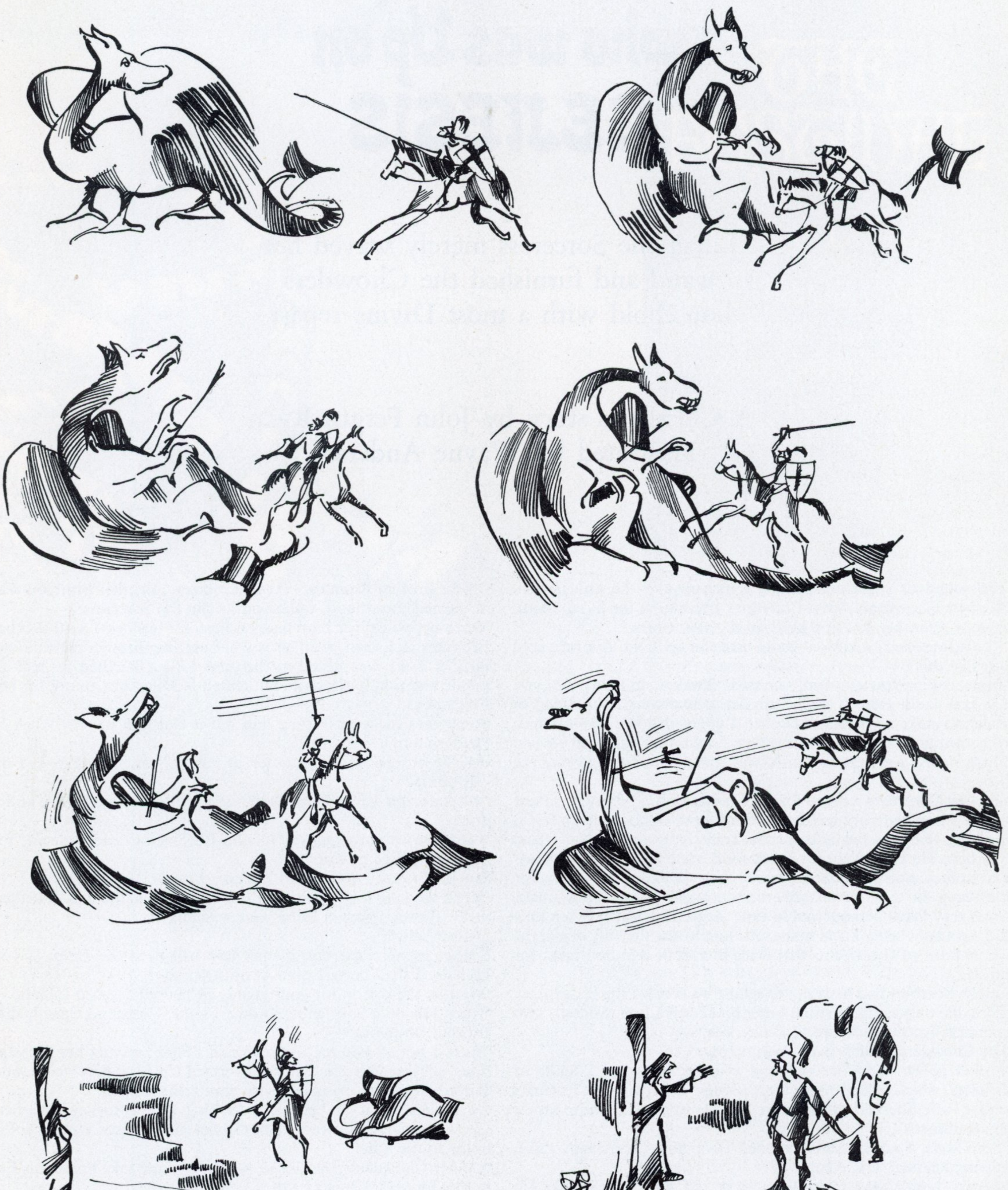
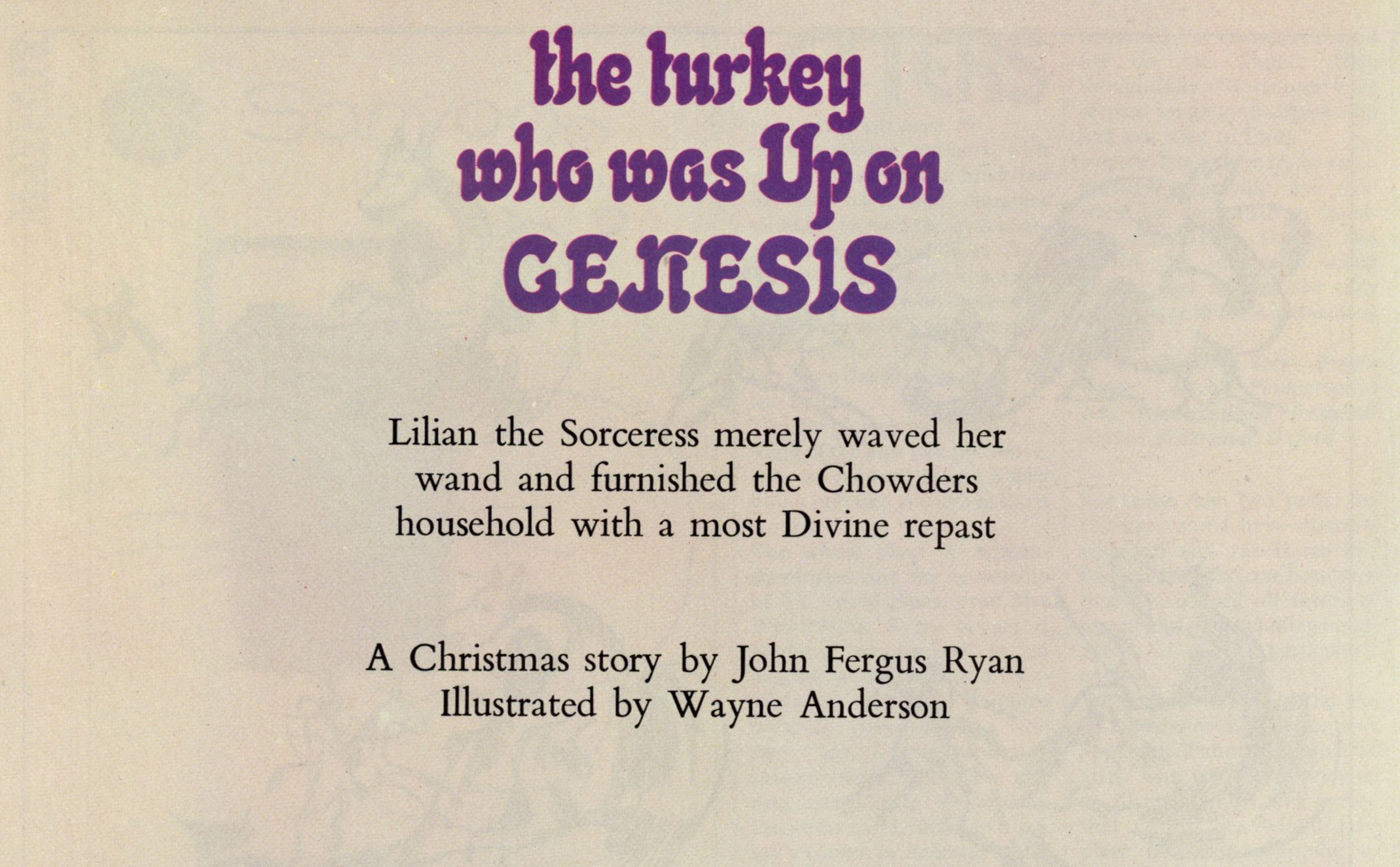


"I suppose you realize you've killed an innocent bystander – that was Puff the Magic Dragon!"



the turkey who was Up on GENESIS

Lilian the Sorceress merely waved her wand and furnished the Chowders household with a most Divine repast

A Christmas story by John Fergus Ryan
Illustrated by Wayne Anderson

The sound of someone Turning a mattress in the attic awoke Sherbert Chowders from a Christmas Eve nap in the living room. Shortly after, his wife appeared on the attic stairs.

'Reola,' he asked, 'whatever would take you up to the attic on a cold day like this?'

'I was making you up a bed,' she said. 'Sherbert, as a Provider, you are Less than. Here it is Christmas Eve and we have nothing of which to make a Christmas Dinner. I'm giving you a Few minutes to go out and bring back something Traditional on which we can Feast, or else I'm putting you Away,' she said, nodding toward the attic.

Sherbert Chowders worked for the County Zoo. The pay was Poor but he was able to bring Home a lot of food which made up for it. Nothing that was put Out for the animals to eat was safe from Sherbert. He brought home Duck food, stale bread, hay, peanuts and Lots of used wax paper drinking cups, Coloured with whatever had been In them. When Sherbert brought home the animals, food, they Went without and in time Starved to death. When they did, he would bring Them home. His family was the only one in the whole town of Gypsy Nits that Once in a while Ate lion meat for lunch.

Lately, Sherbert had been put to selling Tickets for the Rides, and, there, the only thing he could bring home was Little children, who could be Traced and were Not welcome.

The Chowders' larder, truly, Was empty.

'I shall go down to the millpond at once, and trap a Snate of Grivlets, which will be more than enough to provide a Christmas repast,' said Sherbert. 'I shall take Sherbie Junior with me to String the Hammers.'

'You leave Sherbie Junior alone! He's down the main road, Having his fun,' said Reola.

Sherbie Junior was forty-eight years old and was Simple. He weighed three hundred-and-six pounds and his thighs Rubbed together. They had to be Greased daily, else they would take Fire from the friction.

He spent his time at the crossroad near his house, Weaving in and out of traffic on a tricycle. It thrilled him so much that he would Wee Wee on himself.

'Very well,' said Sherbert. 'I shall leave him to his Own.'

'I mean business about you and the attic,' said Reola. 'If you don't bring home something good, it's Up you go! I've already cleared it with Brother Brumlow.' At that moment, Brother Brumlow was in the neighbourhood, calling on Lillian the Sorceress.

'Open up, witch, for I am here on Pastoral business!' said Brother Brumlow to Lillian when he saw her peering through the window. Such a Tone was necessary because Lillian laughed at him in public and told it Around that he had Nothing but an eye for fat, Fresh boys.

Sometimes she went further and put it Out that he was Weak in Deuteronomy.

'Maybe so,' he would counter at such times, 'but I'm Up on GENESIS!'

'What do you want, Showfolks?' asked Lillian of the Divine at her door.

'I am here with ordering you to stop Raising the dead,' he said, 'for Such is my line of work.'

'But I can really do it,' said Lillian.

'None the less, it is I who have the Degree in it,' he said. 'Further, in the future, you will Tithe your witchings!'

'Tithe? Why?'

'I plan to purchase the sawmill and will need the Help. If you hesitate, I shall bring Down a wrath on you!'

'What is the reason for your greedy behaviour?' asked Lillian.

'I am full of a substance Known as the Christmas Spirit', said Brother Brumlow.

'Such is not all you are Full of,' said Lillian, waving her Wand at him, causing him to be Transformed into a fifty-one-pound Butterball turkey, complete with corn crib and pen.

As Lillian stood in her yard, looking at the turkey, Sherbert Chowders passed, downcast, his Grivlet snare empty. He was going home to the attic.

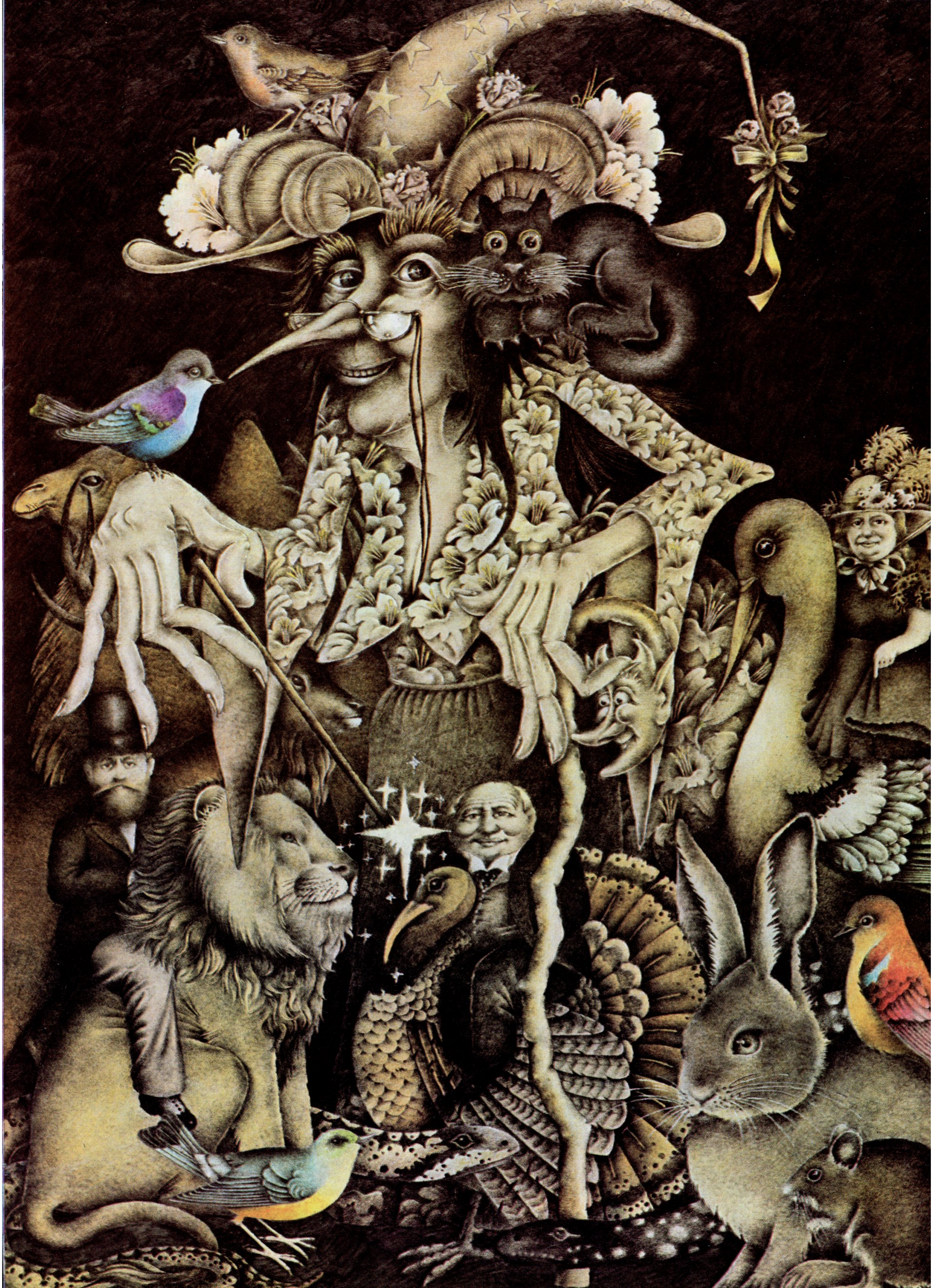
'Oh Mr Chowders,' she called, 'come here and take home this Fat turkey for your Christmas dinner.'

Chowders looked at the turkey then back to Lillian.

'Who is it?' he asked.

It was Such a happy Christmas for the Chowders. There was Turkey for a week and on New Years Day, Sherbie Junior was installed as Pastor in the place of the missing Brumlow.

He was a Natural for it because he always spoke in Tongues, the ladies of the church found his pawings a novelty and when it came to fat, Fresh boys the Reverend Sherbie Junior was content to pinch Himself.



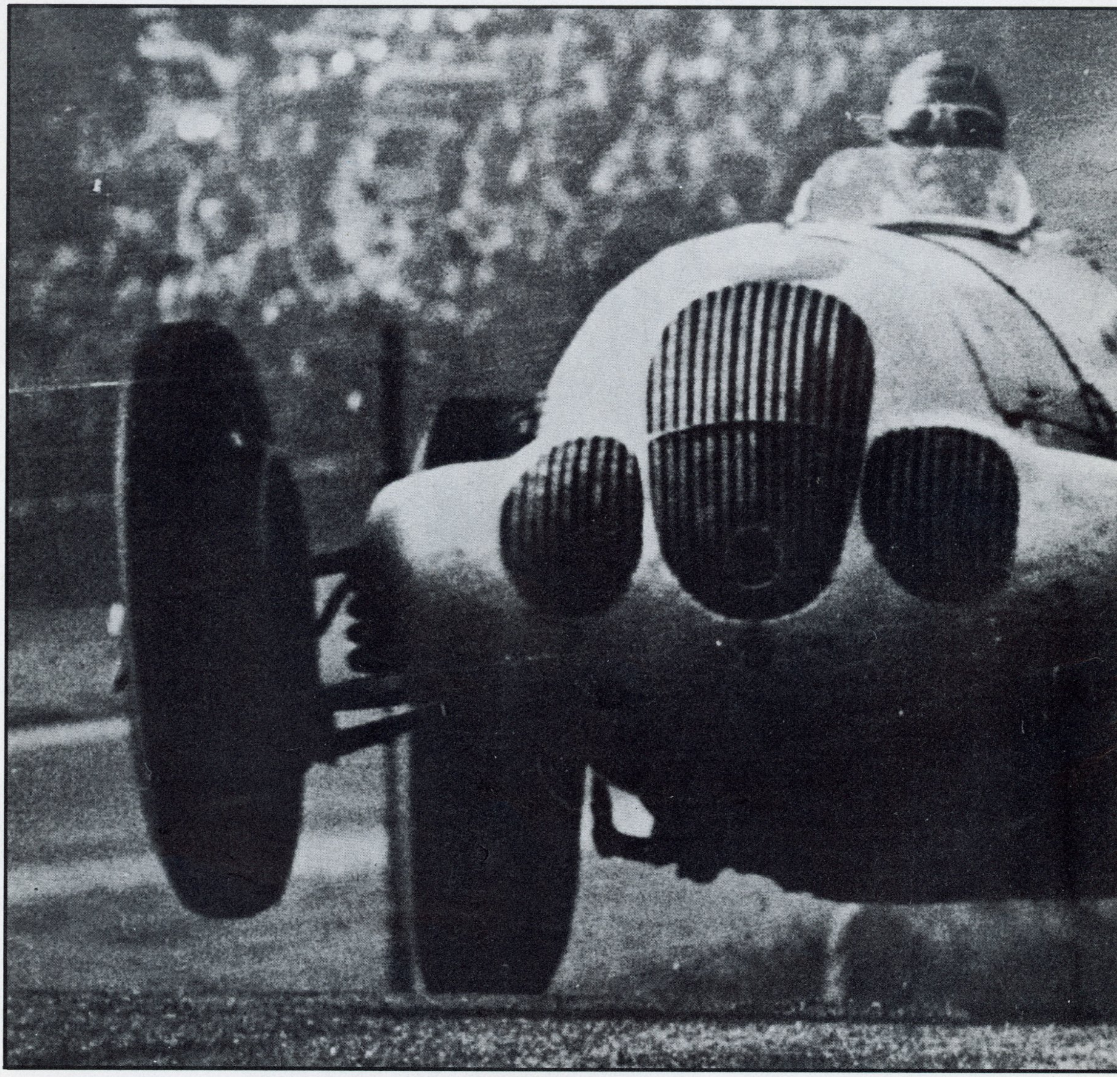
Monsters that sent me scuttling over the safety fence

Mayfair motoring expert WB casts his vote for the greatest racing car ever

Ask anyone of my generation which they regard as the most exciting, the most dramatic period of motor racing and they are likely to reply – 'Those great years, immediately prior to the Hitler War, when Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union battled together for Grand Prix honours.'

I would reply exactly thus, thereby, no doubt, labelling myself the squarest of squares in the eyes of the Brands Hatch and Silverstone race-buffs. But each period of motor racing must be viewed in relation to its background. It is exciting and highly nostalgic to me to see the intrepid Colin Crabbe racing his beautifully restored Mercedes-Benz W125 motor-car at current vintage race meetings – and personally far more rewarding than watching Jackie Stewart win yet another Formula One dice in a Tyrrell mobile fuel carrier. Yet, I am very ready to understand it when spectators half my age (or younger) raise an eye-brow and tell me that I must be mad, that no car over 30 years old can be compared to the modern racers.

This is borne out to some extent by the thought that when Reg. Parnell demonstra-



Manfred von Brauchitsch in a menacing W125 Mercedes goes airborne during the 1937 Grand Prix at Donington. He made the fastest lap in ted a W163 Mercedes-Benz Grand Prix *bolide* at a big Silverstone meeting some years after the war and had the bad luck to have to do this on a wet track, the performance looked pretty pathetic, even to me, the nostalgia of the car's shape, sound and very presence notwithstanding.

Rain mars vintage and historic car races. This is because road holding techniques and tyre know-how have improved so vastly since the pre-Second-World-War days that modern racing cars leave the oldsters standing on a slippery course. Why, then, all the sentiment, the reminiscing, the sighs for past glory, when the pre-war German racing teams are mentioned? Because up to that time – 1935 to 1939 – the cars of which they were composed represented the most powerful, the most meticulously (and expensively) prepared, the most regimented racing machinery we had ever seen.

The mostest is easily remembered, because it impresses most. You must take these great Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union road racers in the context of those times. These were the gay years soon to be engulfed in the shadow of another bloody war. Ordinary cars mostly panted along at 40 mph and sports-cars were regarded as fast at 70. Until Hitler (and Mussolini shortly before him) brought military pressures to bear on a one-time rich individuals' sport, motor racing was regarded as a bit of a (dangerous) lark. Thus you see why we were so mightily impressed by them, and why they remain for my age-group the greatest motor racing machines of all time.

If this sounds as though I am attempting to defend them, I am not, for there is no need to do so. It is just that for those of you who knew them not, who were in high prams instead of behind steering wheels when this particular domination of world motor racing happened, I would like to get the thing in some sort of perspective. You may, until you read on, think Fangio sliding corners in a Maserati 250F as only he could do, or a flat-16 BRM screaming out of fast curves on full song, more the sort of thing I should be remembering in Mayfair in this sophisticated year, 1971. So let me set down a few facts, a handful of memories, concerning the most powerful of these German road-burners, the W125 Mercedes-Benz of 1937, to show you why I and others who watched motor racing before the war, were so utterly enthralled.

Before you say it's all old-fogey stuff, please to remember that 'young' Tony Brooks, he who stopped extracting teeth to lead the foreign opposition home in Connaught and Vanwall GP cars, was notably impressed *after the war*, and after racing contemporary F1 cars, with these great silver Mercedes when they were dusted down, given their mysterious fuel-brews, and brought to Oulton Park for demonstration purposes. It was a meeting of the Vintage Sports Car Club – the best motor club there is – and Pete Collins and Tony Brooks drove those Mercedes round.

In spite of being asked to observe a rather modest rev. limit because these once-fierce beasts were already irreplaceable museum pieces (a grin from Colin Crabbe), they were both highly impressed. Indeed, Tony, who isn't easily upset, came in complaining of a mysterious vibration which he was at a loss to explain. Gently the German technicians explained that what he was experiencing was *wheel-spin in top gear*, on a bone dry road. . . . That had never happened to him in 2½ litres of modern Vanwall. . . .

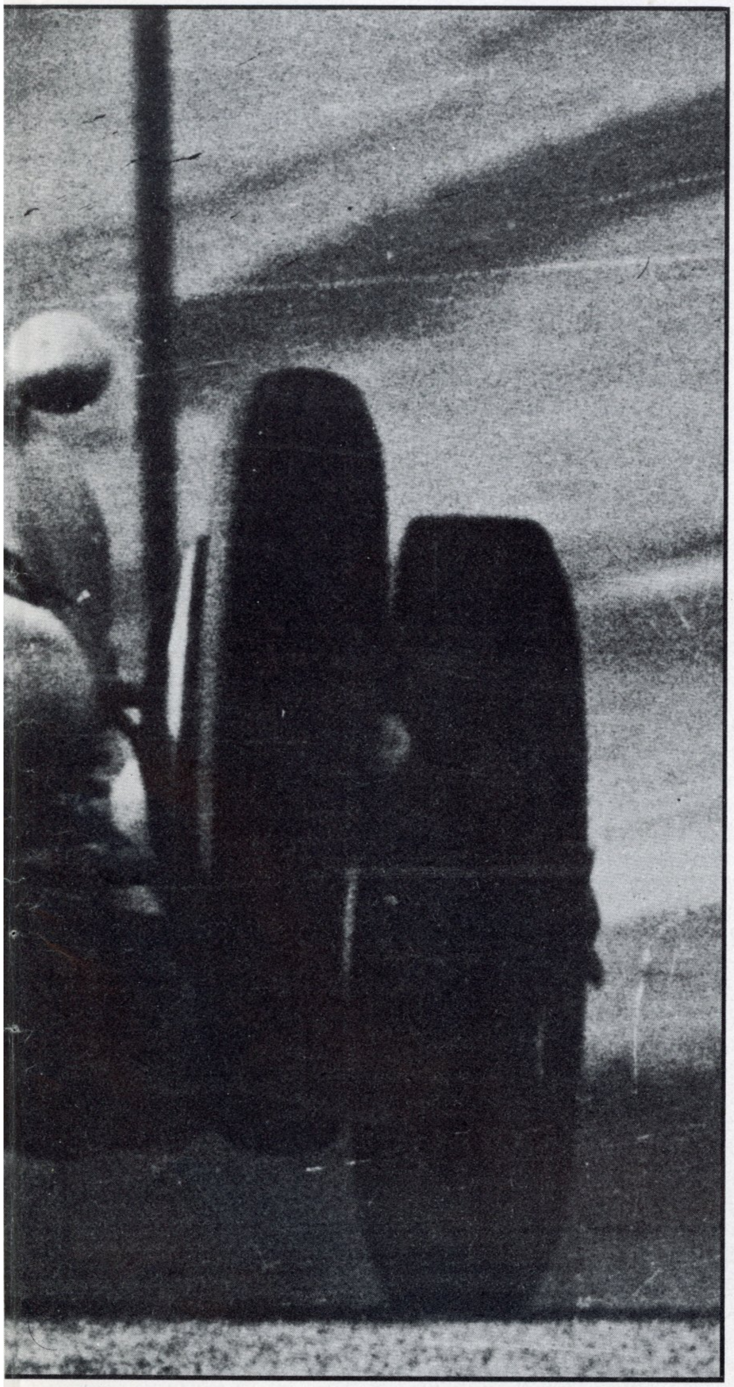
Yes, those two modern Grand Prix aces were impressed all right. And they did not have a pack of these powerful monsters, Auto-Union jostling Mercedes, to contend with in a hard-fought two-hour race. So it isn't only the old-'uns who respect these supreme cars, and this classic and furiously exciting era of the Grand Prix game.

Part of the attraction of this 1937 season of GP racing was the determination with which the Germans pursued it. Motor racing, up to then, had been largely the rich sportsman's daring relaxation, a play-boy game, with drinking and womanising hand in hand with the dicing. That was how it was, apart from the more professional efforts of the American millionaire Whitney Straight and his friend Richard Seaman (who was to die racing for Mercedes-Benz), and the gentlemen-in-business aspect of the Belleview Garage MG racing.

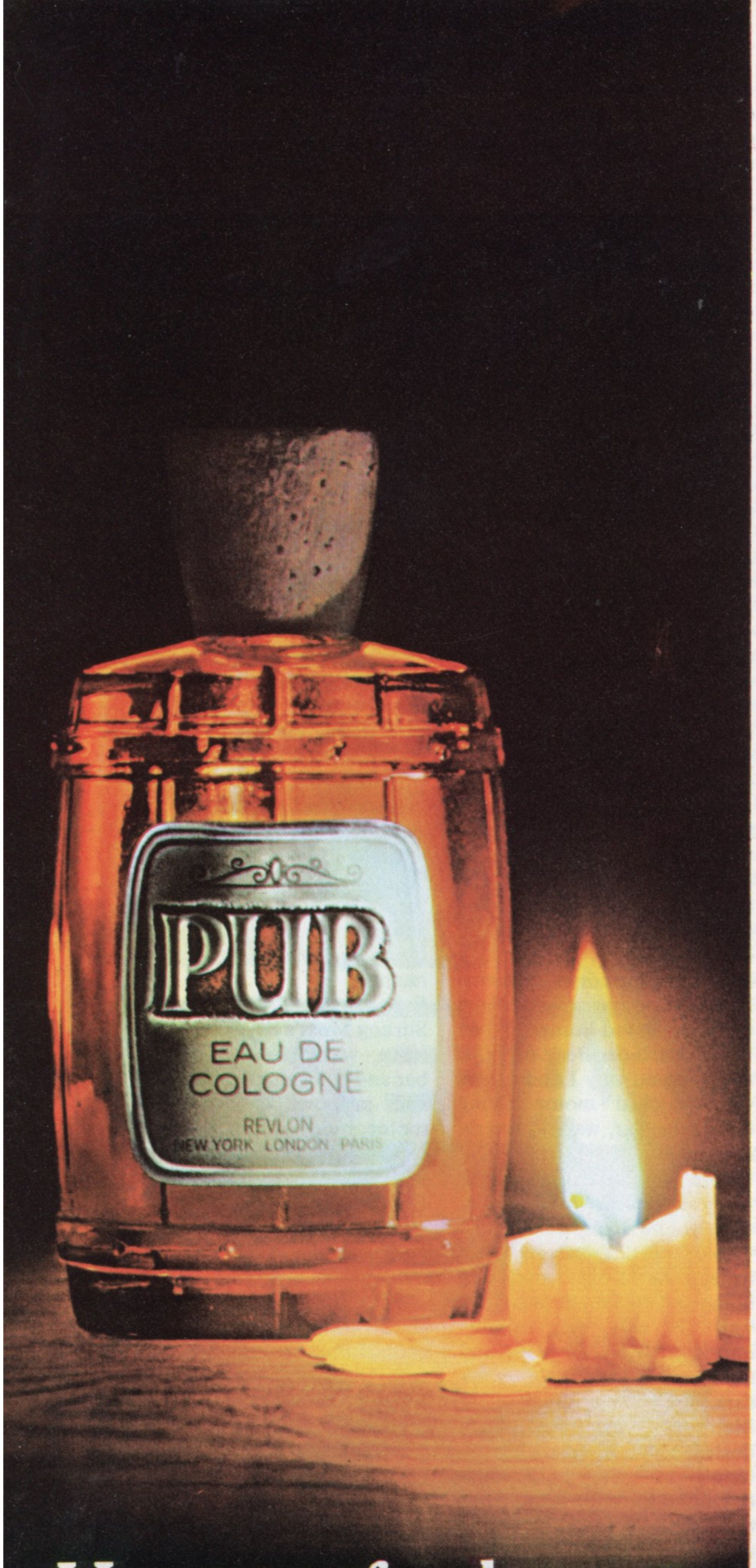
Even after the war Alf Francis, Stirling Moss's chief mechanic-to-be, was astonished at the bar and bed goings-on of chaps who proposed to drive in a motor race on the morrow. It isn't like that anymore! It was never like that in the Daimler-Benz racing team, as managed by portly Alfred Neubauer. So those of us who trekked to Donington Park in 1937 to see what all this was about, witnessed motor racing of an entirely new, demonically enthralling kind.

There were the cars themselves, those W125s and the opposing rear-engined Auto-Unions. How daring to put the engine behind the driver, just the kind of thing the scientific Germans would do, we thought. The very fact that these were the most powerful cars of their kind ever to be put into action (and still are) in spite of the fact that officialdom had tried to curb horse power by imposing a weight limit 1,650 lb. (750 kg.), added to the allure. Only by using the most costly light alloys, the most extreme engineering tricks, could such power be packed into such lightweight automobiles.

Only the financial incentive, if not direct help, to the two GP



both practice and race but tyre trouble cost him first place to Rosemeyer



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companies provided by the Hitler *régime* to promote Germany's prestige enabled this end to be attained. No-one has ever quite discovered how such payment was made, but made it undoubtedly was. No wonder the former famous exponents of GP racing wilted under the onslaught – Bugatti, Alfa Romeo, Maserati and the rest. As for our 200 bhp *voiturettes*, as I suggested at the time, the best solution would have been for the race organisers to build cycle-paths beside the course on which they could circulate unmolested.

The W125 Mercedes-Benz poked out a genuine 646 bhp when its 5·6-litre 94 × 102 mm. roller-bearing Roots-supercharged engine was turning at 5,800 rpm. As it weighed 2,442 lb. (1,110 kg.) on the starting grid and could be wound up to 200 mph in optimum body/axle ratio form, are you surprised that we were breathless before we ever entered the gates of Donington Park? Especially as road holding was not then anything like the exact science it now is, and tyres (7·00 × 24 in. on the Mercedes in its extreme form) did not have an iota of the grip modern rubber mixes provide.

There you have the crux of the whole fascinating thing. These cars were more powerful, faster, than any road-circuit cars we had seen before, yet just as different to control as others of half the power. The Brooklands lap-record had already been set to 143·44 mph by John Cobb in his enormous Napier-Railton (engine size nearly four times that of the W125 but power output no greater), in the course of which he had reached a speed of just under 152 mph over the wide concrete kilometre.

Now we were to see cars with not much greater road-clinging potential getting up to 170 mph or more between the corners of a narrow road circuit. As there were far fewer racing drivers about in those times, do you wonder that we idolised the Mercedes team – Rudi Caracciola, ex-mechanic Herman Lang, Manfred von Brauchitsch and our own Dick Seaman. All except the spanner-wielding Lang were cultured, rich young men, all were masters of their difficult, self-imposed task.

Then there was the build-up of the Mercedes team's arrival. A veritable army of great transporters and workshop lorries moved resolutely towards Derbyshire, staffed by blue-overalled mechanics, Zimmer and Lindenmaier in charge of Mackle, Altdorfer, Claus, Urban, Bunz, Schlotterbeck and Ruf, who administered to individual racers. The three-pointed star dominated the rural English scene as it now shines out over Stuttgart.

The drivers flew into Croydon, all save Caracciola who disliked aeroplanes and came by train. The Mercedes-Benz concessionaires gave pre-race parties. Neubauer arrived at the course and took over Donington, the equal of fiery track manager Fred Craner, who had never, until that autumn 34 years ago, met anyone who dared oppose him. The engines of the W125s were started up, with a sound which was more shattering than that of any fighter aeroplane.

You stood beside them and your eyes streamed as you inhaled exhaust fumes with the odour of boot-polish – for the German engines required a mysterious chemical fuel mixture if they were to give their mighty best without bursting. The drivers trained under the watchful and schoolmasterly eye of Herr Neubauer. They dined in Donington Hall, where German officer prisoners-of-war had been interned in 1914/18. Seaman advised about the menu. Which did not excuse him Neubauer's wrath when he left his gloves and goggles behind coming out to a practice session.

I went to those practice days with the late John Eason-Gibson, later to become the BRDC chief. Both of us had track press passes and we eagerly climbed the railings and awaited our first sight of a W125 at full chat. There came a distant wailing sound, increasing to a frenzy, and varying as the driver went up and down through the gears. B----- our track passes, we thought, and we were over the fence again in a flash, seeking safety.

Never before had racing cars been as these Teutonic monsters. Later we became braver. But those who saw the Germans battle it out, passing ERAs as if they were horse-drawn (by one horse) and leaping, all four wheels clear of the ground, at the rise after

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Motoring *continued from page 9*

the hairpin, speak of it still, with out-popping eyes.

Before they came to our shores these 1937 Mercedes-Benz had won at Tripoli, Avusrennen, the Nurburgring, Monaco, Berne, Monza and Masaryk. There had been drama aplenty. Seaman had been hospitalised at Nurburg and, his nose still in plaster, crashed again very nastily before the Coppa Acerbo race, wearing for protection (Stewart kindly note) overalls and a linen helmet.

At Monaco Neubauer was enraged to find his race control thwarted when the elegant Brauchitsch, nephew of the German War Marshal, ignored signals that he was to let Caracciola win. At Monza it was Lang-the-under-privileged who disobeyed, refusing to let Caracciola go by; until he had to re-fuel and Neubauer was able to impose threats which effectively subdued him.

The cars were apt to give $2\frac{1}{2}$ mpg on bad days and had to be refuelled in mid-race, which was another spectacle that lifted the motor racing of those times close to the fantastic, and isn't seen today.

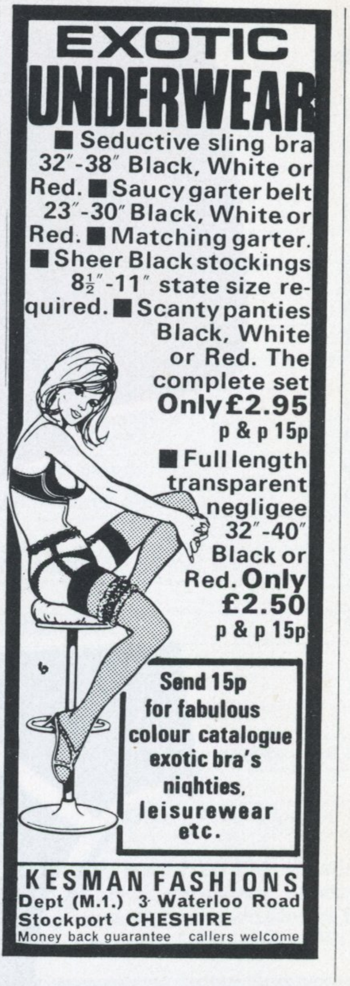
As the enormous tyres were changed as well, the drilled mechanics were literally on their toes, along with the spectators.

So there we were at Donington on 2 October 1937, along with the biggest crowd to attend a British motor race. The noise as the field got away defies description. The Auto-Unions over-steering wildly, fabric cockpit sides rippling. The Mercedes-Benz whined round amid that aroma of boot-polish, back wheels spinning out of the corners, tyres smoking, as the drivers spun the steering wheels through the full $2\frac{1}{4}$ turns from one full lock to the other. They killed the speed from some 170 mph to a crawl round the hairpin with Lockheed alloy-drum brakes. The sound rang round the circuit, and the cars, when not air-borne, were glued, after a fashion, to the track.

Mercedes-Benz did not win at Donington, either then or the following year. Rosemeyer in an Auto-Union proved too much for them in the 1937 race. They had sent Caracciola, their ace driver (admired here since his win in the rain in the 1929 Ulster TT in a massive sports 28/250 hp SSK), von Brauchitsch, Lang and Seaman. We all hoped Seaman, of ERA and vintage Delage memory, would pull it off. But Seaman retired, Brauchitsch wore out his tyres chasing the legendary Rosemeyer, 'Caratsch' was off form and Lang dropped out. Neubauer hated it but either way Hitler was jubilant.

Don't, however, run away with the idea that if they could make 'em go, Daimler-Benz couldn't make them last. These all-powerful W125 racers won six races, finished second in nine, and took six third places in the 1937 Grand Prix season alone. If you want to get some idea of why I rate this the most memorable period of Grand Prix motor racing, go and see Colin Crabbe race his re-vamped, ex-hill-climb W125 Mercedes-Benz at next year's VSCC race meetings.

Then think back to *teams* of them duelling together, such as in the rain at Monaco or round the steeply banked Avusrennen, or devouring the Tripoli straights at 176 mph (where Lang won at 132·02 mph). Acceleration? Rest to 60 mph in under 5 seconds, to 140 mph in some 11 sec.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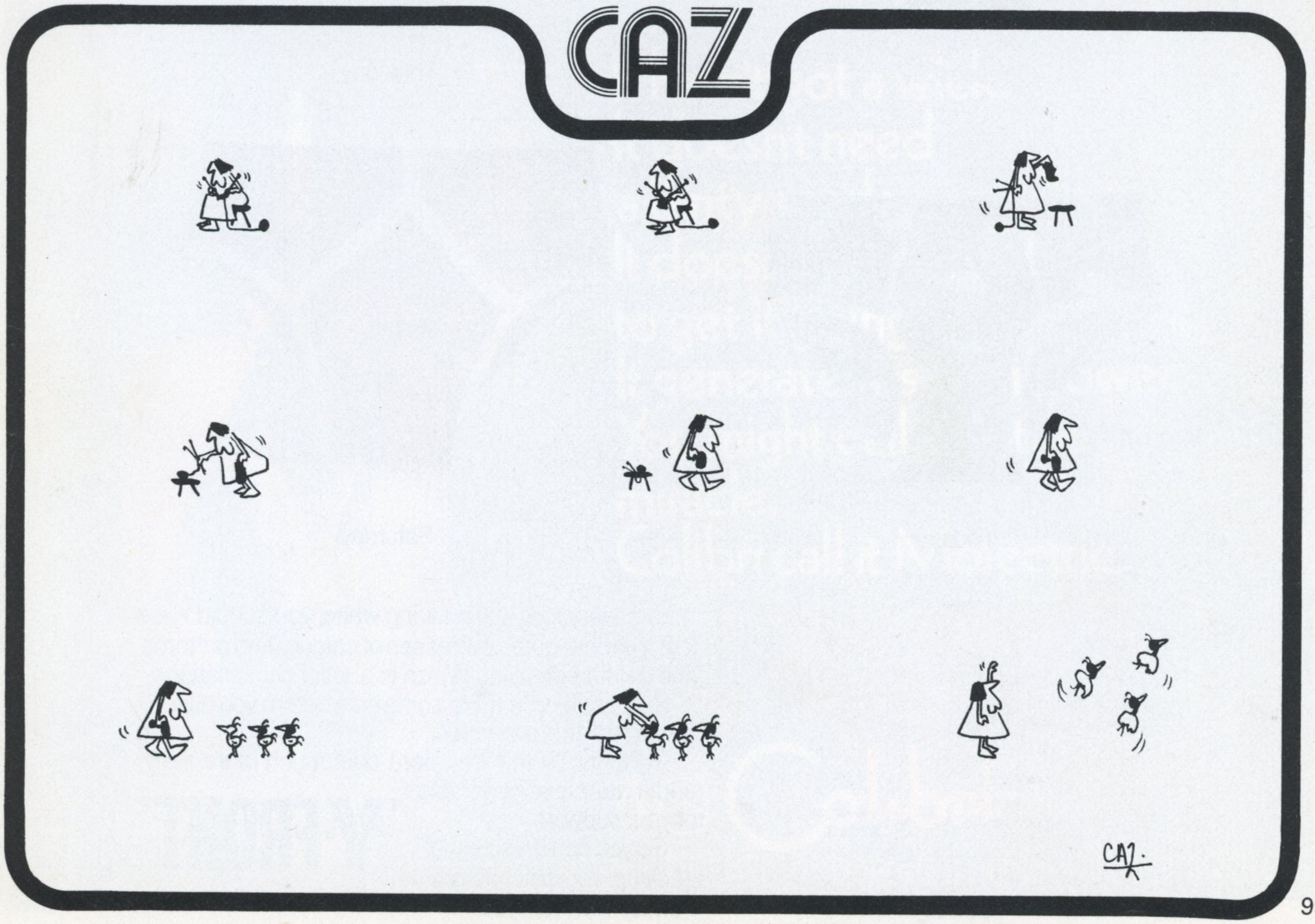

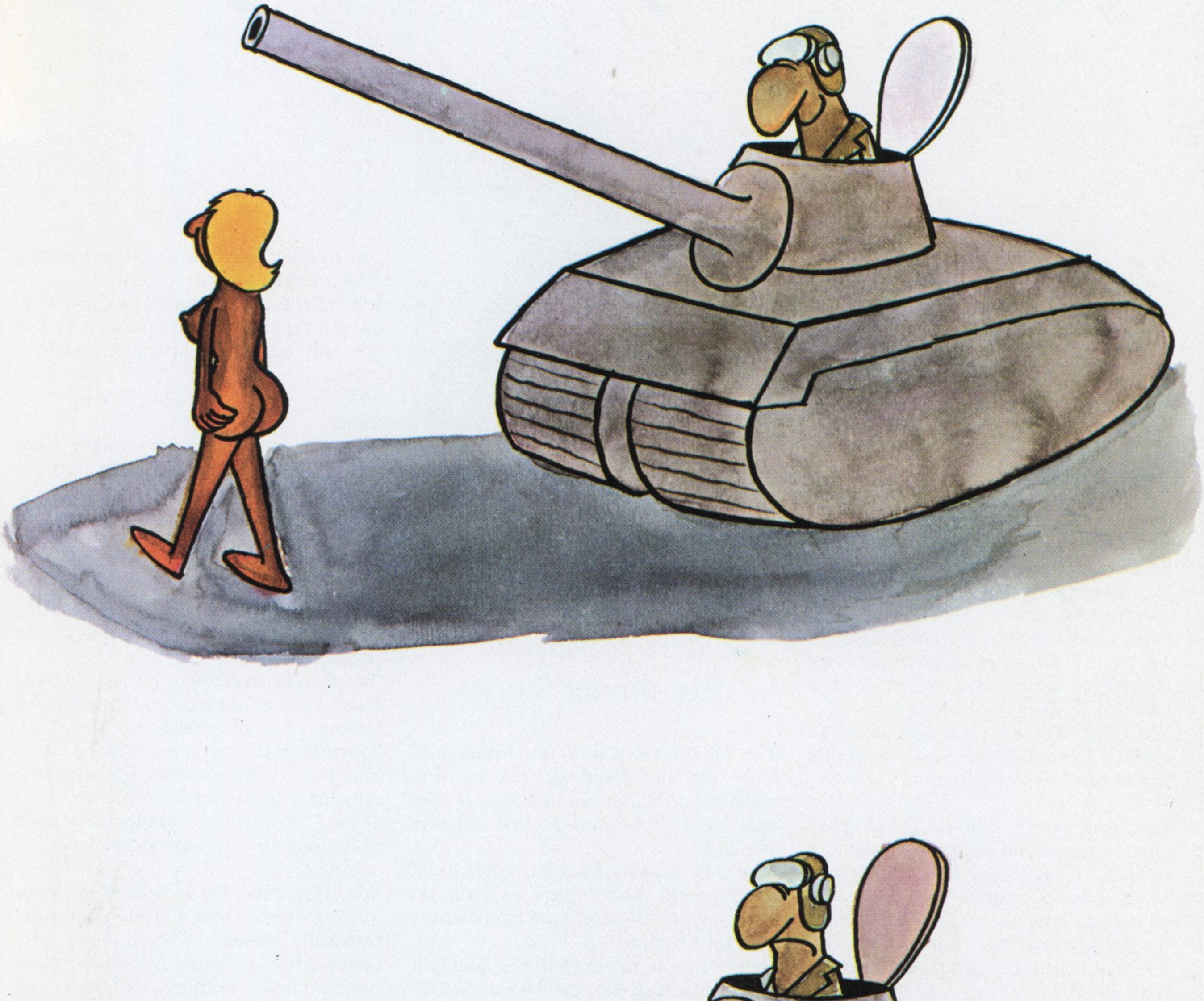
DuBouillon

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A fanatic golfing friend recently took a sunny day off work to reduce his handicap for a forthcoming bout with the managing director of a rival firm.
Apparently it didn't go too well. When we asked how he'd done, he told us: 'Terrible day. I only hit two good balls – and that was when I stood on a rake.'

Three elderly ladies met by chance in the local coffee shop. Conversation turned to the rising cost of food.
The first lady said: 'I can remember when cucumbers were this big' – she indicated a length of six inches – 'and only cost 4p each.'
'Yes,' said the second elderly lady, 'I can remember when cucumbers were this big' – indicating a length of nine inches – 'and only 3p each.'
The third lady, who was partially deaf, replied: 'Yes, I know who you mean, but I can't think of his name.'

The two pretty mini-skirted English girls were holidaying in Northern Ireland. 'I say,' said one. 'Those two super looking soldiers over there. Do you think they're out after hours?'
'I certainly hope so,' said the other. 'I doubt whether they get much from the Irish girls.'

In these days of permissiveness and high unemployment it is beneficial to reflect that for most of us the difference between being hard up and down and out is about two minutes.

It was raining hard and the two attractive country debs, driving up to town for an important ball, were late.
'Oh come on, Samantha,' said one, 'put your foot down.'
'No fear, darling,' replied the other, 'if we have to buy off any police with grass this wet, our gowns will be ruined.'

The Women's Lib meeting was at its height. Trafalgar Square was littered with discarded bras and knickers. 'Remember,' thundered the virago at the microphone. 'Women were the foundation of the nation.' A cheerful voice at the back piped up: 'True. And remember who laid the foundations.'

A round-up of after-dinner stories

The handsome young farmhand carelessly cut his finger on the mowing machine in the bottom meadow. It bled badly and there was no first aid box available.
'The only remedy for that, Giles,' said the sage old farmer between puffs on his briar, 'is to place your finger inside a virgin's bottom.'
He went on to tell the lad that he might try approaching the new dairymaid who had all the appearances of being one.
She turned out to be a good natured girl and when the problem was explained she lifted her skirt, pulled her panties down and inclined her bare bottom towards him.
After half a minute she murmured, 'Oh, Giles, darling, that's not my bottom.'
'No,' said Giles, 'It's not my finger either.'

The business man in an upper bunk on the cross-Channel steamer was being prevented from getting any sleep by the activities of the young couple beneath. Each time the steward passed, the young man would say: 'Steward, bring me two towels.' After this had happened six times, the business man shouted: 'Steward, bring me one towel and some blasted sleeping pills.'

The sweet faced secretary arrived back at her flat after a date with her fiancé and told her flatmate she was breaking off her engagement.
When her flatmate wanted to know why, the girl replied that her fiancé was too tall and much too fond of practical jokes.
'What's wrong with that?' asked her friend.
'When he says goodnight in the back porch', said the secretary, 'he puts his hand in my blouse.'
'There's no harm in that, surely,' said the other girl.
'Then he raises my skirt and pulls down my knickers and puts it in.'
'Well, my boyfriend does that with me,' said her flatmate, 'and we're not even engaged.'
'But then he straightens his legs, lifts me clear of the ground and applies his famous sense of humour.'
'Uncomfortable perhaps,' said the other, 'but it's hardly grounds for breaking off your engagement.'
'What? How would you like to be spun round like an aeroplane propeller.'

We were recently intrigued to learn from a friend that during a meeting between President Nixon and Mrs Golda Meir of Israel, Mr Nixon mentioned half humorously that he wouldn't mind having one of her Army Generals to help out in Vietnam. To his surprise she offered him Moshe Dayan in exchange for a couple of American Generals.
Thinking he might be onto a bargain, he asked her which two American Generals she would like.
Replied Mrs Golda Meir: 'How about General Motors and General Electric?'

There was a young girl from Asturias
With a penchant for practices curious.
She loved to place rings
Round her gentlemen's things,
A practice both rude and injurious.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.